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LUCAN's PHARSALIA;

Tranſlated into *English* Verſe,

By *NICOLAS ROWE*, Eſq;

Servant to his MAJESTY.

—Ne tanta animis aſſueſcite Bella,
Neu Patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires.

Virg.

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THE PREFACE.

Giving some account of LUCAN *and his* WORKS, *and of Mr.* ROWE.

By JAMES WELWOOD, *M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians*, London.

I COULD not resist Mr. *Rowe*'s request in his last sickness, nor the importunities of his Friends since, to introduce into the world this his posthumous Translation of *Lucan*, with something by way of Preface. I am very sensible how much it is out of my sphere, and that I want both leasure, and materials, to do justice to the Author, or to the memory of the Translator. The Works of both will best plead for them, the one having already out-liv'd seventeen Ages, and both one and t'other like to endure as long, as there is any taste of Liberty or polite Learning left in the world. Hard has been the fate of many a great Genius, that while they have conferr'd immortality on others, they have wanted themselves some Friend, to embalm their names to Posterity. This has been the fate of *Lucan*, and perhaps may be that of Mr. *Rowe*.

All the accounts we have handed down to us of the firſt, are but very lame, and ſcatter'd in fragments of ancient Authors. I am of opinion, that one reaſon why his Life is not to be found at any length, in the writings of his contemporarys, is the fear they were in of *Nero's* reſentment, who could not bear to have the life of a man ſet in a true light, whom, together with his Uncle *Seneca*, he had ſacrific'd to his Revenge. Notwithſtanding this, we have ſome hints in Writers who liv'd near his time, that leave us not altogether in the dark, about the life and works of this extraordinary Young-Man.

Marcus Annæus Lucan was of an Equeſtrian Family of *Rome*, born at *Corduba* in *Spain*, about the year of our Saviour 39, in the Reign of *Caligula*. His Family had been tranſplanted from *Italy* to *Spain* a conſiderable time before, and were inveſted with ſeveral dignities and employments, in that remote Province of the *Roman* Empire. His Father was *Marcus Annæus Mela*, or *Mella*, a Man of a diſtinguiſh'd merit and intereſt in his country, and not the leſs in eſteem, for being the Brother of the great Philoſopher *Seneca*. His Mother was *Acilia* the Daughter of *Acilius Lucanus*, one of the moſt eminent Orators of his time: And it was from this Grandfather that he took the name of *Lucan*. The ſtory that is told of *Heſiod* and *Homer*, of a ſwarm of Bees hovering about them in their cradle, is likewiſe told of *Lucan*, and probably with equal truth: But whether true or not, it's a proof of the high eſteem paid to him by the Ancients, as a Poet.

He was hardly eight months old when he was brought from his native Country to *Rome*, that he might take the firſt impreſſion of the *Latin* Tongue, in the City where it was ſpoke in the greateſt purity

rity. I wonder then to find ſome Criticks detract from his language, as if it took a tincture from the place of his birth; nor can I be brought to think otherwiſe, than that the language he writes in, is as pure *Roman*, as any that was writ in *Nero*'s time. As he grew up, his Parents educated him with a care that became a promiſing Genius, and the rank of his Family. His Maſters were *Rhemnius Polæmon* the Grammarian, then *Flavius Virgineus* the Rhetorician, and laſtly *Cornutus* the Stoick Philoſopher, to which Sect he ever after addicted himſelf.

It was in the courſe of theſe Studies, he contracted an intimate Friendſhip with *Aulus Perſius* the Satyriſt. It's no wonder that two Men whoſe Genius's were ſo much alike, ſhould unite and become agreeable to one another: For if we conſider *Lucan* critically, we ſhall find in him a ſtrong bent towards Satyr. His manner, it's true, is more declamatory and diffuſe than *Perſius*: But Satyr is ſtill in his view, and the whole *Pharſalia* appears to me a continued invective againſt Ambition and unbounded power.

The progreſs he made in all parts of Learning muſt needs have been very great, conſidering the pregnancy of his Genius, and the nice care that was taken in cultivating it, by a ſuitable education. Nor is it to be queſtioned, but beſides the Maſters I have nam'd, he had likewiſe the example and inſtructions of his Uncle *Seneca*, the moſt conſpicuous Man then of *Rome* for Learning, Wit and Morals. Thus he ſet out in the world, with the greateſt advantages poſſible, a noble Birth, an opulent Fortune, great Relations, and withal, the friendſhip and protection of an Uncle, who, beſides his other

preferments in the Empire, was Favourite, as well as Tutor to the Emperor. But Rhetorick seems to have been the Art he excell'd most in, and valu'd himself most upon: For all Writers agree, he declaim'd in publick when but fourteen years old, both in *Greek* and *Latin*, with universal applause. To this purpose it's observable, that he has interspers'd a great many Orations in the *Pharsalia*; and these are acknowledged by all, to be very shining parts of the Poem. Whence it is that *Quintilian*, the best Judge in these matters, reckons him among the Rhetoricians, rather than the Poets, tho' he was certainly Master of both these Arts in a high degree.

His Uncle *Seneca* being then in great favour with *Nero*, and having the care of that Prince's education committed to him, it's probable he introduc'd his Nephew to the Court and acquaintance of the Emperor. And it appears from an old fragment of his Life, that he sent for him from *Athens*, where he was at his Studies, to *Rome* for that purpose. Every one knows, that *Nero*, for the first five years of his Reign, either really was, or pretended to be, endow'd with all the amiable qualities that became an Emperor, and a Philosopher. It must have been in this stage of *Nero*'s life, that *Lucan* has offer'd up to him that poeticall Incence we find in the first Book of the *Pharsalia*: For it is not to be imagin'd, that a Man of *Lucan*'s temper, would flatter *Nero* in so gross a manner, if he had then thrown off the mask of Virtue, and appear'd in such bloody colours as he afterwards did. No! *Lucan*'s Soul seems to have been cast in another mold: And he that durst, throughout the whole *Pharsalia*, espouse the party of *Pompey*, and

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the cauſe of *Rome* againſt *Cæſar*, could never have ſtoop'd ſo vilely low, as to celebrate a Tyrant and a Monſter, in ſuch an open manner. I know ſome Commentators have judg'd that compliment to *Nero* to be meant ironically; but it ſeems to me plain to be in the greateſt earneſt; And it's more than probable, that if *Nero* had been as wicked at that time, as he became afterwards, *Lucan*'s life had pay'd for his irony. Now it's agreed on by all Writers, that he continued for ſome time in the higheſt favour and friendſhip with *Nero*, and it was to that favour, as well as his merit, that he owed his being made *Quæſtor*, and admitted into the *College* of *Augurs*, before he attain'd the age requir'd for theſe offices: In the firſt of which Poſts he exhibited to the People of *Rome* a Show of Gladiators at a vaſt expence. It was in this ſun-ſhine of life, *Lucan* marry'd *Polla Argentaria*, the Daughter of *Pollius Argentarius* a *Roman* Senator; a Lady of noble birth, great fortune, and fam'd beauty; who, to add to her other excellencies, was accompliſh'd in all parts of Learning, in ſo much that the three firſt Books of the *Pharſalia* are ſaid to have been reviſ'd and corrected by her, in his life-time.

How he came to decline in *Nero*'s favour, we have no account, that I know of, in Hiſtory; and it's agreed by all, that he loſt it gradually, till he became his utter averſion. No doubt *Lucan*'s Virtue, and his principles of Liberty, muſt make him hated by a Man of *Nero*'s temper. But there appears to have been a great deal of envy in the caſe, blended with his other prejudices againſt him, upon the account of his Poetry.

Tho' the ſpirit and height of the *Roman* Poetry

was somewhat declin'd, from what it had been, in the time of *Augustus*; yet it was still an Art belov'd and cultivated. *Nero* himself was not only fond of it, to the highest degree, but, as most bad Poets are, was vain and conceited of his performances in that kind. He valued himself more upon his skill in that art, and in musick, than on the Purple he wore; and bore it better, to be thought a bad Emperor, than a bad Poet or Musician. Now *Lucan*, tho' then in favour, was too honest and too open to applaud the bombast stuff, that *Nero* was every day repeating in public. *Lucan* appears to have been much of the temper of *Philoxenus* the Philosopher, who for not approving the verses of *Dionysius* the Tyrant of *Syracuse*, was by his order condemn'd to the *Mines*. Upon the promise of amendment, the Philosopher was set at liberty; but *Dionysius* repeating to him some of his wretched performances, in full expectation of having them approv'd; *Enough*, cries out *Philoxenus*, *carry me back to the Mines*. But *Lucan* carry'd this point farther, and had the imprudence to dispute the Prize of eloquence with *Nero*, in a solemn publick Assembly. The Judges in that tryal were so just and bold, as to adjudge the reward to *Lucan*, which was *Fame* and a *Wreath of Laurel*, but in return he lost for ever the favour of his Competitor. He soon felt the effects of the Emperor's resentment, for the next day he had an order sent him, never more to plead at the Bar, nor repeat any of his performances in publick, as all the eminent Orators and Poets were us'd to do. It's no wonder that a young Man, an admirable Poet, and one conscious enough of a superior Genius, should be stung to the quick by this barbarous treat-

treatment. In revenge, he omitted no occaſion to treat *Nero*'s verſes with the utmoſt contempt, and expoſe them and their Author to ridicule.

In this behaviour towards *Nero*, he was ſeconded by his Friend *Perſius*; and no doubt, they diverted themſelves often alone, at the Emperor's expence. *Perſius* went ſo far, that he dar'd to attack openly ſome of *Nero*'s Verſes in his firſt Satyr, where he brings in his Friend and himſelf repeating them. I believe a ſample of them, may not be unacceptable to the Reader, as tranſlated thus by Mr. *Dryden*.

FRIEND.

But to raw numbers and unfiniſh'd verſe,
Sweet ſound is added now, to make it terſe.
'Tis tagg'd with Rhime like Bericynthian Atys,
The mid part chimes with art that never flat is.
„ *The* Dolphin *brave,*
„ *That cut the liquid wave,*
„ *Or he who in his line,*
„ *Can chime the long-rib'd* Appenine.

PERSIUS.

All this is dogrel ſtuff.

FRIEND.

What if I *bring*
A nobler verſe? Arms and the Man I ſing.

PERSIUS.

Why name you Virgil *with ſuch Fops as theſe?*
He's truly great, and muſt for ever pleaſe.
Not fierce, but awful in his manly page,
Bold in his ſtrength, but ſober in his rage.

FRIEND.

What Poems think you ſoft? and to be read
With languiſhing regards, and bending head?

PERSIUS.

„ *Their crooked horns the* Mimallonian *crew*
„ *With blaſts inſpir'd; and* Baſſaris *who ſlew*
„ *The ſcornful calf, with ſword advanc'd on high,*
„ *Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.*
„ *And* Mænas *when with* Ivy *bridles bound*
„ *She led the ſpotted* Lynx, *the* Evion *rung around,*
„ Evion *from woods and floods repairing Ecchoes*
ſound.

The Verſes mark'd with the comma's are *Nero*'s, and it's no wonder that Men of ſo delicate a taſte as *Lucan* and *Perſius* could not digeſt them, tho' made by an Emperor.

About this time the world was grown weary of *Nero*, for a thouſand monſtrous cruelties of his life, and the continued abuſe of the Imperial Power. *Rome* had groan'd long under the weight of them, till at length ſeveral of the firſt rank, headed by *Piſo*, form'd a Conſpiracy to rid the world of that abandon'd Wretch. *Lucan* hated him upon a double ſcore, as his Country's Enemy, and his own, and went heartily in to the deſign. When it was juſt ripe

for

for execution, it came to be discover'd by some of the Accomplices, and *Lucan* was found among the first of the Conspirators. They were condemn'd to dye, and *Lucan* had the choice of the manner of his death. Upon this occasion some Authors have tax'd him with an action, which if true, had been an eternal stain upon his name, that to save his life he inform'd against his Mother. This story seems to me to be a meer calumny, and invented only to detract from his fame. It's certainly the most unlikely thing in the world, considering the whole conduct of his life, and that noble scheme of Philosophy, and Morals, he had imbib'd from his Infancy, and which shines in every page of his *Pharsalia*. It's probable, *Nero* himself, or some of his Flatterers, might invent the story, to blacken his Rival to Posterity, and some unwary Authors have afterwards taken it up on trust, without examining into the truth of it. We have several fragments of his life, where this particular is not to be found; and, which makes it still the more improbable to me, the Writers that mention it, have tack'd to it another calumny, yet more improbable. That he accus'd her unjustly. As this accusation contradicts the whole tenor of his life, so it does the manner of his death. It's universally agreed, that having chose to have the arteries of his arms and legs open'd in a hot bath, he supp'd chearfully with his Friends, and then taking leave of them with the greatest tranquility of mind, and the highest contempt of death, went into the bath, and submitted to the operation. When he found the extremities of his body growing cold, and Death's last alarm in every part, he call'd to mind a passage of his own in the 9th Book of the *Pharsalia*, which he repea-

ted

ted to the Standers by, with the same grace and accent, with which he us'd to declaim in publick; and immeditately expir'd, in the 27th year of his age, and tenth of *Nero*. The passage was that, where he describes a Soldier of *Cato*'s dying much after the same manner, being bit by a *Serpent*, and is thus translated by Mr. *Rowe*.

So the warm blood at once from every part
Ran purple poison down, & drain'd the fainting heart.
Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace.
Where-e'er the liquid juices find a way,
There streams of blood, there crimson rivers stray,
His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
And ev'n the pores ouse out the trickling blood;
In the red deluge all the parts lye drown'd,
And the whole body seems one bleeding wound.

He was buried in his garden at *Rome*, and there was lately to be seen in the Church of Sto. *Paulo*, an ancient Marble with the following Inscription.

MARCO ANNÆO LUCANO, CORDUBENSI POETÆ,
BENEFICIO NERONIS, FAMA SERVATA.

This Inscription, if done by *Nero*'s order, shows, that even in spite of himself, he paid a secret homage to *Lucan*'s genius and virtue, and would have atton'd in some measure for the injuries, and the death he gave him. But he needed no Marble or Inscription to perpetuate his memory: his *Pharsalia* will out-live all these.

Lucan wrote several Books that have perish'd by the injury of time, and of which nothing remains but

but the Titles. The firſt we are told, he wrote, was a *Poem on the Combat between* Achilles *and* Hector, *and* Priam's *redeeming his Son's Body*, which, it's ſaid, he wrote before he had attained eleven years of age. The reſt were, *The deſcent of* Orpheus *into Hell*; *The burning of* Rome, in which he is ſaid not to have ſpar'd *Nero* that ſet it on fire; and a *Poem in praiſe of his Wife* Polla Argentaria. He wrote likewiſe ſeveral Books of *Saturnalia*; Ten Books of *Silvæ*; an imperfect *Tragedy of* Medea; a *Poem upon the burning of* Troy, *and the Fate of* Priam: to which ſome have added *the Panegyrick to Calphurnius Piſo*, yet extant, which I can hardly believe is his, but of a later Age. But the Book he ſtak'd his fame on, was his *Pharſalia*, the only one that now remains, and which *Nero's* cruelty has left us imperfect, in reſpect of what it would have been, if he had liv'd to finiſh it.

Statius in his *Silvæ* gives us the catalogue of *Lucan's* works in an elegant manner, introducing the Muſe *Calliope* accoſting him to this purpoſe. *When thou art ſcarce paſt the age of childhood* (ſays *Calliope* to *Lucan*) *thou ſhalt play with the Valour of* Achilles, *and* Hector's *skill in driving of a Chariot. Thou ſhalt draw* Priam *at the feet of his unrelenting* Conqueror, *begging the dead body of his darling Son. Thou ſhalt ſet open the gates of Hell for* Eurydice, *and thy* Orpheus *ſhall have the preference in a full Theater, in ſpite of* Nero's *envy*; alluding to the diſpute for the Prize between him and *Nero*, where the piece exhibited by *Lucan*, was *Orpheus*'s deſcent into Hell. *Thou ſhalt relate* (continues *Calliope*) *that flame which the execrable Tyrant kindled, to lay in aſhes the Miſtreſs of the World; nor ſhalt thou be ſilent in the praiſes that are juſtly due*

to thy beloved Wife; and when thou haſt attained to riper years, thou ſhalt ſing in a lofty ſtrain, the fatal Fields of Philippi, *white with* Roman *bones, the dreadful Battel of* Pharſalia, *and the thundring Wars of that great Captain, who by the renown of his Arms merited to be inrol'd among the Gods. In that work,* (continues *Calliope*) *thou ſhalt paint, in never-fading colours, the auſtere virtues of* Cato, *who ſcorn'd to out-live the Liberties of his Country, and the fate of* Pompey, *once the darling of* Rome. *Thou ſhalt, like a true* Roman, *weep over the crime of the young Tyrant* Ptolemy, *and ſhalt raiſe to* Pompey, *by the power of thy eloquence, a higher Monument than the* Egyptian *Pyramids. The Poetry of* Ennius, (adds *Calliope*) *and the learn'd fire of* Lucretius, *the one that conducted the* Argonauts *through ſuch vaſt ſeas to the conqueſt of the Golden Fleece, the other that could ſtrike an infinite number of Forms from the firſt Atoms of Matter, both of them ſhall give place to thee, without the leaſt envy; and even the divine* Æneid *ſhall pay thee a juſt reſpect.*

Thus far *Statius* concerning *Lucan*'s Work; and even *Lucan* in two places of the *Pharſalia* has promis'd himſelf immortality to his Poem. The firſt is in the 7th Book, which I beg leave to give in proſe, tho' Mr. *Rowe* has done it a thouſand times better in verſe. *One day*, ſays he, *when theſe Wars ſhall be ſpoken of in Ages yet to come, and among Nations far remote from this Clime, whether from the voice of Fame alone, or the real value I have given them by this my Hiſtory, thoſe that read it ſhall alternately hope and fear for the great events therein contain'd. In vain*, continues he, *ſhall they offer up their vows for the righteous Cauſe, and ſtand thunder-*

thunder-ſtruck at ſo many various turns of Fortune; nor ſhall they read them as things that are already paſt, but with that concern as if they were yet to come, and ſhall range themſelves, O Pompey, *on thy ſide.*

The other paſſage, which is in the 9th Book, may be tranſlated thus: O! Cæſar, *profane thou not through envy the funeral Monuments of theſe great Patriots, that fell here ſacrifices to thy Ambition. If there may be allow'd any renown to a* Roman *Muſe, while* Homer's *verſes ſhall be thought worthy of praiſe, they that ſhall live after us ſhall read his and mine together:* My Pharſalia *ſhall live, and no Time nor Age ſhall conſign it to oblivion.*

This is all that I can trace from the Ancients, or himſelf, concerning *Lucan's* life and writings; and indeed there is ſcarce any one Author, either ancient or modern, that mentions him but with the greateſt reſpect and the higheſt encomiums, of which it would be tedious to give more inſtances.

I deſign not to enter into any criticiſm on the *Pharſalia*, tho' I had ever ſo much leiſure or ability for it. I hate to oblige a certain ſett of Men, that read the Ancients only to find fault with them, and ſeem to live only on the excrements of Authors. I beg leave to tell theſe Gentlemen, that *Lucan* is not to be try'd by thoſe Rules of an Epick Poem, which they have drawn from the *Iliad* or *Æneid*: for if they allow him not the honour to be on the ſame foot with *Homer* or *Virgil*, they muſt do him the juſtice at leaſt, as not to try him by Laws founded upon their model. The *Pharſalia* is properly an Hiſtorical Heroick Poem, becauſe the ſubject is a known true ſtory. Now with our late Criticks, truth is an unneceſſary trifle for an Epick

Poem,

Poem, and ought to be thrown aſide as a curb to Invention. To have every part a meer web of their own brain, is with them a diſtinguiſhing mark of a mighty Genius in the Epick way. Hence it is, theſe Criticks obſerve, that their favourite Poems of that kind do always produce in the mind of the Reader the higheſt wonder and ſurprize; and the more improbable the ſtory is, ſtill the more wonderful and ſurprizing. Much good may this notion of theirs do them; but to my taſte, a fact very extraordinary in its kind, that is attended with ſurpriſing circumſtances, big with the higheſt events, and conducted with all the arts of the moſt conſummate wiſdom, does not ſtrike the leſs ſtrong, but leaves a more laſting impreſſion on my mind, for being true.

If *Lucan* therefore wants theſe ornaments, he might have borrowed from *Helicon*, or his own Invention; he has made us more than ample amends by the great and true events that fall within the compaſs of his Story. I am of opinion, that in his firſt deſign of writing this Poem of the Civil-Wars, he reſolv'd to treat the ſubject fairly and plainly, and that Fable and Invention were to have had no ſhare in the work: But the force of cuſtom, and the deſign he had to induce the generality of Readers to fall in love with Liberty, and abhor Slavery, the principal deſign of the Poem, induc'd him to embelliſh it with ſome Fables; fearing that without them his Books would not be ſo univerſally read; ſo much was Fable the delight of the *Roman* people.

If any ſhall object to his privilege of being examin'd and try'd as an Hiſtorian, that he has given in to the poetical province of Invention, and Fiction, in the 6th Book, where *Sixtus* enquires of the

Theſſalian

Theſſalian Witch *Erictho* the event of the Civil-War, and the fate of *Rome*; It may be anſwer'd, that perhaps the ſtory was true, or at leaſt it was commonly believ'd to be ſo, in his time, which is a ſufficient excuſe for *Lucan* to have inſerted it. It's true, no other Author mentions it. But it's uſual to find ſome one paſſage in one Hiſtorian, that is not mention'd in any other, tho' they treat of the ſame ſubject. For tho' I am fully perſuaded that all theſe *Oracles* and *Reſponſes*, ſo famous in the Pagan World, were the meer cheats of Prieſts, yet the belief of them, and of Magick, and Witchcraft, was univerſally receiv'd at that time. Therefore *Lucan* may very well be excus'd for falling in with a popular error, whether he himſelf believ'd it or no, eſpecially when it ſerv'd to enliven and embelliſh his Story. If it be an error, it's an error all the Ancients have fallen into, both *Greek* and *Roman*: And *Livy*, the Prince of the *Latin* Hiſtorians, abounds in ſuch relations. That it is not below the dignity and veracity of an Hiſtorian to mention ſuch things, we have a late inſtance in a noble Author of our time, who has likewiſe wrote the Civil-Wars of his Country, and intermixt in it the ſtory of the Ghoſt of the Duke of *Buckingham*'s Father.

In general, all the actions that *Lucan* relates in the courſe of his Hiſtory are true; nor is it any impeachment of his veracity, that ſometimes he differs in place, manner, or circumſtances of Action, from other Writers, any more than it is an imputation on them, that they differ from him. We our ſelves have ſeen in the courſe of the late two famous Wars, how differently almoſt every Battel and Siege has been repreſented; and ſometimes by thoſe of

of the ſame ſide, tho' at the ſame time there be a thouſand living Witneſſes, ready to contradict any falſehood, that partiality ſhould impoſe upon the World. This I may affirm, the moſt important events, and the whole thread of action in *Lucan* are agreeable to the univerſal conſent of all Authors, that have treated of the Civil-Wars of *Rome*. If now and then he differs from them in leſſer incidents or circumſtances, let the Criticks in Hiſtory decide the queſtion: For my part, I am willing to take them for *Anecdots* firſt diſcover'd and publiſh'd by *Lucan*, which may at leaſt conciliate to him the favour of our late admirers of *Secret Hiſtory*.

After all I have ſaid on this head, I cannot but in ſome meaſure call in queſtion ſome parts of *Cæſar*'s Character, as drawn by *Lucan*; which ſeem to me not altogether agreeable to truth, nor to the univerſal conſent of Hiſtory. I wiſh I could vindicate him in ſome of his perſonal repreſentations of Men, and *Cæſar* in particular, as I can do in the Narration of the principal events and ſeries of his Story. He is not content only to deliver him down to poſterity, as the Subverter of the Laws and Liberties of his Country, which he truly was, and than which, no greater infamy can poſſibly be caſt upon any name; But he deſcribes him as purſuing that abominable end, by the moſt execrable methods, and ſome that were were not in *Cæſar*'s nature to be guilty of. *Cæſar* was certainly a Man far from Revenge, or delight in blood, and he made appear in the exerciſe of the ſupream power, a noble and generous inclination to clemency upon all occaſions: Even *Lucan*, tho' never ſo much his Enemy, has not omitted his generous uſage of *Domitius* at *Corfinium*, or of *Affranius* and *Petreius*, when they

were

were his Prisoners in *Spain*. What can be then said in excuse for *Lucan*, when he represents him riding in Triumph over the field of *Pharsalia*, the day after the battel, taking delight in that horrid Landscape of slaughter and blood, and forbidding the bodies of so many brave *Romans*, to be either buried or burnt? Not any one passage of *Cæsar*'s life gives countenance to a story like this; and how commendable soever the zeal of a writer may be, against the Oppressor of his Country, it ought not to have transported him to such a degree of malevolence, as to paint the most merciful Conqueror that ever was, in colours proper only for the most savage natures But the effects of prejudice and partiality are unaccountable; and there is not a day of life, in which even the best of Men are not guilty of them in some degree or other. How many instances have we in History of the best Princes treated as the worst of Men, by the pens of Authors that were highly prejudic'd against them?

Shall we wonder then, that the *Roman* people, smarting under the lashes of *Nero*'s Tyranny, should exclaim in the bittereſt terms against the memory of *Julius Cæsar*, since it was from him that *Nero* deriv'd that power to use Mankind as he did? Those that liv'd in *Lucan*'s time, did not consider so much what *Cæsar* was in his own person, or temper, as what he was the occasion of, to them. It's very probable, there were a great many dreadful stories of him handed about by Tradition among the multitude, and even Men of sense might give credit to them so far, as to forget his Clemency, and remember his Ambition, to which they imputed all the cruelties and devastations committed by his Successors. Resentments of this kind in the soul of a

Man, fond of the ancient Conſtitution of the Common-wealth, ſuch as *Lucan* was, might betray him to believe, upon too ſlight grounds, whatever was to the diſadvantage of one, he look'd upon as the Subverter of that Conſtitution. It was in that quality, and for that crime alone, that *Brutus* afterwards ſtab'd him; for perſonnal prejudice againſt him he had none, and had been highly oblig'd by him: And it was upon that account alone, that *Cato* ſcorn'd to owe his life to him, tho' he well knew, *Cæſar* would have eſteemed it one of the greateſt felicities of his, to have had it in his power to pardon him. I would not be thought to make an apology for *Lucan*'s thus traducing the memory of *Cæſar*; but would only beg the ſame indulgence to his partiality, that we are willing to allow to moſt other Authors; for I cannot help believing all Hiſtorians are more or leſs guilty of it.

I beg leave to obſerve one thing further on this head, that it's odd *Lucan* ſhould thus miſtake this part of *Cæſar*'s Character, and yet do him ſo much juſtice in the reſt. His greatneſs of mind, his intrepid courage, his indefatigable activity, his magnanimity, his generoſity, his conſummate knowledge in the art of war, and the power and grace of his eloquence, are all ſet forth in the beſt light, upon every proper occaſion. He never makes him ſpeak, but it's with all the ſtrength of argument, and all the flowers of Rhetorick. It were tedious to enumerate every inſtance of this, and I ſhall only mention the Speech to his Army before the Battel of *Pharſalia*, which in my opinion ſurpaſſes all I ever read, for the eaſy nobleneſs of expreſſion, the proper topicks to animate his Soldiers, and the force of an inimitable Eloquence.

Among

Among *Lucan*'s few miſtakes in matters of fact, may be added thoſe of Geography and Aſtronomy; but finding Mr. *Rowe* has taken ſome notice of them in his Notes, I ſhall ſay nothing of them. *Lucan* had neither time nor opportunity to viſit the ſcenes where the Actions he deſcribes were done, as ſome other Hiſtorians both *Greek* and *Romans* had, and therefore it was no wonder he might commit ſome minute errors in theſe matters. As to Aſtronomy, The ſchemes of that noble Science were but very conjectural in his time, and not reduc'd to that mathematical certainty they have been ſince.

The method and diſpoſition of a work of this kind, muſt be much the ſame with thoſe obſerv'd by other Hiſtorians, with one difference only, which I ſubmit to better judgments: An Hiſtorian who like *Lucan* has choſen to write in verſe, tho' he is oblig'd to have ſtrict regard to truth in every thing he relates, yet perhaps he is not oblig'd to mention all facts, as other Hiſtorians are. He is not ty'd down to relate every minute paſſage, or circumſtance, if they be not abſolutely neceſſary to the main ſtory; eſpecially if they are ſuch as would appear heavy and flat, and conſequently incumber his genius, or his verſe. All theſe trifling parts of action would take off from the pleaſure and entertainment, which is the main ſcope of that manner of writing. Thus the particulars of an Army's March, the journal of a Siege, or the ſituation of a Camp, where they are not ſubſervient to the relation of ſome great and important event, had better be ſpar'd than inſerted in a work of that kind. In a proſe Writer, theſe perhaps ought, or at leaſt may be properly and agreeably enough mention'd; of which we have innumerable inſtances in moſt an-

cient Hiſtorians, and particularly in *Thucydides* and *Livy*.

There is a fault in *Lucan* againſt this Rule, and that is his long and unneceſſary enumeration of the ſeveral parts of *Gaul*, whence *Cæſar*'s Army was drawn together, in the firſt Book. It is enliven'd, it's true, with ſome beautiful verſes he throws in, about the ancient *Bards* and *Druids*; but ſtill in the main it's dry, and but of little conſequence to the ſtory it ſelf. The many different People and Cities there mention'd, were not *Cæſar*'s Confederates, as thoſe in the third Book were *Pompey*'s; and theſe laſt are particularly nam'd, to expreſs how many Nations eſpous'd the ſide of *Pompey*. Thoſe reckon'd up in *Gaul* were only the places where *Cæſar*'s Troops had been quarter'd; and *Lucan* might with as great propriety, have mention'd the different routs by which they march'd, as the Garriſons from which they were drawn: this therefore, in my opinion, had been better left out. And I cannot but likewiſe think, that the Digreſſion in the ſixth Book, containing a Geographical deſcription of *Theſſaly*, and an account of its firſt inhabitans, is too prolix, and not of any great conſequence to his purpoſe. I am ſure it ſignifies but little to the Civil-War in general, or the Battel of *Pharſalia* in particular, to know how many Rivers there are in *Theſſaly*, or which of its Mountains lies eaſt or weſt.

But if theſe be faults in *Lucan*, they are ſuch as will be found in the moſt admir'd Poets, nay, and thought excellencies in them; and beſides, he has made us moſt ample amends in the many extraordinary beauties of his Poem. The Story it ſelf is noble and great; for what can there be in Hiſtory more worthy of our knowledge and attention, than a War

of the higeſt importance to Mankind, carried on between the two greateſt Leaders that ever were, and by a people the moſt renown'd for Arts and Arms, and who were at that time Maſters of the World? What a poor ſubject is that of the *Æneid*, when compar'd with this of the *Pharſalia*? and what a deſpicable figure does *Agamemnon*, *Homer*'s King of Kings, make, when compar'd with Chiefs, who by ſaying only, *Be thou a King*, made far greater Kings than him? The Scene of the *Iliad* contain'd but *Greece*, ſome Iſlands in the *Ægean* and *Ionian* ſeas, with a very little part of the *Leſſer Aſia*: This of the Civil-War of *Rome* drew after it, almoſt all the Nations of the then known world. *Troy* was but a little Town, of the little Kingdom of *Phrygia*; whereas *Rome* was then Miſtreſs of an Empire, that reach'd from the ſtreights of *Hercules*, and the *Atlantick* Ocean, to the *Euphrates*, and from the bottom of the *Euxin* and the *Caſpian* ſeas, to *Æthiopia* and Mount *Atlas*. The inimitable *Virgil* is yet more ſtraitened in his ſubject. *Æneas*, a poor Fugitive from *Troy*, with a handful of Followers, ſettles at laſt in *Italy*, and all the Empire that immortal pen could give him, is but a few miles upon the banks of the *Tyber*. So vaſt a diſproportion there is between the importance of the ſubject of the *Æneid*, and that of the *Pharſalia*, that we find one ſingle *Roman*, *Craſſus*, Maſter of more Slaves on his eſtate, than *Virgil*'s Hero had Subjects. In fine, it may be ſaid, nothing can excuſe him for his choice, but that he deſign'd his Hero for the Anceſtor of *Rome*, and the *Julian* Race.

I cannot leave this parallel, without taking notice, to what a height of power the *Roman* Empire was then arriv'd, in an inſtance of *Cæſar* himſelf, when

when but Pro-Conſul of *Gaul*, and before it's thought he ever dream'd of being what he afterwards attained to: It's in one of *Cicero*'s letters to him, wherein he repeats the words of *Cæſar*'s letters to him ſome time before. The words are theſe; *As to what concerns* Marcus Furius, *whom you recommended to me, I will, if you pleaſe, make him King of* Gaul; *but if you would have me advance any other Friend of yours, ſend him to me.* It was no new thing for Citizens of *Rome*, ſuch as *Cæſar* was, to diſpoſe of Kingdoms as they pleas'd; and *Cæſar* himſelf had taken away *Deiotarus*'s Kingdom from him, and given it to a private Gentleman of *Pergamum*. But there is one ſurprizing inſtance more, of the prodigions greatneſs of the *Roman* power, in the affair of King *Antiochus*, and that long before the height it arriv'd to, at the breaking forth of the Civil-War. That Prince was Maſter of all *Egypt*, and marching to the conqueſt of *Phœnicia*, *Cyprus*, and the other Appendixes of that Empire. *Popilius* overtakes him in his full march, with Letters from the Senate, and refuſes to give him his hand, till he had read them. *Antiochus*, ſtartled at the command that was contain'd in them, to ſtop the progreſs of his victories, ask'd a ſhort time to conſider of it. *Popilius* makes a circle about him with a ſtick he had in his hand, *Return me an anſwer*, ſaid he, *before thou ſtirr'ſt out of this circle, or the* Roman *People are no more thy Friends.* *Antiochus*, after a ſhort pauſe, told him with the loweſt ſubmiſſion, he would obey the Senate's Commands. Upon whieh *Popilius* gives him his hand, and ſalutes him a Friend of *Rome*. After *Antiochus* had given up ſo great a Monarchy, and ſuch a torrent of ſucceſs, upon receiving only a few

few words in writing, he had indeed reason to send word to the Senate, as he did by his Ambassadors, that he had obey'd their commands, with the same submission, as if they had been sent him from the immortal Gods.

To leave this digression. It were the height of arrogance to detract ever so little from *Homer* or *Virgil*, who have kept possession of the first places, among the Poets of *Greece* and *Rome*, for so many Ages: Yet I hope I may be forgiven, if I say there are several passages in both, that appear to me trivial, and below the dignity, that shines almost in every page of *Lucan*. It were to take both the *Iliad* and *Æneid* in pieces, to prove this: But I shall only take notice of one instance, and that is, the different coulouring of *Virgil*'s Hero, and *Lucan*'s *Cæsar*, in a Storm. *Æneas* is drawn weeping, and in the greatest confusion and despair, tho' he had assurance from the Gods that he should one day settle and raise a new Empire in *Italy*. *Cæsar*, on the contrary, is represented perfectly sedate, and free from fear. His courage and magnanimity brighten up as much upon this occasion, as afterwards they did at the Battels of *Pharsalia* and *Munda*. Courage would have cost *Virgil* nothing, to have bestow'd it on his Hero, and he might as easily have thrown him upon the Coast of *Carthage* in a calm temper of mind, as in a panick fear.

St. *Evremont* is very severe upon *Virgil* on this account, and has criticized upon his character of *Æneas* in this manner. When *Virgil* tells us;

Extemplò Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra,
Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.

Seiz'd as he is, ſays St. *Evremont*, *with this chillneſs through all his limbs, the firſt ſign of life we find in him, is his groaning; then he lifts up his hands to Heaven, and in all appearence, would implore its ſuccour, if the condition wherein the good Hero finds himſelf, would afford him ſtrength enough to raiſe his mind to the Gods, and pray with attention. His Soul, which could not apply it ſelf to any thing elſe, abandons it ſelf to lamentations; and like thoſe deſolate Widows, who upon the firſt trouble they meet with, wiſh they were in the grave with their dear Husbands, the poor Æneas bewails his not having perish'd before* Troy *with* Hector, *and eſteems them very happy who left their bones in the boſom of ſo ſweet and dear a Country. Some people*, adds he, *may perhaps believe he ſays ſo, becauſe he envies their happineſs; but I am perſuaded*, ſays St. *Evremont*, *it's for fear of the danger that threatens him.* The ſame Author, after he has thus expos'd his want of courage, adds, *The good* Æneas *hardly ever concerns himſelf in any important or glorious deſign: It's enough for him that he diſcharges his conſcience in the offices of a pious, tender, and compaſſionate Man. He carries his Father on his ſhoulders, he conjugally laments his dear* Creuſa, *he cauſes his Nurſe to be interr'd, and makes a Funeral pile for his truſty Pilot* Palinurus, *for whom he ſheds a thouſand tears. Here is* (ſays he) *a ſorry Hero in Paganiſm, who would have made an admirable Saint among ſome Chriſtians.* In ſhort, it's St. *Evremont*'s opinion, *he was fitter to make a Founder of an Order than of a State.*

Thus far, and perhaps too far, St. *Evremont*: I beg leave to take notice, that the Storm in *Lucan* is drawn in ſtronger colours, and ſtrikes the

mind

mind with greater horror, than that in *Virgil*; notwithstanding the first has no supernatural cause assign'd for it, and the latter is rais'd by a God, at the instigation of a Goddess, that was both Wife and Sister of *Jupiter*.

In the *Pharsalia*, most of the transactions and events, that compose the relation, are wonderful and surprising tho' true, as well as instructive, and entertaining. To enumerate them all, were to transcribe the work itself, and therefore I shall only hint at some of the most remarkable. With what dignity, and justness of character, are the two great Rivals, *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, introduc'd in the first Book; and how beautifully, and with what a masterly art, are they oppos'd to one another? Add to this, the justest Similitudes by which their different Characters are illustrated in the second & ninth Book. Who can but admire the figure that *Cato*'s Virtue makes, in more places than one? And I persuade my self, if *Lucan* had liv'd to finish his design, the death of that Illustrious *Roman* had made one of the most moving, as well as one of the most sublime Episodes of his Poem. In the third Book, *Pompey*'s Dream, *Cæsar*'s breaking open the Temple of *Saturn*, the Siege of *Marseilles*, the Sea Fight, and the Sacred Grove, have each of them their particular excellence, that in my opinion come very little short of any thing we find in *Homer* or *Virgil*.

In the fourth Book, there are a great many charming incidents, and among the rest, that of the Soldiers running out of their Camp to meet and embrace one another, and the deplorable story of *Vulteius*. The fifth Book affords us a fine account of the Oracle of *Delphos*, its origin, the manner of its

its delivering Anſwers, and the reaſon of its then ſilence. Then upon the occaſion of a Mutiny in *Cæſar*'s Camp near *Placentia*, & in his manner of paſſing the *Adriatick* in a ſmall Boat, amidſt the Storm I hinted at, he has given us the nobleſt and the beſt image of that great Man. But what affects me above all, is the parting of *Pompey* and *Cornelia*, in the end of the Book: It has ſomething in it as moving and tender, as ever was felt, or perhaps imagin'd.

In the deſcription of the Witch *Erictho*, in the ſixth Book, we have a beautiful Picture of Horror; for even works of that kind have their beauties in Poetry, as well as in Painting. The ſeventh Book is moſt taken up with what relates to the famous Battel of *Pharſalia*, which decided the fate of *Rome*. It is ſo related, that the Reader may rather think himſelf a Spectator of, or even engag'd in, the Battel, than ſo remote from the Age in which it was fought. There is, towards the end of this Book, a noble majeſtick deſcription of the general Conflagration, and of that laſt Cataſtrophe, which muſt put an end to this frame of Heav'n and Earth. To this is added, in the moſt elevated ſtile, his ſentiments of the immortality of the Soul, and of rewards and puniſhments after this life. All theſe are touch'd with the niceſt delicacy of expreſſion and thought, eſpecially that about the univerſal Conflagration; and agrees with what we find of it in Holy-writ. In ſo much that I am willing to believe *Lucan* might have convers'd with St *Peter* at *Rome*, it be true he was ever there; or he might have ſeen that Epiſtle of his, wherin he gives us the very ſame idea of it.

In the eighth Book our paſſions are again touch'd with the misfortunes of *Cornelia* and *Pompey*; but

eſpecially

especially with the Death, and unworthy Funeral, of the latter. In this Book is likewise drawn, with the greatest art, the Character of young *Ptolemy* and his Ministers; particularly that of the Villain *Photinus* is exquisitely expos'd in his own Speech in Council.

In the ninth Book, after the Apotheosis of *Pompey*, *Cato* is introduc'd as the fittest Man after him to head the Cause of Liberty and *Rome*. This Book is the longest, and, in my opinion, the most entertaining in the whole Poem. The march of *Cato* through the Desarts of *Libya*, affords a noble and agreeable variety of matter; and the Virtues of his Hero, amidst these distresses through which he leads him, seems every where to deserve these raptures of praise he bestows upon him. Add to this, the artful descriptions of the various poisons with which these desarts abounded, and their different effects upon human bodies, than which nothing can be more moving or poetical.

But *Cato*'s Answer to *Labienus* in this Book, upon his desiring him to consult the Oracle of *Jupiter Hammon* about the event of the Civil-War, and the fortune of *Rome*, is a Master-piece not to be equal'd. All the Attributes of God, such as his Omnipotence, his Prescience, his Justice, his Goodness, and his unsearchable decrees, are painted in the most awful, and the strongest colours, and such as may make Christians themselves blush, for not coming up to them in most of their Writings upon that subject. I know not but St *Evremont* has carry'd the matter too far, when in mentioning this passage, he concludes, *If all the ancient Poets had spoke as worthily of the Oracles of their Gods, he should make no scruple to prefer them to the Divines and Philosophers*

of

of our time. We may see, says he, *in the concourse of so many people, that came to consult the* Oracle *of* Hammon, *what effect a publick opinion can produce, where Zeal and Superstition mingle together. We may see in* Labienus, *a pious sensible Man, who to his respect for the Gods, joyns that consideration and esteem we ought to preserve for Virtue in Good Men.* Cato *is a Religious severe Philosopher, wean'd from all vulgar opinions, who entertains those lofty thoughts of the Gods, which pure undebauch'd Reason, and a truely elevated knowledge can give us of them; Every thing here*, says St. *Evremont, is poetical, every thing is consonant to Truth and* Reason. *It is not poetical upon the score of any ridiculous fiction, or for some extravagant* Hyperbole, *but for the daring greatness and Majesty of the Language, and for the noble elevation of the Discourse. It's thus*, adds he, *that Poetry is the Language of the Gods, and that Poets are wise; and it's so much the greater wonder to find it in* Lucan, says he, *because it's neither to be met with in* Homer *nor* Virgil. I remember *Montaigne*, who is allow'd by all to have been an admirable Judge in these matters, prefers *Lucan*'s character of *Cato* to *Virgil*, or any other of the ancient Poets. He thinks all of them flat and languishing, but *Lucan* much more strong, tho' overthrown by the extravagancy of his own force.

The Tenth Book, imperfect as it is, gives us, among other things, a view of the *Egyptian* magnificence, with a curious account of the then received opinions of the increase and decrease of the river *Nile*. From the variety of the story, and many other particulars I need not mention in this short account, it may easily appear, that a true

History

History may be as delightful as a Romance or Fiction, when the Author makes choice of a subject that affords so many, and so surprizing incidents.

Among the faults that have been laid to *Lucan*'s charge, the most justly imputed are those of his Stile; and indeed how could it be otherwise? Let us but remember the imperfect state, in which his sudden and imature death left the *Pharsalia*, the design it self being probably but half finished, and what was writ of it, but slightly, if at all, revis'd. We are told, it's true, he either corrected the three first Books himself, or his Wife did it for him, in his own life-time. Be it so; but what are the corrections of a Lady, or a young Man of six and twenty, to those he might have made at forty, or a more advanc'd age? *Virgil*, the most correct and judicious Poet that ever was, continued correcting his *Æneid* for near as long a series of years together, as *Lucan* liv'd, and yet dy'd with a strong opinion, that it was imperfect still. If *Lucan* had liv'd to his age, the *Pharsalia* without doubt would have made another kind of figure, than it now does, notwithstanding the difference to be found in the *Roman* language, between the times of *Nero* and *Augustus*.

It must be own'd he is in many places obscure, and hard, and therefore not so agreeable, & comes short of the purity, sweetness and delicate propriety of *Virgil*. Yet it's still universally agreed among both Ancients and Moderns, that his Genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be govern'd by Art; and that his stile was like his Genius, learn'd, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical, and blustering.

I am by no means willing to compare the *Phar-*

salia

ſalia to the *Æneid*; but I muſt ſay, with St. *Evremont*, that for what purely regards the Elevation of thought, *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, *Cato*, and *Labienus* ſhine much more in *Lucan*, than *Jupiter*, *Mercury*, *Juno*, or *Venus* do in *Virgil*. The Idea's which *Lucan* has given us of theſe great Men are truly greater, and affect us more ſenſibly, than thoſe which *Virgil* has given us of his Deities. The latter has cloath'd his Gods with human infirmities, to adapt them to the capacity of Men: The other has rais'd his Heroes ſo, as to bring them into competition with the Gods themſelves. In a word, the Gods are not ſo valuable in *Virgil*, as the Heros. In *Lucan*, the Heros equal the Gods. After all, it muſt be allow'd, that moſt things throughout the whole *Pharſalia* are greatly and juſtly ſaid, with regard even to the language and expreſſion: But the ſentiments are every where ſo beautiful and elevated, that they appear, as he deſcribes *Cæſar* in *Amyclus*'s Cottage in the fifth Book, noble and magnificent in any dreſs. It's in this elevation of thought that *Lucan* juſtly excels: This is his *fort*, and what raiſes him up to an equality with the greateſt of the ancient *Poets*.

I cannot omit here the delicate character of *Lucan*'s Genius, as mention'd by *Strada* in the Emblematick way. It's commonly known that Pope *Leo* the Tenth was not only learn'd himſelf, but a great Patron of Learning, and us'd to be preſent at the converſations and performances of all the polite Writers of his time. The Wits of *Rome* entertain'd him one day at his *Villa* on the banks of the *Tyber*, with an Interlude in the nature of a *Poetical Maſquerade*. They had their *Parnaſſus*, their *Pegaſus*, their *Helicon*, and every one of the ancient Poets in their

ſeveral

ſeveral characters, where each acted the part that was ſuitable to his manner of writing, and among the reſt one that acted *Lucan*. *There was none*, ſays he, *that was plac'd in a higher ſtation, or had a greater proſpect under him than* Lucan. *He vaulted upon* Pegaſus *with all the heat and intrepidity of Youth, and ſeem'd deſirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the Horſe ſtuck to the mountain, while the body rear'd up in the air, the Poet with great difficulty kept himſelf from ſliding off, inſomuch that the Spectators often gave him for gone, and cry'd out now and then he was tumbling.* Thus *Strada*.

I ſhall ſum up all I have time to ſay of *Lucan*, with another character, as it is given by one of the moſt polite Men of the age he liv'd in, and who under the protection of the ſame Pope *Leo* X. was one of the firſt Reſtorers of Learning in the latter end of the fifteenth and and the beginning of the ſixteenth *Century*. I mean *Johannes Sulpitius Verulanus*, who with the aſſiſtance of *Beroaldus*, *Badius*, and ſome others of the firſt form in the Republick of Letters, publiſh'd *Lucan* with notes at *Rome*, in year 1514, being the firſt impreſſion, that I have ſeen of him. *Poetry* and *Painting*, with the knowledge of the *Greek* and *Latin* tongues, roſe about that time to a prodigious height in a ſmall compaſs of years; and whatever we may think to the contrary, they have declin'd ever ſince. *Verulanus* in his Dedication to Cardinal *Palavicini*, prefix'd to that Edition, has not only given us a delicate ſententious criticiſm on the *Pharſalia*, but a beautiful judicious compariſon between *Lucan* & *Virgil*, and that in a ſtile which in my opinion comes but little ſhort of *Saluſt*, or the Writers of the *Auguſtan* Age.

Age. It is to the following purpoſe in *English*, and it may not be unacceptable to the Reader, that I have put the *Latin* in the margin.

I come now to the Author I have commented upon, ſays *Sulpitius Verulanus*, and ſhall endeavour to deſcribe him, as well as obſerve in what he differs from that great Poet *Virgil*. *Lucan*, in the opinion of *Fabius*, is no leſs a Pattern for Orators than for Poets; and always adhering ſtrictly to truth, he ſeems to have as fair a pretence to the character of an Hiſtorian; for he equally performs each of theſe offices. His expreſſion is bold and lively; his ſentiments are clear, his fictions within compaſs of probability, and his digreſſions proper: His Orations artful, correct, manly and full of matter. In the other parts of his work, he is grave fluent, copious, and elegant; abounding with great variety, and wonderful erudition. And in unriddling the intricacy of contrivances, deſigns and ac-

* Nunc ad Vatem quem enarravimus me convertam: qualiſque ſit, & in quo a Vergilio poeta ſummo differat explicabo. Lucanus non minus Oratoribus quam Poetis Fabii judicio imitandus, cum puram hiſtoriæ fidem ſequatur, etiam Hiſtorici ſuſtinere perſonam videtur: ſingulorum enim pariter officio fungitur. Quippe ardens, concitatus, ſententiis clariſſimus, modeſta figmenta & concinnas habet evagationes. Eſtque in concionibus artificioſus, abundans, virilis, & cultus. In cæteris vero gravis, copioſus, amplus, terſus, mira eruditione & rerum varietate perfuſus. Tantaque carminis majeſtate, conſilia, rationes geſtaque explicat, ut hæc ipſa non legere ſed cernere videaris. Bella vero & conflictus non narrari ſed geri: urbes trepidare: acies concurrere: & militum ardorem, terroremque putes aſpicere. Cumque ſit in deſcriptionibus frequens & locuples: in rerum perſcrutanda natura, exprimendiſque affectibus perſpicax; in moribus judicandis argutus; atque in omni oſtentanda doctrina verſatilis: quem Coſmographum, quem Aſtrologum, aut Mathematicum, aut Philoſophum dum eum legimus deſideramus? Quis enim de rebus in

actions, his ſtile is ſo maſterly, that you rather ſeem to ſee, than read of thoſe tranſactions. But as for enterprizes and Battels, you imagine them not related but acted: Towns allarm'd, Armies engag'd, the eagerneſs and tetror of the ſeveral Soldiers, ſeem preſent to your view. As our Author is frequent and fertile in deſcriptions; and none more skilful in diſcovering the ſecret ſprings of action, and their riſe in human paſſions; as he is an acute ſearcher into the manners of Men, and moſt dextrous in applying all ſorts of learning to his ſubject: What other Coſmographer, Aſtrologer, Philoſopher or Mathematician do we ſtand in need of, while we read him? Who has more judicioufly handled, or treated with more delicacy, whatever topics his fancy has led him to, or have caſually fall'n in his way? *Maro* is, without doubt, a great Poet; ſo is *Lucan*. In ſo apparent an equality, 'tis hard to decide which excells: For both have juſtly obtained the higheſt commendations. *Maro* is rich and magnificent; *Lucan* ſumptuous and ſplendid: The firſt is diſcreet, inventive, and ſublime; the latter free, harmonious, and full of ſpirit. *Virgil* ſeems to move with the

in quas incidit, aut affectat, ſubtilius & accuratius diſſerit? Magnus profecto eſt Maro, magnus Lucanus; adeoque prope par, ut uter ſit major poſſis ambigere. Summis enim uterque eſt laudibus eloquentiæ cumulatus. Dives & magnificus Maro: hic ſumptuoſus & ſplendidus. Ille maturus ſublimis abundans: hic vehemens canorus effuſus. Ille venerabilius pontificio more quadam cum religione videtur incedere: hic cum terrore concitatius imperatorio. Ille cura & diligentia cultus: hic natura & ſtudio perpolitus. Ille ſuavitate & dulcedine animos capit: hic ardore & ſpiritu complet. Vergilius nitidus, beatus, compoſitus. Lucanus varius floridus aptus. Ille fortioribus telis pugnare videtur: hic pluribus. Ille plus roboris habere: hic plus terroris & acrimoniæ. Illum grandi tuba uti & horriſona dixeris: hunc fere pari ſed clariori. Tanta denique eſt huic cum illo affinitas & in diverſitate præſtantia; ut cum ad illam Maronis divinitatem acceſſerit nemo, tamen niſi ille priorem locum apud nos occupaſſet, hic poſſideret.

devout ſolemnity of a reverend Prelate: *Lucan* to march with the noble haughtineſs of a victorious General. One owes moſt to labour and application; the other to Nature and practice. One lulls the ſoul with the ſweetneſs and muſic of his verſe; the other raiſes it by his fire and rapture. *Virgil* is ſedate, happy in his conceptions, free from faults; *Lucan* quick, various and florid: He ſeems to fight with ſtronger Weapons, this with more. The firſt ſurpaſſes all in ſolid ſtrength; the latter excells in vigour and poynancy. You would think that the one ſounds rather a larger and deeper ton'd Trumpet; the other a leſs indeed, but clearer. In ſhort, ſo great is the affinity, and the ſtruggle for precedence between them, that tho' no body be allow'd to come up to that *Divinity* in *Maro*; yet had he not been poſſeſs'd of the chief ſeat on *Parnaſſus*, our Author's claim to it had been indiſputable.

Thus much for *Lucan*; And it may be expected, I ſhould give ſome account of Mr. *Rowe*, who has obliged the world with the following Tranſlation of him in *English* verſe. Never Man had it more in his nature than he, to love and oblige his Friends living, or celebrate their Memory when dead; what pity is it then, that for want of information, there cannot be paid to his name that juſt encomium he ev'ry way deſerv'd?

He was born at *Little Berkford* in *Bedfordshire*, at the houſe of *Jaſper Edwards*, Eſq; his Mother's Father, in the year 1673. of an ancient Family in *Devonshire*, that for many Ages had made a handſome figure in their country, and was known by the name of *Rowes* of *Lambertoun*. He could trace his Anceſtors, in a direct line, up to the times of the *Holy War*, where one of them ſo diſtiſtinguiſh'd him-

himſelf in the *Holy Land*, that at his return, he had the Coat of Arms given him, which they bore ever ſince, that being in thoſe days all the reward of military virtue, or of blood ſpilt in thoſe expeditions. From that time downward to Mr. *Rowe*'s Father, the Family kept themſelves to the frugal management of a private fortune, and the innocent pleaſures of a country life. Having a handſome ſeat, and a competent Eſtate, they liv'd beyond the fear of want, or reach of envy. In all the changes of Governments, they are ſaid to have ever lean'd towards the ſide of publick liberty, and in that retir'd ſituation of life to have beheld with grief and concern the many incroachments that have been made upon it from time to time.

His Father was *John Rowe*, and the firſt of the Family, as his Son has told me, that chang'd a country life for a Liberal profeſſion. After he had paſt the Schools at home, he was brought up to *London*, and enter'd a Student of the Law in the *Middle Temple*, where ſome time after he was call'd to the Bar, and at length made a Serjeant at Law. He was a Gentleman in great eſteem for many engaging qualities, of very conſiderable practice at the Bar, and ſtood fair for the firſt vacancy on the Bench, when he died the 7th day of *April*, 1692. and was buried in the *Temple* Church the 7th of *May* following. Let it be mention'd to the Honour of this Gentleman, that when he publiſh'd Serjeant *Benloe* and Judge *Daliſon*'s *Reports*, he had the honeſty and boldneſs to obſerve in the Preface, how moderate theſe two great Lawyers had been in their opinions concerning the extent of the Royal Prerogative; and that he durſt do this in the late King *James*'s Reign, at a time when a *Diſpenſing Power* was ſet up, as inherent in the Crown. From ſuch

worthy Anceſtors *Nicholas Rowe* was deſcended, who, together with the ancient Paternal Seat of the Family, inherited their probity and good nature, contentment of mind, and an unbyaſs'd love to their Country.

His Father took all the care poſſible of his education, and when he was fit for it, ſent him to *Weſtminſter* School, under the famous Dr. *Busby*. He made an extraordinary progreſs in all the parts of learning taught in that School, and about the age of twelve years was choſen one of the *King*'s Scholars. He became in a little time Maſter to a great perfection of all the claſſical Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, and made a tolerable proficiency in the *Hebrew*; but Poetry was his early bent, and his darling ſtudy. He compos'd at that time ſeveral copies of Verſes upon different ſubjects both in *Greek* and *Latin*, and ſome in *Engliſh*, which were much admir'd, and the more that they coſt him very little pains, and ſeem'd to flow from his Imagination, almoſt as faſt as his pen.

His Father deſigning him for his own Profeſſion, took him from that School when he was about ſixteen years of age: and enter'd him a Student in the *Middle Temple*, whereof he himſelf was a Member, that he might have him under his immediate care and Inſtruction. Being capable of any part of knowledge he apply'd his mind to, he made very remarkable advances in the ſtudy of the Law; and was not content, as he told me, to know it as a collection of *Statutes* or *Cuſtoms* only, but as a *Syſtem* founded upon right Reaſon, and calculated for the good of Mankind. Being afterwards call'd to the Bar, he appear'd in as promiſing a way to make a figure in that Profeſſion, as any of his Contempories; if the love of the *Belles Lettres*,

and

and that of Poetry in particular, had not ſtop'd him in his career. He had the advantage of the friendſhip and protection of one of the fineſt Gentlemen, as well as one of the greateſt Lawyers of that time, Sir *George Treby*, Lord Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas, who was fond of him to a great degree, and had it both in his power and inclination to promote his intereſt.

But the *Muſes* had ſtoln away his heart from his infancy, and his paſſion for them rendred the ſtudy of the *Law* dry and taſtleſs to his palate. He ſtrugled for ſome time againſt the natural bent of his mind, but in vain; for *Homer* and *Virgil*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* had infinitely more charms with him, than the beſt Authors that had writ of the Law of *England*. He now and then could not refrain from making ſome copies of Verſes on ſubjects that fell in his way, which being approv'd of by his intimate Friends, to whom only he ſhew'd them, that approbation prov'd his ſnare; ſo that from that time he began to give way to the natural biaſs of his mind, and would needs try what he could do in Tragedy.

The firſt he wrote was *The Ambitious Step-Mother*; which meeting with univerſal applauſe, as it well deſerv'd, he laid aſide all thoughts of riſing in the Law, and turn'd them ever after, in their main channel, towards Poetry. This his firſt Tragedy he writ when twenty five years of age, and as a tryal only of his genius that way. The purity of the language the juſtneſs of his characters, the noble elevation of the ſentiments, were all of them admirably adapted to the plan of the Play. His talent lay in *Heroick Poetry*, and conſequently in *Tragedy*. For Comedy, he once try'd it, but found his Genius did not lean that way. He writ ſeveral Tragedies afterwards, which

which are in every body's hands, and all of them highly approv'd by Men of taſte, upon the account of the loftineſs of thought, and the delicate propriety of the language; in which laſt I may venture to ſay, no one has ever outdone him, few equall'd him.

The Tragedy he valu'd himſelf moſt upon, and which was moſt valu'd, was his *Tamerlane*; and never Author, in my opinion, did more juſtice to his Hero, than he to that excellent Prince: For *Tamerlane* was the very Man that Mr. *Rowe* has painted him. In that Play, he aim'd at a Parallel between the late King *William* of immortal Memory and *Tamerlane*; as alſo between *Bajazet*, and a Monarch who is ſince dead. That glorious ambition and noble ardour in *Tamerlane*, to break the chains of enſlav'd nations, and ſet Mankind free from the incroachments of lawleſs Power, are painted in the moſt lively, as well as the moſt amiable colours. On the other ſide, his manner of introducing on the Stage a Prince that thinks Mankind is made but for him, and whoſe chief aim is to perpetuate his name to Poſterity, by that havock and ruin he ſcatters through the World, are all drawn with that pomp of horror and deteſtation which ſuch monſtrous actions do deſerve. And ſince nothing could be more calculated, for raiſing in the minds of the Audience, a true paſſion for Liberty, and a juſt abhorrence for Slavery; how this Play came to be diſcouraged, next to a Prohibition, in latter end of a late Reign, I leave it to others to give a reaſon.

I ſhall ſay nothing of any of the reſt of Mr. *Rowe's* Plays in particular; but it may be juſtly ſaid of them all, that never Poet painted *Virtue* or *Religion* in a more charming dreſs on the Stage, nor were ever

Vice

Vice and *Impiety* better expos'd to contempt and hatred. There runs through every one of them an air of Religion and Virtue, attended with all the ſocial duties of life, and a conſtant untainted love to his Country. The ſame principles of Liberty he had early imbib'd himſelf, and ſeem'd a part of his conſtitution, appear'd in every thing he wrote, and he took all occaſions that fell in his way, to make the Stage ſubſervient to them. His Muſe was ſo religiouſly chaſt, that I do not remember one word in any of his Plays or writings that might admit but of a *double entendre* in point of decency or morals. There is nothing to be found in them to humour the deprav'd taſte of the Age, by nibbling at *Scripture*, or depreciating things in themſelves Sacred: and it was the leſs wonder, that he obſerv'd this rule in his Dramatick performances, ſince in his ordinary converſation, and when his mirth and humour enliven'd the whole company, he us'd to expreſs his diſſatisfaction, in the ſevereſt manner, with any thing that look'd that way. Being much converſant in the *Holy Scriptures*, it's obſervable that to raiſe the higheſt Ideas of Virtue, he has with great art in ſeveral of his Tragedies made uſe of thoſe expreſſions and Metaphors in them, that taſte moſt of the *Sublime*.

Beſides his Plays, Mr. *Rowe* wrote a great many copies of Verſes on different ſubjects, which it's hop'd his Friends may ſome time or other publiſh together, and whereof many have been already printed apart. Being a great admirer of *Shakeſpear*, he oblig'd the Publick with a new Edition of his Works, and prefix'd to it a ſhort account of his Life. In that Account he lay under the ſame misfortune that I have done in this Account of Mr, *Rowe*; He wanted information to do juſtice to

Shakeſpear. He took all occaſions to expreſs the vaſt eſteem he had for that wonderful Man, and endeavour'd in ſome of his Pieces to imitate his manner of writing, particularly in the Tragedy of *Jane Shore*. He has given him the character he well deſerv'd, in the Prologue to that Play in the following verſes, which I am the more willing to inſert here, becauſe I believe there is no Man of taſte but pays to *Shakeſpear*'s Memory the homage that's due to one of the greateſt Genius's that ever appear'd in Dramatick Poetry. The lines are theſe.

In ſuch an Age, Immortal Shakeſpear *wrote,*
By no quaint Rules, nor hampering Criticks taught,
With rough, majeſtick force, he mov'd the heart,
And ſtrength and nature made amends for art.
Our humble Author does his ſteps purſue,
He owns he had the mighty Bard in view;
And in theſe Scenes has made it more his care
To rouſe the Paſſions, than to charm the ear.

But Mr. *Rowe*'s laſt, and perhaps his beſt Poem is this his Tranſlation of *Lucan*; which he juſt liv'd to finiſh. He had entertain'd an early inclination for that Author, and I believe it was the darling paſſion he had for the Liberty and Conſtitution of his Country, that firſt inclin'd him to think of tranſlating him. He thought it was a pity, that a Work in which the Cauſe of Liberty was ſet in ſuch a ſhining light, ſhould be preſerv'd only in the dead language wherein it was written; and therefore thought it well worth his pains to put it, in an *Engliſh* dreſs, for the benefit of his Country-men. As this is the happieſt Nation of the world in its Conſtitution, and happy even in ſpite of our ſelves, he judg'd that all who are in love with it, muſt needs be fond of an Author, who not only wrote for the ancient Conſtitution of his own Country, but fell

a ſacrifice for endeavouring to ſupport it.

As to the Tranſlation it ſelf, I perſuade my ſelf it will meet with a kind reception in the world. I dare be bold to ſay the Language is pure, and the Verſification both muſical and adapted to the ſubject. I have no reaſon to doubt but the true meaning of the Original is faithfully preſerv'd through the whole work, & if I may venture to judge, the Tranſlation comes up to the ſpirit of the Original, far as the difference between the *Roman* and *English* Languages will allow of.

I am afraid I have gone out of my depth, in giving my opinion of a peice of this kind, being no Poet my ſelf; ſo I leave this Tranſlation of *Lucan* to make its way by its own merit. I know *May* has tranſlated it near an age ago, and I confeſs it is many years ſince I read it. But it muſt be own'd, that it's but a lame performance, and does not reach the ſpirit or ſenſe of *Lucan*. The Language and Verſification are yet worſe, and fall infinitely ſhort of the lofty numbers and propriety of expreſſion in which Mr. *Rowe* excels. I know of no other Tranſlation of *Lucan* in any of the living languages, in verſe, except that of *Brebeuf* in *French*. I have a very great value for it, and the Author, if it were for no other reaſon, but that he had the honeſt boldneſs to publiſh ſuch a work in his native language, that was diametrically oppoſite to the Maxims of Government purſued by the Prince then reigning. His courage in this matter deſerves yet the more to be applauded, that when all the other *Claſſicks* were publiſh'd for the uſe of the *Dauphin*, *Lucan* alone was prohibited. It's obſervable, he has carry'd in ſome places in the *French* language the heat of *Lucan*, farther than *Lucan* himſelf in the *Latin*, and that by attempting the fire of his Author, he has,

if I may be allow'd the expreſſion, fir'd himſelf much more. This is what happens to him frequently: But again at other times he flags, and when *Lucan* happily hits on the true beauty of a thought, *Brebeuf* falls infinitely below him, through an affectation of appearing eaſy and natural, when he ought to exert all his force. I might give a great many inſtances of this laſt, but ſhall confine my ſelf to one which will ſet in a true light the difference between the two Tranſlations of *Lucan* by *Brebeuf* and Mr. *Rowe*. That ſtrong celebrated Line in *Lucan*,

Victrix Cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni,

is with the whole period, thus done by Mr *Rowe*, tho' none of the brighteſt lines in his Tranſlation.

Juſtly to name the better Cauſe were hard,
While greateſt Names for either ſide declar'd:
Victorious Cæſar *by the Gods was crown'd,*
The vanquish'd Party was by Cato *own'd.*

When *Brebeuf* comes to tranſlate this paſſage, he does it after this manner.

De ſi hauts partiſans s'arment pour chacun d'eux,
Qu'on ne ſcait qui defendre, ou qui blamer des deux,
Qui des deux a tiré plus juſtement l'epée;
Les Dieux ſervent Ceſar, & Caton ſuit Pompée.

What can be poorer than this laſt? It does not anſwer the nobleneſs of the *Latin*, and beſides it maims the ſenſe of the Author. For Lucan, who had his imagination full of the virtue of *Cato*, intended to raiſe him above, or at leaſt equal him to the Gods, as to the merit of the cauſe, that occaſion'd the oppoſition: But *Brebeuf*, inſtead of raiſing him to a competition with the Gods, makes him only a Retainer of *Pompey*'s. This puts me in mind of an obſervation I have frequently made upon moſt of our *English* Tranſlations: Whenever there happens an expreſſion or period of a diſtinguiſh'd beauty, it's there they fall often

often not only ſhort of the original, but miſtake intirely the ſenſe. I ſhall give but one inſtance in *Dryden's Virgil*. There is not in all the inimitable *Æneid* a more beautiful period than that in the ſixth book concernir g *Marcellus*, which *Virgil* ſums up in this *hemiſticon*,

Tu Marcellus eris:

Dryden turns it thus,

O! *could'ſt thou break through Fate's ſevere decree,*
A new Marcellus *ſhall ariſe in thee.*

which is altogether wide from the meaning of *Virgil*, and ſinks infinitely below the dignity of his verſe.

I might take notice here of ſeveral paſſages of *Lucan* left out in *Brebeuf*, which well deſerv'd a place in his Tranſlation. I ſhall only mention one in the ſixth book concerning the Witch *Erictho*, which in my opinion is a very beautiful picture of Horror. *Brebeuf* cuts it ſhort, and in its place gives us a love ſtory of his own invention between *Burrhus* and *Octavia*, which is nothing to the purpoſe, and falls infinitely ſhort of the ſpirit of *Lucan*. Yet after all it cannot be deny'd, but *Brebeuf's* performance is in the main admirably well done and in many places he appears animated with the ſame fire we find in *Lucan*. I cannot omit one inſtance of this in that paſſage of the third Book concerning the Origine of Letters, which is one of the fineſt in *Lucan*, and excellently done into *French* by *Brebeuf*. *Lucan* has it thus,

Phœnices primi, famæ ſi creditur, auſi
Manſuram rudibus vocem ſignare figuris.

Brebeuf turns it after this manner,

C'eſt de luy que nous vient cet art ingenieux
De peindre la parole & de parler aux yeux,
Et par les traits divers des figures tracées,
Donner de la couleur, & du corps aux penſées.

The tranſlation of this paſſage by *Brebeuf* is excel-

cellently imitated in *English* by a *young Lady* * that I had the honour to be acquainted with, which if I miſtake not, tranſcends *Brebeuf* or even *Lucan* himſelf. It's thus,

The noble art from Cadmus *took its riſe*
Of painting words, and ſpeaking to the eyes.
He firſt in wondrous magick fetters bound
The airy voice, and ſtop'd the flying ſound.
The various figures by his pencil wrought,
Gave colour, and a body to the thought.

To return to Mr. *Rowe*: He juſt liv'd to put an end to this Tranſlation of *Lucan*'s *Pharſalia*, and if he had liv'd a little longer, it's probable he had prefix'd to it another kind of Preface than this, with a thorough criticiſm on the whole work. I ſhall ſay nothing further of him in the quality of a Poet, ſince this Tranſlation, and his other Works, will ſufficiently juſtify his title to it. As to his perſon, it was graceful and well made, his face regular and of a manly beauty. As his Soul was well lodg'd, ſo it's rational and animal Faculties excell'd in a high degree. He had a quick and fruitful invention, a deep penetration, and a large compaſs of thought, with a ſingular dexterity, and eaſineſs in making his thoughts to be underſtood. He was Maſter of moſt parts of polite Learning, eſpecially the Claſſical Authors both *Greek* and *Latin*; underſtood the *French*, *Italian* & *Spaniſh* languages, and ſpoke the firſt fluently, and the other two tollerably well.

He had likewiſe read moſt of the *Greek* and *Roman* Hiſtories in their original languages, and moſt that are writ in *Engliſh*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh*. He had a good taſte in Philoſophy, and having a firm impreſſion of Religion upon his mind, he took great delight in Divinity and Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory

* *A Daughter of the Viſcount* Moleſworth.

History, in both which he made great advances in the times he retir'd into the country, which were frequent. He expreſt on all occaſions his full perſwaſion of the truth of Reveal'd Religion, and being a ſincere Member of the eſtabliſh'd Church himſelf, he pitied, but condemn'd not, thoſe that diſſented from it. He abhor'd the Principle of perſecuting Men upon the account of their opinions in Religion; and being ſtrict in his own, he took it not upon him to cenſure thoſe of another perſwaſion. His converſation was pleaſant, witty, and learn'd, without the leaſt tincture of affectation or pedantry; and his inimitable manner of diverting and enlivening the company, made it impoſſible for any one to be out of humour when he was in it. Envy and detraction ſeem'd to be entirely foreign to his conſtitution: And whatever provocations he met with at any time, he paſt them over without the leaſt thought of reſentment or revenge. As *Homer* had a *Zoilus*, ſo Mr. *Rowe* had ſometimes his: For there were not wanting malevolent people, and pretenders to Poetry too, that would now and then bark at his beſt performances: but he was ſo much conſcious of his own Genius, and had ſo much good nature as to forgive them, nor could he ever be tempted to return them an anſwer.

The love of Learning and Poetry made him not the leſs fit for buſineſs, and no body apply'd himſelf cloſer to it, when it requir'd his attendance. The late Duke of *Queensbery*, when he was Secretary of State, made him his Secretary for publick affairs; and when that truly great Man came to know him well, he was never ſo pleas'd as when Mr. *Rowe* was in his company. After the Duke's death, all avenues were ſtop'd to his preferment; and during the reſt of that Reign, he paſt his time with the Muſes and his Books, and ſometimes the converſation of his Friends. Upon

Upon the King's acceſſion to the Throne, his merit was taken notice of. The King gave him a lucrative place in the Cuſtoms, and made him *Poet Laureat*; the Prince of *Wales* confer'd on him the place of *Clerk* of his *Council*; and the Lord *Parker*, Lord Chancellor, made him his *Secretary* for the *Preſentations*, the very day he receiv'd the *Seals*, and without his asking it. He was much lov'd and cheriſh'd by the latter: And it was no wonder that one of his endowments was in favour with that noble Perſon, who, together with a profound knowledge in the *Law*, worthy of his high Station, has adorn'd his mind with all the other more polite parts of Learning. When he had juſt got to be eaſy in his fortune, and was in a fair way to make it better, Death ſwept him away, and in him depriv'd the World of one of the beſt Men, as well as one of the beſt Genius's of the Age. He dy'd like a *Chriſtian* and a *Philoſopher*, in charity with all Mankind, and with an abſolute reſignation to the will of God. He kept up his good humour to the laſt, and took leave of his Wife and Friends, immediately before his laſt Agony, with the ſame tranquility of mind, and the ſame indifference for life, as tho' he had been upon taking but a ſhort journey. He was twice married, firſt to a Daughter of the deceas'd Mr. *Perſons*, one of the Auditors of the Revenue, and afterwards to a Daughter of Mr. *Devenish* of a good Family in *Dorſetshire*. By the firſt he had a Son, and by the ſecond a Daughter, both yet living. He died the ſixth of *December* 1718, in the 45th year of his age, and was buried the nineteenth of the ſame month in *Weſtminſter Abby*, in the Iſle where many of our *Engliſh* Poets are interr'd, over-againſt *Chaucer*; his body being attended by a ſelect number of his Friends, and the *Dean* and *Choir* officiating at the Funeral.

Feb. 26. 1719.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

In the first Book, after a proposition of his Subject, a short view of the ruins occasion'd by the Civil-Wars in Italy, *and a complement to* Nero, Lucan *gives the principal causes of the Civil War, together with the characters of* Cæsar *and* Pompey: *After that, the Story properly begins with* Cæsar's *passing the* Rubicon (*which was the bound of his Province towards* Rome) *and his march to* Ariminum. *Thither the Tribunes and* Curio *who had been driv'n out of the City by the opposite party, come to him, and demand his protection. Then follows his Speech to his Army, and a particular mention of the several Parts of* Gaul, *from which his Troops were drawn together to his assistance. From* Cæsar *the Poet turns to describe the general consternation at* Rome, *and the flight of great part of the Senate and People at the news of his March. From hence he takes occasion to relate the fore-going Prodigies, which were partly an occasion of those pannick terrors, and likewise the ceremonies that were us'd by the Priests for purifying*

rifying the City, and averting the anger of th Gods; and then ends this Book with the inſpiration and Prophecy of a Roman *Matron, in which ſh enumerates the principal events which were to happen in the courſe of the Civil-war.*

EMathian plains with ſlaughter cover'd o'er,
And rage unknown to Civil-wars before,
Eſtabliſh'd violence, and lawleſs might,
Avow'd and hallow'd by the name of Right;
A Race renown'd, the World's victorious Lords,
Turn'd on themſelves with their own hoſtile ſwords;
Piles againſt piles oppos'd in impious fight,
And Eagles againſt Eagles bending flight;
Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents, ſpilt,
One common horror and promiſcuous guilt,

A

Verſe 1. THIS firſt period contains a Propoſition of the whole work, the Civil-War; and I would only obſerve once for all, that as the Readers, who compare it with the original, may ſee that I have tranſpos'd the order of it in the tranſlation, and that on purpoſe, I have taken the ſame liberty in many other places of this work; eſpecially where I thought ſuch tranſpoſition wou'd give an emphaſis and a ſtrength to the latter end of the period. *Emathia* was a Province prop r-ly of *Macedonia*, and adjoining to *Theſſalia*, but is moſt commonly uſed by this Author for *Theſſalia*.

V. 7. *Piles againſt piles.*] I have choſen to tranſlate the *Latin* word *Pilum* thus nearly, or indeed rather to keep it, and make it *Engliſh*; becauſe it was a weapon, as Eagles were the Enſigns, peculiar to the *Romans*, and made uſe of here by *Lucan* purpoſely to denote the war made amongſt themſelves. This *Pilum* was a ſort of javelin which they darted at the Enemies; the deſcription of it may be found in *Polybius*, *Vegetius*, or in our own Dr. *Kennet's Roman Antiquities.*

A ſhatter'd World in wild diſorder toſt,
Leagues, Laws, and Empire in confuſion loſt;
Of all the woes which civil diſcords bring,
And *Rome* o'ercome by *Roman* Arms, I ſing.
What blind, deteſted madneſs could afford
Such horrid licence to the mnrd'ring ſword?
Say, *Romans*, whence ſo dire a fury roſe,
To glut with *Latian* blood your barb'rous Foes?
Could you in Wars like theſe provoke your Fate?
Wars, where no triumphs on the Victor wait!
While *Babylon*'s proud Spires yet riſe ſo high,
And rich in *Roman* ſpoils invade the ſky;
While yet no vengeance is to *Craſſus* paid,
But unatton'd repines the wand'ring Shade!
What tracts of land, what Realms unknown before,
What Seas wide-ſtretching to the diſtant ſhore,
What Crowns, what Empires might that blood have gain'd,
With which *Emathia*'s fatal fields were ſtain'd!
Where *Seres* in their ſilken woods reſide,
Where ſwift *Araxes* rolls his rapid tide;

V. 21.] *Lucan* here means both the *Perſian* and *Parthian* Empire, which he very often joins and confounds together, taking very often one name for both. The death of *Craſſus*, and his defeat by the *Parthians*, is a ſtory too well known to need a note. See it at large in *Plutarch*.

V. 29. *Where* Seres.] In ancient Geographers we find two Nations of this name, one in *Æthiopia*, and the other between *India* and *Scythia*; the latter, which are here meant, according to the learned *Cellarius*, anſwer to the northern parts of *China* or *Cathay*.

V. 30.] Of this name were ſeveral Rivers in *Aſia*; the chief, and that which is here mention'd, ſeems to be that in *Armenia*; it runs into the *Caſpian* Sea.

Where'er (if ſuch a Nation can be found)
Nile's ſecret fountain ſpringing cleaves the ground;
Where ſouthern Suns with double ardour riſe,
Flame o'er the land, and ſcorch the mid-day ſkies;
Where Winter's hand the *Scythian* ſeas conſtrains,
And binds the frozen floods in chryſtal chains;
Wher-e'er the ſhady night and day-ſpring come,
All had ſubmitted to the yoak of *Rome*.
Oh *Rome*! if ſlaughter be thy only care,
If ſuch thy fond deſire of impious War;
Turn from thy ſelf, at leaſt, the deſtin'd wound,
'Till thou art Miſtreſs of the world around,
And none to conquer but thy ſelf be found.
Thy Foes as yet a juſter war afford,
And barb'rous blood remains to glut thy ſword.
But ſee! her hands on her own vitals ſeize,
And no deſtruction but her own can pleaſe.
Behold her fields unknowing of the plow!
Behold her Palaces and Tow'rs laid low!
See where o'erthrown the maſſy Column lyes,
While weeds obſcene above the corniſh riſe.
Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd Walls remain,
There mould'ring Pillars nodding roofs ſuſtain.
The landskip once in various beauty ſpread,
With yellow harveſts and the flowry mead,
Diſplays a wild uncultivated face,
Which buſhy brakes and brambles vile diſgrace:
No human footſtep prints th'untrodden green,
No chearful Maid nor Villager is ſeen.
Ev'n in her Cities famous once and great,
Where thouſands crowded in the noiſie ſtreet,

No ſound is heard of human voices now,
But whiſtling winds thro' empty dwellings blow;
While paſſing Strangers wonder, if they ſpy
One ſingle melancholy face go by.
Nor *Pyrrhus'* ſword, nor *Cannæ*'s fatal Field,
Such univerſal deſolation yield:
Her impious Sons have her worſt Foes ſurpaſs'd,
And *Roman* hands have laid *Heſperia* waſte.
But if our Fates ſeverely have decreed
No way but this for *Nero* to ſucceed;
If only thus our Heroes can be Gods;
And Earth muſt pay for their divine abodes;
If Heav'n could not the Thunderer obtain,
'Till Gyants wars made room for *Jove* to reign,
'Tis juſt, ye Gods, nor ought we to complain.
Oppreſt with Death tho' dire *Pharſalia* groan,
Tho' *Latian* blood the *Punick* Ghoſts attone;
Tho' *Pompey*'s hapleſs Sons renew the war,
And *Munda* view the ſlaughter'd heaps from far;

V. 66.] *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, a terrible and famous Enemy of the *Romans*. See his Life in *Plutarch*. *Hannibal*'s Victory at *Cannæ* is well known.

V. 69. *Heſperia*.] The ancient name of *Italy*; and likewiſe of *Spain*.

V. 77.] Upon this occaſion *Lucan* enumerates the principal actions not only in this Civil-war betwеen *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, but the others between the Sons of *Pompey*, *Octavius Cæſar*, and *Antony*. *Pharſalia* were fields ſo call'd from *Pharſalus*, a Town in *Theſſaly*, where the famous Battel between *Cæſar* and *Pompey* was fought.

V. 80.] *Munda* was a Town in *Spain*, where *Pompey*'s Sons fought a Battel with *Cæſar* after their Father's death, & where *Cneius* the eldeſt was kill'd. It is ſuppos'd not to have been above ſix leagues from the preſent *Malaga*.

Tho' meagre Famine in *Perusia* reign,
Tho' *Mutina* with Battles fill the plain;
Tho' *Leuca*'s Isle, and wide *Ambracia*'s bay,
Record the rage of *Actium*'s fatal day;
Tho' servile hands are arm'd to man the Fleet,
And on *Sicilian* seas the Navies meet;
All crimes, all horrours, we with joy regard,
Since thou, O *Cæsar*, art the great reward.
Vast are the thanks thy grateful *Rome* shou'd pay
To wars, which usher in thy sacred sway.
When, the great bus'ness of the world atchiev'd,
Late by the willing Stars thou art receiv'd,
Thro' all the blissful seats the news shall role,
And Heav'n resound with joy from pole to pole.
Whether great *Jove* resign supreme command,
And trust his scepter to thy abler hand;
Or if thou chuse the Empire of the day,
And make the Sun's unwilling Steeds obey;
Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team,
While Earth rejoices in thy gentler beam;
Wher-e'er thou reign, with one consenting voice,
The Gods and Nature shall approve thy choice.
But oh! whatever be thy Godhead great,
Fix not in regions too remote thy seat;

Nor

V. 81.] *Perusia* is still a Town in *Umbria* in *Italy*, where *L. Antonius* was besieged by *Oct. Cæsar*, and reduc'd by Famine.

V. 82.] At *Mutina* (the present *Modena*) *D. Brutus* was besieged by *M. Antony*. But the Siege was rais'd by *Augustus*, and both the Consuls, *Hirtius* and *Pansa*, kill'd.

V. 83.] The Two last Actions mention'd are the famous Battle of *Actium*, between *Anthony* and *Augustus*; and another Sea-Fight, between *Augustus* and *Sextus Pompeius*, near *Sicily*, where the latter had mann'd his Fleet with Slaves.

Nor deign thou near the frozen Bear to ſhine,
Nor where the ſultry ſouthern ſtars decline;
Leſs kindly thence thy influence ſhall come,
And thy bleſt rays obliquely viſit *Rome*.
Preſs not too much on any part the Sphear,
Hard were the task thy weight divine to bear;
Soon wou'd the *Axis* feel th' unuſual load,
And groaning bend beneath th' incumbent God.
O'er the mid orb more equal ſhalt thou riſe,
And with a juſter ballance fix the skies.
Serene for ever be that azure ſpace,
No black'ning clouds the purer heav'n diſgrace,
Nor hide from *Rome* her *Cæſar*'s radiant face.
Then ſhall Mankind conſent in ſweet accord,
And warring Nations ſheath the wrathful ſword;
Peace ſhall the World in friendly leagues compoſe,
And *Janus*' dreadful gates for ever cloſe.
To me thy preſent Godhead ſtands confeſt,
Oh let thy ſacred fury fire my breaſt;
So thou vouchſafe to hear, let *Phœbus* dwell
Still uninvok'd in *Cyrrha*'s myſtick cell;
By me uncall'd, let ſprightly *Bacchus*' reign,
And lead the dance on *Indian Nyſa*'s plain.
To thee, O *Cæſar*, all my vows belong,
Do thou alone inſpire the *Roman* ſong.
And now the mighty Task demands our care,
The fatal ſource of diſcord to declare;

V. 125. *Cyrrha*] Was a Town near *Delphos*, and here taken it ſelf for the reſidence of the Oracle.

V. 127. *Indian Nyſa*.] There were many Towns of this name ſacred to *Bacchus*, eſpecially one in *India* near the River *Cophes*.

What cauſe accurſt produc'd the dire event;
Why rage ſo dire the madding Nations rent,
And Peace was driv'n away by one conſent.
But thus the malice of our Fate commands,
And nothing great to long duration ſtands:
Aſpiring *Rome* had ris'n too much in height,
And ſunk beneath her own unwieldy weight.
So ſhall one hour, at laſt, this globe controul,
Break up the vaſt machine, diſſolve the whole,
And time no more thro' meaſur'd Ages roll.
Then *Chaos* hoar ſhall ſeize his former right,
And reign with Anarchy and eldeſt Night;
The ſtarry lamps ſhall combate in the ſky;
And loſt and blended in each other dye;
Quench'd in the deep the heav'nly fires ſhall fall,
And Ocean caſt abroad o'er-ſpread the Ball:
TheMoon no more her well-known courſe ſhall run,
But riſe from weſtern waves, and meet the Sun;
Ungovern'd ſhall ſhe quit her antient way,
Her ſelf ambitious to ſupply the day:
Confuſion wild ſhall all around be hurl'd,
And Diſcord and Diſorder tear the World.
Thus pow'r and greatneſs to deſtruction haſte,
Thus bounds to human happineſs are plac'd,
And *Jove* forbids proſperity to laſt.
Yet Fortune, when ſhe meant to wreak her hate,
From foreign Foes preſerv'd the *Roman* State,
Nor ſuffer'd barb'rous hands to give the blow,
That laid the Queen of Earth and Ocean low:
To *Rome* her ſelf for Enemies ſhe ſought,
And *Rome* her ſelf her own deſtruction wrought;

Rome

Rome, that ne'er knew three lordly heads before,
Firſt fell by fatal partnerſhip of pow'r.
What blind Ambition bids your force combine;
What means this frantick league in which you join;
Miſtaken Men! who hope to ſhare the ſpoil,
And hold the World within one common toil!
While Earth the Seas ſhall in her boſom bear,
While Earth her ſelf ſhall hang in ambient air;
While *Phœbus* ſhall his conſtant task renew;
While thro' the Zodiaque night ſhall day purſue;
No faith, no truſt, no friendſhip, ſhall be known
Among the jealous partners of a Throne;
But he who reigns, ſhall ſtrive to reign alone.
Nor ſeek for foreign tales to make this good,
Were not our walls firſt built in Brother's blood?
Nor did the feud for wide dominion riſe,
Nor was the World their impious furies prize:
Divided Pow'r contention ſtill affords,
And for a Village ſtrove the petty Lords.
The fierce Triumvirate combin'd in peace,
Preſerv'd the bond but for a little ſpace,
Still with an awkard diſagreeing grace.
'Twas not a league by inclination made,
But bare agreement, ſuch as Friends perſuade.
Deſire of war in either Chief was ſeen,
Tho' interpoſing *Craſſus* ſtood between.

V. 163.] The firſt Triumvirate or combination between *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, and *Craſſus*, to ſhare the power of *Rome* between 'em.

V. 177.] *Remus* was kill'd by his Brother *Romulus*. at the Founding of *Rome* by the latter.

Such in the midſt the parting *Iſthmus* lyes,
While ſwelling ſeas on either ſide ariſe;
The ſolid boundaries of earth reſtrain
The fierce *Ionian* and *Ægean* main?
But if the mound gives way, ſtrait roaring loud
In at the breach the ruſhing torrents croud,
Raging they meet, the daſhing waves run high,
And work theirfoamy waters to the ſky.
So when unhappy *Craſſus* ſadly ſlain,
Dy'd with his blood *Aſſyrian Carræ*'s plain;
Sudden the ſeeming Friends in Arms engage,
The *Parthian* ſword let looſe the *Latian* rage.
Ye fierce *Arſacidæ!* ye Foes of *Rome*,
Now triumph, you have more than overcome:
The vanquiſh'd felt your victory from far,
And from that field receiv'd their Civil-war.
The Sword is now the Umpire to decide,
And part what Friendſhip knew not divide.
'Twas hard, an Empire of ſo vaſt a ſize
Could not for two ambitious minds ſuffice;
The peopled Earth, and wide extended Main,
Could furniſh room for only one to reign.
When dying *Julia* firſt forſook the light,
And *Hymen*'s tapers ſunk in endleſs night,

The

V. 189. *Iſthmus.*] By *Corinth.*

V. 201. *Arſacidæ.*] The Kings of *Parthia*, call'd ſo from *Arſaces*, a great Prince, or perhaps the Founder, of that Royal Family.

V. 211.] *Julia* was the Daughter of *Julius Cæſar*, and marry'd to *Pompey*. The manner of her death is ſaid to have been thus: A Servant of *Domitius* happening to be kill'd in a tumult at *Rome*, *Pompey*, who was near him, by accident was dawb'd with the blood; & thereupon ſending his Gown home, his

The tender ties of kindred-love were torn,
Forgotten all, and bury'd in her urn.
Oh! if her Death had haply been delay'd,
How might the Daughter and the Wife perſuade!
Like the fam'd *Sabine* Dames ſhe had been ſeen,
To ſtay the meeting War, and ſtand between:
On either hand had woo'd 'em to accord,
Sooth'd her fierce Father, and her furious Lord,
To join in peace and ſheath the ruthleſs ſword.
But this the fatal Sifters Doom deny'd;
The Friends were ſever'd, when the Matron dy'd.
The rival Leaders mortal war proclaim,
Rage fires their ſouls with jealouſie of fame,
And Emulation fans the riſing flame.
Thee *Pompey* thy paſt deeds by turns infeſt,
And jealous Glory burns within thy breaſt,
Thy fam'd pyratick lawrel ſeems to fade,
Beneath ſucceſsful *Cæſar*'s riſing ſhade;
His *Gallick* wreaths thou view'ſt with anxious eyes
Above thy naval crowns triumphant riſe.
Thee *Cæſar* thy long labours paſt incite,
Thy uſe of war, and cuſtom of the fight;

While

his Wife, who was then with child, ſaw it, and imagining her Husband to be kill'd, fell into labour with the fright, miſcarry'd, and died of the illneſs ſhe had contracted on that occaſion.

V. 217.] The *Sabine* Virgins, who were taken away by force, and marry'd to *Romulus* and the firſt *Romans*, made peace between their Husbands and their Fathers.

V. 227.] *Pompey* had triumph'd over ſeveral Nations, eſpecially over the *Cilician* Pyrates, whom, tho' they had great Fleets, and were maſters of the Seas, he oblig'd to ſurrender themſelves and their Ships within forty days.

V. 231.] *Cæſar* had ſubdu'd *Gaul*.

While bold Ambition prompts thee in the race,
And bids thy courage ſcorn a ſecond place.
Superior pow'r, fierce Faction's deareſt care,
One could not brook, and one diſdain'd to ſhare.
Juſtly to name the better cauſe were hard,
While greateſt names for either ſide declar'd:
Victorious *Cæſar* by the Gods was crown'd,
The vanquiſh'd party was by *Cato* own'd.
Nor came the Rivals equal to the field;
One to increaſing years began to yield,
Old Age came creeping in the peaceful gown,
And civil functions weigh'd the Soldier down:
Diſus'd to Arms, he turn'd him to the Laws,
And pleas'd himſelf with popular applauſe;
With Gifts, and lib'ral bounty ſought for fame,
And lov'd to hear the vulgar ſhout his name;
In his own Theatre rejoyc'd to ſit,
Amidſt the noiſie praiſes of the pit.
Careleſs of future ills that might betide,
No aid he ſought to prop his failing ſide,
But on his former fortune much rely'd.
Still ſeem'd he to poſſeſs, and fill his place;
But ſtood the ſhadow of what once he was.
So in the field with *Ceres'* bounty ſpread,
Uprears ſome antient Oak his rev'rend head;
Chaplets and ſacred gifts his boughs adorn,
And ſpoils of war by mighty Heroes worn.
But the firſt vigour of his root now gone,
He ſtands dependant on his weight alone;
All bare his naked branches are diſplay'd,
And with his leafleſs trunk he forms a ſhade:

Yet

Yet tho' the winds his ruin daily threat,
As ev'ry blaſt wou'd heave him from his ſeat;
Tho' thouſand fairer trees the field ſupplies,
That rich in youthful verdure round him riſe;
Fix'd in his antient ſtate he yields to none,
And wears the honours of the grove alone.
But *Cæſar*'s greatneſs, and his ſtrength, was more
Than paſt renown, and antiquated pow'r;
'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
Or tales in old Records and Annals ſeen;
But 'twas a valour, reſtleſs, unconfin'd,
Which no ſucceſs could ſate, nor limits bind;
'Twas ſhame, a Soldier's ſhame, untaught to yield,
That bluſh'd for nothing but an ill-fought field:
Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to ſtay,
Where vengeance or Ambition led the way;
Still prodigal of war whene'er withſtood,
Nor ſpar'd to ſtain the guilty ſword with blood:
Urging advantage he improv'd all odds,
And made the moſt of Fortune and the Gods;
Pleas'd to o'erturn whate'er with-held his prize,
And ſaw the ruin with rejoicing eyes.
Such while Earth trembles, & Heav'n thunders loud,
Darts the ſwift Lightning from the rending cloud;
Fierce thro' the day it breaks, and in its flight
The dreadful blaſt confounds the Gazer's ſight;
Reſiſtleſs in its courſe delights to rove,
And cleaves the Temples of its Maſter *Jove*:
Alike where-e'er it paſſes or returns,
With equal rage the fell deſtroyer burns;
Then with a whirl full in its ſtrength retires,
And recollects the force of all its ſcatter'd fires.

Mo-

Motives like theſe the leading Chiefs inſpir'd;
But other thoughts the meaner Vulgar fir'd.
Thoſe fatal ſeeds luxurious vices ſow,
Which ever lay a mighty People low.
To *Rome* the vanquiſh'd Earth her Tribute paid,
And deadly Treaſures to her view diſplay'd:
Then Truth and ſimple Manners left the place,
While Riot rear'd her lewd dis-honeſt face;
Virtue to full proſperity gave way,
And fled from rapine, and the luſt of prey.
On ev'ry ſide proud Palaces ariſe,
And laviſh Gold each common uſe ſupplies.
Their Fathers frugal tables ſtand abhorr'd,
And *Aſia* now, and *Africk* are explor'd,
For high-pric'd dainties, and the citron board.
In ſilken Robes the minion Men appear, [wear.
Which Maids and youthful Brides ſhou'd bluſh to
That Age, by honeſt poverty adorn'd,
Which brought the manly *Romans* forth, is ſcorn'd;
Wher-ever ought pernicious does abound,
For luxury all lands are ranſack'd round, [found.
And dear-bought deaths the ſinking State con-
The *Curii's* and *Camilli's* little field,
To vaſt extended Territories yield;

And

V. 312. *Citron board.*] This is not here taken for the Lemon-tree, but for a tree ſomething reſembling the wild-Cypreſs, and growing chiefly in *Africk*. It is very famous among the *Roman* Authors, and was uſed by their great People for beds and tables at entertainments. The ſpots and criſpneſs of the wood were its great excellence. Hence they were call'd *Menſæ Tygrinæ*, & *Pantherinæ*.

V. 320. *The* Curii's *and* Camilli's.] Old frugal *Romans*, who thought ſeven Acres an Eſtate large enough for any honeſt Man.

And foreign Tenants reap the harveſt now,
Where once the great Dictator held the Plow.
Rome, ever fond of War was tir'd with eaſe,
Ev'n Liberty had loſt the pow'r to pleaſe:
Hence rage and wrath their ready minds invade,
And want could ev'ry wickedneſs perſuade:
Hence impious pow'r was firſt eſteem'd a good,
Worth being ſought with Arms, and bought with blood:
With glory, Tyrants did their Country awe,
And Violence preſcrib'd the rule to Law.
Hence plyant ſervile voices were conſtrain'd,
And Force in popular aſſemblies reign'd;
Conſuls and Tribunes, with oppoſing might,
Join'd to confound and overturn the right:
Hence ſhameful Magiſtrates were made for Gold,
And a baſe People by themſelves were ſold:
Hence ſlaughter in the venal field returns,
And *Rome* her yearly competitions mourns:
Hence debt unthrifty, careleſs to repay,
And uſury ſtill watching for its day:
Hence perjuries in ev'ry wrangling Court;
And War, the needy Bankrupt's laſt reſort.

Now *Cæſar*, marching ſwift with winged haſte,
The ſummits of the frozen *Alps* had paſt;
With vaſt events and enterpriſes fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought.

Now

V. 338.] The *Campus Martius*, or Field of *Mars*, where the yearly Magiſtrates were choſen.

Now near the banks of *Rubicon* he ſtood;
When lo! as he ſurvey'd the narrow flood,
Amidſt the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous Viſion ſtood confeſt to ſight.
Her awful head *Rome*'s rev'rend image rear'd,
Trembling and ſad the Matron form appear'd;
A tow'ry Crown her hoary Temples bound,
And her torn treſſes rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted e'er ſhe ſpoke,
Then groaning, thus the mournful ſilence broke:
Preſumptuous Men! oh whither do you run?
Oh whither bear you theſe my Enſigns on?
If friends to right, if Citizens of *Rome*,
Here to your utmoſt barrier are you come.
She ſaid; and ſunk within the cloſing ſhade:
Aſtoniſhment and dread the Chief invade;
Stiff roſe his ſtarting hair, he ſtood diſmay'd,
And on the bank his ſlackning ſteps were ſtay'd.
Oh thou (at length he cry'd) whoſe hand controls
The forky fire, and ratling Thunder rolls;
Who from thy Capitol's exalted height,
Doſt o'er the wide-ſpread City caſt thy ſight!

Ye

V. 348. *The banks of* Rubicon.] This River divided the *Ciſalpine Gaul* from *Italy*, and was the utmoſt bounds of *Cæſars'* Province that way. It is ſaid, that on the banks towards *Italy* a Pillar was placed, by decree of the Senate, with an Inſcription importing, that whatever General Officer or Soldier ſhould preſume to paſs over this River arm'd, (it muſt be underſtood from *Gaul*) ſhould be deem'd a Rebel, and an Enemy to his Country.

Ye *Phrygian* Gods who guard the *Julian* Line!
Ye Myſteries of *Romulus* divine!
Thou *Jove*! to whom from young *Aſcanius* came
Thy *Alban* Temple, and thy *Latial* name:
And thou immortal ſacred Veſtal Flame!
But chief, oh! chiefly, thou majeſtick *Rome*!
My firſt, my great Divinity, to whom
Thy ſtill ſucceſsful *Cæſar* am I come;
Nor do thou fear the Sword's deſtructive rage,
With thee my Arms no impious war ſhall wage.
On him thy hate, on him thy curſe beſtow,
Who would perſuade thee *Cæſar* is thy Foe.
And ſince to thee I conſecrate my toil,
Oh favour thou my cauſe, and on thy Soldier ſmile.
He ſaid; and ſtrait, impatient of delay,
Acroſs the ſwelling flood purſu'd his way.
So when on ſultry *Libya*'s deſart ſand
The Lion ſpies the Hunter hard at hand,
Couch'd on the earth the doubtful ſalvage lyes,
And waits a while till all his fury riſe;
His laſhing tail provokes his ſwelling ſides,
And high upon his neck, his mane with horror rides:

V. 370. *Ye* Phrygian *Gods.*] *Cæſar* pretended to be deſcended from *Iulus* or *Aſcanius*, the Son of *Æneas*; and the Gods he invokes here are the houſehold-Gods of *Æneas*, which he brought from *Troy*. *Jupiter* had a Temple built on the Mountain of *Alba* to him by *Aſcanius*, by the name of *Jupiter Latialis*; and the holy Fire, ſacred to *Veſta*, was firſt preſerv'd there by Virgins, 'till it was tranſlated from *Alba* to *Rome* by *Numa*.

V. 371.] That *Romulus* was worſhip'd as a God, under the name of *Quirinus*, is very well known.

Then if at length the flying dart infeſt,
Or the broad ſpear invade his ample breaſt,
Scorning the wound he yawns a dreadful roar,
And flies like lightning on the hoſtile Moor.
While with hot skies the fervent Summer glows,
The *Rubicon* an humble River flows;
Thro' lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
And rolls his ruddy waters to the Sea.
His bank on either ſide a limit ſtands,
Between the *Gallic* and *Auſonian* lands.
But ſtronger now the wintry torrent grows,
The wetting winds had thaw'd the *Alpine* ſnows,
And *Cynthia* riſing with a blunted beam
In the third circle, drove her wat'ry team,
A ſignal ſure to raiſe the ſwelling ſtream.
For this, to ſtem the rapid water's courſe,
Firſt plung'd amidſt the flood the bolder Horſe;
With ſtrength oppos'd againſt the ſtream they lead,
While to the ſmoother ford, the Foot with eaſe ſuc-
The Leader now had paſs'd the Torrent o'er, [ceed.
And reach'd fair *Italy*'s forbidden ſhore:
Then rearing on the hoſtile bank his head,
Here farewel Peace, and injur'd Laws, (he ſaid)
Since faith is broke, and leagues are ſet aſide,
Henceforth thou Goddeſs *Fortune* art my guide;
Let Fate and War the great event decide.
He ſpoke; and on the dreadful task intent,
Speedy to near *Ariminum* he bent:

To

V. 419. *Ariminum.*] A City near the *Rubicon*. It is now call'd *Rimini*, and lyes not far from *Ancona* in the Pope's Territories.

To him the *Balearic* ſling is ſlow,
And the ſhaft loiters from the *Parthian* bow.
With eager Marches ſwift he reach'd the Town,
As the ſhades fled, the ſinking Stars were gone,
And *Lucifer* the laſt was left alone.
At length the morn, the dreadful morn aroſe,
Whoſe beams the firſt tumultuous rage diſcloſe:
Whether the ſtormy South prolong'd the night,
Or the good Gods abhorr'd the impious ſight,
The Clouds a while with-held the mournful light.
To the mid *Forum* on the Soldier paſs'd,
There halted, and his victor Enſigns plac'd:
With dire alarms from Band to Band around,
The fife, hoarſe horn, and rattling trumpets ſound.
The ſtarting Citizens uprear their heads;
The luſtier Youth at once forſake their beds;
Haſty they ſnatch the weapons, which among
Their Houſehold-Gods in peace had reſted long;
Old bucklers of the cov'ring hides bereft,
The mould'ring frames disjoin'd and barely left;
Swords with foul ruſt indented deep they take,
And uſeleſs ſpears with points inverted ſhake.
Soon as their creſts the *Roman* Eagles rear'd,
And *Cæſar* high above the reſt appear'd;
Each trembling heart with ſecret horror ſhook,
And ſilent thus within themſelves they ſpoke.

Oh hapleſs City! oh ill-fated walls!
Rear'd for a curſe ſo near the neighb'ring *Gauls*!

V. 420. *Balearic.*] The Inhabitants of the *Baleares*, at preſent *Mayorca* and *Minorca*, were famous for their Slings.

By us Deſtruction ever takes its way,
We firſt become each bold Invader's prey!
Oh that by Fate we rather had been plac'd
Upon the confines of the utmoſt eaſt!
The frozen north much better might we know,
Mountains of ice, and everlaſting ſnow.
Better with wand'ring *Scythians* chooſe to roam,
Than fix in fruitful *Italy* our home,
And guard theſe dreadful paſſages to *Rome*.
Thro' theſe the *Cimbrians* laid *Heſperia* waſte;
Thro' theſe the ſwarthy *Carthaginian* paſs'd;
Whenever Fortune threats the *Latian* States,
War, Death, and Ruin enter at theſe gates.

In ſecret murmurs thus they ſought relief,
While no bold voice proclaim'd aloud their grief.
O'er all, one deep, one horrid ſilence reigns;
As when the rigour of the Winter's chains,
All Nature, Heav'n and Earth at once conſtrains;
The tuneful feather'd kind forget their lays,
And ſhiv'ring tremble on the naked ſprays;
Ev'n the rude Seas compos'd forget to roar,
And freezing billows ſtiffen on the ſhoar.

The colder ſhades of night forſook the sky,
When, lo! *Bellona* lifts her torch on high:
And if the Chief, by doubt or ſhame detain'd,
Awhile from battel and from blood abſtain'd;
Fortune and Fate, impatient of delay,
Force ev'ry ſoft relenting thought away.

A

V. 457. *Cimbrians.*] A barbarous People about the northern parts of *Germany* (now *Denmark*) who about 652 years after the building of *Rome* over-ran and ravaged *Italy*, and were at length vanquiſhed by *C. Marius*.

A lucky chance a fair pretence ſupplies,
And Juſtice in his favour ſeems to riſe.
New accidents new ſtings to rage ſuggeſt,
And fiercer fires inflame the Warrior's breaſt.
The Senate threat'ning high, and haughty grown,
Had driv'n the wrangling Tribunes from the Town;
In ſcorn of Law, had chas'd 'em thro' the gate,
And urg'd 'em with the factious *Gracchi*'s fate.
With theſe, as for redreſs their courſe they ſped
To *Cæſar*'s Camp, the buſie *Curio* fled:
Curio, a Speaker, turbulent and bold,
Of venal eloquence, that ſerv'd for Gold,
And principles that might be bought and ſold.
A Tribune once himſelf, in loud debate,
He ſtrove for publick freedom and the State;
Eſſay'd to make the warring Nobles bow,
And bring the potent Party-Leaders low.

V. 480.] *Cæſar* had on this occaſion very favourable appearances of Reaſon and Equity on his ſide: He profter'd to lay down his Command, if *Pompey* would do the ſame; but the violence of the Conſuls and *Pompey*'s party was ſo great againſt him, that they would hear of no propoſals for an Accommodation, tho' never ſo reaſonable: and forced the Tribunes who appear'd for him to fly out of the City, diſguis'd like Slaves, for the immediate ſafety of their lives; ſo that when theſe came for protection to *Cæſar*'s Camp, it ſeem'd as if he had march'd towards *Rome* for no other reaſon than the preſervation of the Privileges of ſo ſacred a Magiſtracy as the Tribunes were, and the ſupport of the Laws of his Country.

V. 485.] *Curio* formerly had been a bitter Enemy of *Cæſar*, but was afterwards bought off by him, and died in his quarrel in *Africk*. The *Gracchi*, whoſe fate the Senate now threaten'd him with, were two factious Leaders, who were kill'd in popular Tumults. See their Lives in *Plutarch*.

To *Cæsar* thus, while thousand cares infest,
Revolving round, the Warrior's anxious breast,
His speech the ready Orator addrest.
While yet my voice was useful to my Friend;
While 'twas allow'd me, *Cæsar*, to defend,
While yet the pleading Bar was left me free,
While I could draw uncertain *Rome* to thee;
In vain their force the moody Fathers join'd,
In vain to rob thee of thy pow'r combin'd;
I lengthen'd out the date of thy command,
And fix'd thy conqu'ring sword within thy hand.
But since the vanquish'd Laws in war are dumb,
To thee, behold, an exil'd Band we come;
For thee, with joy our banishment we take,
For thee, our household hearths and Gods forsake;
Nor hope to see our native City more,
'Till Victory and thou the loss restore.
Th' unready Faction, yet confus'd with fear,
Defenceless, weak, and unresolv'd appear;
Haste then thy tow'ring Eagles on their way,
When fair occasion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.
If twice five years the stubborn *Gaul* with-held,
And set thee hard in many a well-fought field;
A nobler labour now before thee lyes,
The hazard less, yet greater far the prize:
A Province that, and portion of the whole;
This the vast Head that does Mankind controul.
Success shall sure attend thee, boldly go,
And win the World at one successful blow.
No Triumph now attends thee at the gate;
No Temples for thy sacred Lawrel wait:

But

But blaſting Envy hangs upon thy name,
Denies thee right, and robs thee of thy fame;
Imputes as crimes, the Nations overcome,
And makes it treaſon to have fought for *Rome*:
Ev'n he who took thy *Julia*'s plighted hand,
Waits to deprive thee of thy juſt command.
Since *Pompey* then, and thoſe upon his ſide,
Forbid thee the World's Empire to divide;
Aſſume that ſway which beſt Mankind may bear,
And rule alone what they diſdain to ſhare.
He ſaid, his words the liſt'ning Chief engage,
And fire his breaſt, already prone to rage.
Not peals of loud applauſe with greater force,
At *Grecian Elis*, rouze the fiery horſe;
When eager for the courſe each nerve he ſtrains,
Hangs on the bit, and tuggs the ſtubborn reins,
At ev'ry ſhout erects his quiv'ring ears,
And his broad breaſt upon the barrier bears.
Sudden he bids the Troops draw out, and ſtraight
The thronging Legions round their Enſigns wait:
Then thus, the Croud compoſing with a look,
And with his hand commanding ſilence, ſpoke.
Fellows in Arms who choſe with me to bear
The toils and dangers of a tedious War,
And conquer to this tenth revolving year;
See what reward the grateful Senate yields,
For the loſt blood which ſtains yon northern fields;
For wounds, for winter Camps, for *Alpine* ſnow,
And all the deaths the brave can undergo.
See! the tumultuous City is alarm'd,
As if another *Hannibal* were arm'd:

The lusty Youth are cull'd to fill the Bands,
And each tall grove falls by the Shipwright's hands;
Fleets are equipp'd, the field with Armies spread,
And all demand devoted *Cæsar*'s head.
If thus, while Fortune yields us her applause,
While the Gods call us on and own our cause,
If thus returning Conquerors they treat,
How had they us'd us flying from defeat;
If fickle chance of War had prov'd unkind,
And the fierce *Gauls* pursu'd us from behind?
But let their boasted Heroe leave his home,
Let him, dissolv'd with lazy leisure, come,
With ev'ry noisie talking tongue in *Rome*:
Let loud *Marcellus* Troops of Gown-men head,
And their great *Cato* peaceful Burghers lead.
Shall his base followers, a venal train,
For Ages, bid their Idol *Pompey* reign?
Shall his Ambition still be thought no crime,
His breach of Laws, and Triumph e'er the time?
Still shall he gather honours and command,
And grasp all rule in his rapacious hand?
What need I name the violated Laws,
And Famine made the servant of his cause?
Who knows not, how the trembling Judge beheld
The peaceful Court with armed Legions fill'd?

When

V. 570.] *Pompey* had for a long while almost monopoliz'd and engross'd all power in *Rome*. By the Laws no Man could pretend to a Triumph 'till he was thirty years old, and *Pompey* had triumph'd over *Hiarbas* and the *Numidians* at twenty four.

V. 577. *And Famine made.*] *Cicero* in his epistles to *Atticus*, and *Plutarch* in the Life of *Pompey*, inform us, that by a Law

the

When the bold Soldier, Juſtice to defie,
In the mid *Forum* rear'd his Enſigns high:
When glittering ſwords the pale Aſſembly ſcar'd,
When all for death and ſlaughter ſtood prepar'd,
And *Pompey*'s Arms were guilty *Milo*'s Guard?
And now, diſdaining peace and needful eaſe,
Nothing but Rule and Government can pleaſe.
Aſpiring ſtill, as ever, to be great,
He robs his age of reſt to vex the State:
On War intent, to that he bends his cares,
And for the field, for Battel now prepares.
He copies from his Maſter *Sylla* well,
And wou'd the dire example far excel.
Hircanian Tygers fierceneſs thus retain,
Whom in the woods their horrid Mothers train,
To chace the Herds, and ſurfeit on the ſlain.
Such, *Pompey*, ſtill has been thy greedy thirſt,
In early love of impious ſlaughter nurſt;

the whole power of importing Corn was intruſted with *Pompey* for five years; and *Plutarch* particularly mentions it as a malicious charge of *Clodius*, *That the Law was not made becauſe of the dearth or ſcarcity of corn; but the dearth or ſcarcity of corn was made, that they might make a Law to inveſt* Pompey *with ſo great a power as that neceſſarily would be.*

V. 578.] *Milo* was accuſed of the death of *Clodius*, and defended by that famous Oration of *Cicero*'s *pro Milone*, *Pompey* was then ſole Conſul, and to prevent the tumults that were threaten'd by the Friends of *Clodius*, drew a ſtrong Guard into the *Forum*; but *Cæſar* inſinuates here, that it was to overawe the Judges and Witneſſes in favour of *Milo*.

V. 591.] *Pompey* was a kind of Diſciple of *Sylla*, and like him eſpouſed the *Patrician* party; and about a dozen verſes lower *Cæſar* adviſes him to imitate his example in the reſignation of his power.

Since firſt thy infant cruelty eſſay'd
To lick the curſt Dictator's reeking blade.
None ever give the ſalvage nature o'er,
Whoſe jaws have once been drench'd in floods of gore.
But whither wou'd a pow'r ſo wide extend?
Where will thy long Ambition find an end?
Remember him who taught thee to be great;
Let him who choſe to quit the Sovereign ſeat,
Let thy own *Sylla* warn thee to retreat.
Perhaps, for that too boldly I withſtand,
Nor yield my conqu'ring Eagles on command;
Since the *Cilician* Pyrate ſtrikes his ſail,
Since o'er the *Pontick* King thy Arms prevail;
Since the poor Prince, a weary life o'er-paſt,
By thee and poiſon is ſubdu'd at laſt;
Perhaps, one lateſt Province yet remains,
And vanquiſh'd *Cæſar* muſt receive thy chains.
But tho' my labours loſe their juſt reward,
Yet let the Senate theſe my Friends regard;
Whate'er my lot, my brave victorious Bands
Deſerve to triumph, whoſoe'er commands.
Where ſhall my weary veteran reſt? Oh where
Shall Virtue worn with years and Arms repair?

What

V. 611. *Since the poor Prince.*] *Mithridates*, after about forty years War with the *Romans*, being ſhut up in a Caſtle by his Son *Pharnaces*, would have poiſon'd himſelf; but had taken ſo many antidotes formerly, that it was ſaid the poiſon cou'd not take place, ſo that he was forced to have recourſe to his ſword to make an end of himſelf.

V. 614. *And vanquiſh'd* Cæſar.] This is a ſtrong Irony, a Figure which the ſatyrical genius of this Author makes frequent uſe of.

What Town is for his late repoſe aſſign'd?
Where are the promis'd lands he hop'd to find,
Fields for his plow, a country Village ſeat,
Some little comfortable ſafe retreat;
Where failing age at length from toil may ceaſe,
And waſte the poor remains of life in peace?
But march! Your long victorious Enſigns rear,
Let Valour in its own juſt cauſe appear.
When for redreſs intreating Armies call,
They who deny juſt things, permit'em all.
The righteous Gods ſhall ſurely own the cauſe,
Which ſeeks not ſpoil, nor Empire, but the Laws.
Proud Lords and Tyrants to depoſe we come,
And ſave from Slavery ſubmiſſive *Rome*.
He ſaid; a doubtful ſullen murm'ring ſound
Ran thro' the unreſolving vulgar round;
The ſeeds of Piety their rage reſtrain'd,
And ſomewhat of their Country's love remain'd;
Theſe the rude paſſions of their ſouls withſtood,
Elate with conqueſt, and inur'd to blood:
But ſoon the momentary Virtue fail'd,
And War and dread of *Cæſar*'s frown prevail'd.
Strait *Lelius* from amidſt the reſt ſtood forth,
An old Centurion of diſtinguiſh'd worth;

The

V. 643. *Strait* Lelius.] This Officer ſeems to have been of that degree which the *Romans* called *Primipilus*, *Primipilarius*, or *Primus Centurio*, which anſwers to our Lieutenant-Colonel, or it may be to a Colonel, ſince he was the ſupreme Officer in the Legion, except the Tribune. The *Vitis*, or Rod made of a Vine-tree, which he bore, was a Badge not only of his, but of every other Centurion's Office.

The Oaken Crown was an honorary reward given to him who had ſav'd the life of a Citizen.

The oaken wreath his hardy temples wore,
Mark of a Citizen preſerv'd he bore.
If againſt thee (he cry'd) I may exclaim,
Thou greateſt Leader of the *Roman* name:
If Truth for injur'd Honour may be bold,
What ling'ring patience does thy Arms with-hold?
Can'ſt thou diſtruſt our faith ſo often try'd,
In thy long Wars not ſhrinking from thy ſide?
While in my veins this vital torrent flows,
This heaving breath within my boſom blows,
While yet theſe arms ſufficient vigour yield
To dart the javelin and to lift the ſhield,
While theſe remain, my Gen'ral, wo't thou own
The vile Dominion of the lazy Gown?
Wo't thou the lordly Senate chuſe to bear,
Rather than conquer in a Civil-war?
With thee the *Scythian* wilds we'll wander o'er,
With thee the burning *Libyan* ſands explore,
And tread the *Syrt*'s inhoſpitable ſhore.
Behold! this hand, to nobler labours train'd,
For thee the ſervile oar has not diſdain'd,
For thee the ſwelling Seas was taught to plow,
Thro' the *Rhine*'s whirling ſtream to force thy prow,
That all the vanquiſh'd World to thee might bow.
Each faculty each pow'r thy will obey,
And inclination ever leads the way.
No Friend, no fellow-Citizen I know,
Whom *Cæſar*'s trumpet once proclaims a Foe.
By the long labours of thy ſword, I ſwear
By all thy fame acquir'd in ten years war,

By

By thy paſt Triumphs, and by thoſe to come,
No matter where the vanquiſh'd be nor whom)
Bid me to ſtrike my deareſt Brother dead,
To bring my aged Father's hoary head,
Or ſtab the pregnant partner of my bed;
Tho' Nature plead, and ſtop my trembling hand,
I ſwear to execute thy dread command.
Doſt thou delight to ſpoil the wealthy Gods,
(And ſcatter flames thro' all their proud abodes?
See thro' thy Camp our ready torches burn,
Moneta ſoon her ſinking Fane ſhall mourn.
Wo't thou yon haughty factious Senate brave,
And awe the *Tuſcan* River's yellow wave?
On *Tiber*'s bank thy Enſigns ſhall be plac'd,
And thy bold Soldier lay *Heſperia* waſte.
Do'ſt thou devote ſome hoſtile City's walls?
Beneath our thund'ring Rams the ruin falls;
She falls, ev'n tho' thy wrathful ſentence doom
The World's Imperial Miſtreſs, mighty *Rome*.
He ſaid; the ready Legions vow to join
Their Chief belov'd, in ev'ry bold deſign;
All lift their well-approving hands on high,
And rend with peals of loud applauſe the ſky.
Such is the ſound, when *Thracian Boreas* ſpreads:
His weighty wing o'er *Oſſa*'s piney heads:

At

V. 685. Moneta *ſoon*.] There was a Temple in *Rome* dedicated to *Juno* under the name of *Moneta*, or the Monitor; a voice having been heard out of one of her Temples, directing the *Romans* how they ſhould pacify the anger of the Gods after an Earthquake.

At once the noiſie groves are all inclin'd;
And bending, roar beneath the ſweeping wind;
At once their rattling branches all they rear,
And drive the leafy clamour thro' the air.
Cæſar with joy the ready Bands beheld,
Urg'd on by Fate, and eager for the field:
Swift Orders ſtraight the ſcatter'd Warriors call
From ev'ry part of wide-extended *Gaul*;
And leaſt his Fortune languiſh by delay,
To *Rome* the moving Enſigns ſpeed their way.
Some at the bidding of the Chief, forſake
Their fix'd encampment near the *Leman* lake:
Some from *Vogeſus'* lofty rocks withraw,
Plac'd on thoſe heights the *Lingones* to awe;
The *Lingones* ſtill frequent in alarms,
And rich in many-colour'd painted Arms.
Others from *Iſara*'s low torrent came,
Who winding keeps thro' many a mead his name;
But ſeeks the Sea with waters not his own,
Loſt and confounded in the nobler *Rhone*.
Their Garriſon the *Ruthen* City ſend,
Whoſe Youth's long locks in yellow rings depend.
No more the *Varus* and the *Atax* feel
The lordly burthen of the *Latian* keel.

Al-

V. 711. Leman *lake*.] The Lake of *Geneva*.
V. 712. *Vogeſus*.] A Mountain in *Lorrain*, from whence the *Moſa* or *Maeſe* takes its original.
V. 713. *Lingones*.] A People of the *Belgick Gaul*, the *Pais de Langres* in *Champagne*.
V. 716. *Iſara*.] *L'Iſere* in *France*: It falls into the *Rhone*.
V. 720. Ruthen *City*.] A Town in the *Pais de Rouergue*.
V. 722. Varus *and* Atax.] The Rivers *Var* in *Provence*, and *Aude* in *Languedoc*.

Alcides' Fane the Troops commanded leave,
Where winding rocks the peaceful flood receive;
Nor *Corus* there, nor *Zephyrus* resort,
Nor roll rude surges in the *sacred Port*;
Circius' loud blast alone is heard to roar,
And vex the safety of *Monœchus'* shore.
The Legions move from *Gallia*'s farthest side,
Wash'd by the restless Ocean's various tide;
Now o'er the land flows in the pouring Main,
Now rears the Land its rising head again,
And Seas and Earth alternate rule maintain.
If driv'n by winds from the far distant pole,
This way and that, the floods revolving roll;
Or if compell'd by *Cynthia*'s silver beam,
Obedient *Tethys* heaves the swelling stream;
Or if by heat attracted to the sky,
Old Ocean lifts his heapy waves on high,
And briny deeps the wasting Sun supply;
What cause soe'er the wond'rous motion guide,
And press the ebb, or raise the flowing tide;
Be that your task, ye Sages, to explore,
Who search the secret springs of Nature's pow'r:
To me, for so the wiser Gods ordain,
Untrac'd the mystery shall still remain.

From

V. 724. Alcides' *Fane.*] *Monaco.*

V. 728. *Circius.*] This Wind is generally reckon'd a National one, and ascrib'd by the Ancients to *Gallia Narbonensis.* Some call it a Southern, tho' in a Scheme of Winds in the Learned *Cellarius* it is placed rather as a Nore-west or Nore-nore-west. According to the same Author, *Corus* is West nore-west. At the same time his Maps lay down the Port of *Monœchus* as opening to the South-west, and according to that situation it cannot be expos'd to any northerly Wind.

From fair *Nemoſſus* moves a warlike Band,
From *Atur*'s banks, and the *Tarbellian* ſtrand,
Where winding round the coaſt purſues its way,
And folds the Sea within a gentle bay.
The *Santones* are now with joy releaſt
From hoſtile Inmates, and their *Roman* Gueſt.
Now the *Bituriges* forget their fears,
And *Sueſſons* nimble with unwieldy ſpears;
Exult the *Leuci*, and the *Remi* now,
Expert in javelins, and the bending bow.
The *Belgæ* taught on cover'd wains to ride,
The *Sequani* the wheeling horſe to guide;
The bold *Arverni* who from *Ilium* come,
And boaſt an ancient brotherhood with *Rome*;
The *Nervii*, oft rebelling, oft ſubdu'd,
Whoſe hands in *Cotta*'s ſlaughter were embru'd;
Vangiones, like looſe *Sarmatians* dreſt,
Who with rough hides their brawny thighs inveſt:

Ba-

V. 748.] *Nemoſſus*, the Metropolis of the *Arverni*, in the eaſtern part of *Gallia Aquitanica*.

V. 749.] *Atur*, at preſent *Dour* or *Ador*, ran thro' the Country of the *Tarbelli*, at the foot of the *Pyrenean* Mountains, into the Gulph of *Bayonne*.

V. 752. *The* Santones.] People of *Xaintonge*.

V. 754. *Bituriges*] People near *Bourdeaux*.

V. 755. *Sueſſons*.] People of *Soiſſons*.

V. 756. Leuci *and* Remi.] The former near *Toul*, the latter near *Rheims*.

V. 759. *Sequani*.] Inhabitants of *Burgundy*.

V. 760. *Arverni*.] People of *Auvergne*.

V. 763. *Nervii*.] A very barbarous and fierce People, who inhabited whereabouts *Tournay* now ſtands. They ſurpriz'd *Tetutius Sabinus*, and *Cotta* in their Winter-quarters, and cut 'em off, with five Cohorts under their command, at the time that *Cæſar* was in *Britain*.

V. 764. *Vangiones*.] A People of *Germany* about *Worms*.

Batavians fierce, whom brazen trumps delight,
And with hoarſe rattlings animate to fight:
The Nations where the *Cinga*'s waters flow,
And *Pyrenæan* mountains ſtand in ſnow;
Thoſe where ſlow *Arar* meets the rapid *Rhone*,
And with his ſtronger ſtream is hurry'd down;
Thoſe o'er the mountains lofty ſummit ſpread,
Where high *Gebenna* lifts her hoary head;
With theſe the *Trevir*, and *Ligurian* ſhorn,
Whoſe brow no more long falling locks adorn;
Tho chief amongſt the *Gauls* he wont to deck,
With ringlets comely ſpread, his graceful neck:
And you where *Heſus*' horrid Altar ſtands,
Where dire *Teutates* human blood demands;
Where *Taranis* by Wretches is obey'd,
And vies in ſlaughter with the *Scythian* Maid:

V. 768. *Cinga.*] A River riſing out of the *Pyrenees.*
V. 770. *Arar.*] The River *Saone.*
V. 773. *Gebenna.*] This is by ſome taken for the City of *Geneva*, but falſly. *Cellarius* places it more truly between the *Arverni* and the *Helvii*; perhaps the *Sevennes.*

In this place, in all the modern Editions of *Lucan*, are five more verſes; but, as the learned *Grotius* obſerves, they are wanting in moſt of the ancient Manuſcripts, and from thence he conjectures they are ſpurious. I have omitted 'em in the Tranſlation, eſpecially ſince I think this dry recapitulation of ſo many places is not the moſt uſeful nor entertaining part of *Lucan*, if it be at all of him.

V. 774. *Trevir.*] people near *Triers.* *Ligurians.*] Thoſe near *Genoa.*

V. 778. *And you where* Heſus.] Theſe three ancient Gods of the *Gauls* were thought, *Heſus* to be the ſame with *Mars*, *Teutates* with *Mercury*, and *Taranis* with *Jupiter.* The Poet very juſtly puts a mark of horrour upon 'em, ſince they were all three worſhip'd with human Sacrifices, as the *Diana Taurica* was.

All ſee with joy the war's departing rage
Seek diſtant lands, and other Foes engage.
You too, ye Bards! whom ſacred raptures fire,
To chaunt your Heroes to your country's Lyre;
Who conſecrate in your immortal ſtrain,
Brave patriot ſouls in righteous battle ſlain;
Securely now the tuneful task renew,
And nobleſt theams in deathleſs Songs purſue.
The *Druids* now, while Arms are heard no more,
Old Myſteries and barb'rous Rites reſtore:
A Tribe who ſingular Religion love,
And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.
To theſe, and theſe of all Mankind alone,
The Gods are ſure reveal'd, or ſure unknown.
If dying Mortals dooms they ſing aright,
No Ghoſts deſcend to dwell in dreadful night:
No parting Souls to grifly *Pluto* go,
Nor ſeek the dreary ſilent ſhades below:
But forth they fly immortal in their kind,
And other bodies in new Worlds they find.
Thus life for ever runs its endleſs race,
And like a line, death but divides the ſpace;
A ſtop which can but for a moment laſt,
A point between the future and the paſt.
Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
Who that worſt fear, the fear of death, deſpiſe;

Hence

V. 784. *You too, ye Bards.*] Theſe were the ancient Poets among the *Gauls:* And the Commentators upon this place obſerve, that the word in the old *Gauliſh* Language ſignifies a Singer. Of the *Druids*, their Religion, their worſhipping under trees, *&c.* ſo much has been ſaid by ſo many others, that an explanatory Note would not be very neceſſary here.

Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But ruſh undaunted on the pointed ſteel;
Provoke approaching Fate, and bravely ſcorn
To ſpare that life which muſt ſo ſoon return.
You too, tow'rds *Rome* advance, ye warlike Band,
That wont the ſhaggy *Cauci* to withſtand;
Whom once a better order did aſſign,
To guard the paſſes of the *German Rhine*;
Now from the fenceleſs banks you march away,
And leave the World the fierce Barbarians prey.

While thus the num'rous Troops, from ev'ry part
Aſſembling, raiſe their daring Leader's heart;
O'er *Italy* he takes his warlike way,
The neighb'ring Towns his ſummons ſtreight obey,
And on their Walls his Enſigns high diſplay.
Mean while the buſie Meſſenger of ill,
Officious Fame, ſupplies new terror ſtill:
A thouſand ſlaughters, and ten thouſand fears,
She whiſpers in the trembling vulgars ears.
Now comes a frighted Meſſenger, to tell
Of ruins which the country round befel;
The Foe to fair *Mevania*'s walls is paſt,
And lays *Clitumnus*' fruitful paſtures waſte;

V. 813. *The ſhaggy* Cauci,] *Chauci*, or *Caïjci*, for they are written theſe three ways, were a People of *Germany* near the *Rhine*.

V. 829. *Mevania*.] This was a City in that part of *Umbria* neareſt to *Rome*: The River *Clitumnus* ran by it, and its paſtures were famous for their fruitfulneſs.

Where *Nar*'s white waves with *Tiber* mingling fall,
Range the rough *German* and the rapid *Gaul*.
But when himſelf, when *Ceſar* they would paint,
The ſtronger image makes deſcription faint;
No tongue can ſpeak with what amazing dread
Wild thought preſents him at his Army's head;
Unlike the Man familiar to their eyes,
Horrid he ſeems, and of gigantick ſize:
Unnumber'd eagles riſe amidſt his train,
And Millions ſeem to hide the crowded plain.
Around him all the various Nations join,
Between the ſnowy *Alps* and diſtant *Rhine*.
He draws the fierce Barbarians from their home,
With rage ſurpaſſing theirs he ſeems to come,
And urge them on to ſpoil devoted *Rome*.
Thus Fear does half the work of lying Fame,
And Cowards thus their own misfortunes frame;
By their own feigning fancies are betray'd,
And groan beneath thoſe ills themſelves have made.
Nor theſe alarms the croud alone infeſt,
But ran alike thro' ev'ry beating breaſt;
With equal dread the grave Patricians ſhook,
Their ſeats abandon'd, and the Court forſook.
The ſcatt'ring Fathers quit the publick care,
And bid the Conſuls for the War prepare.
Reſolv'd on flight, yet ſtill unknowing where
To fly from danger, or for aid repair.

Haſty

V. 831. Nar's *white waves*] *Virgil* gives the reaſon for this Epithet, when he calls it

Sulphureis Nar albus aquis.
Nar with ſulphurcous waters white.

Hafty and headlong diff'ring paths they tread,
As blind impulſe and wild diſtraction lead:
The croud, a hurrying heartleſs train, ſucceed.
Who that the lamentable ſight beheld,
The wrerched Fugitives that hid the field,
Wou'd not have thought the flames, with rapid haſte
Deſtroying wide, had laid their City waſte;
Or groaning Earth had ſhook beneath their feet,
While threat'ning Fabricks nodded o'er the ſtreet.
By ſuch unthinking raſhneſs were they led,
Such was the madneſs which their fears had bred,
As if, of ev'ry other hope bereft,
To fly from *Rome* were all the ſafety left.
So when the ſtormy South is heard to roar,
And rolls huge billows from the *Libyan* ſhore;
When rending ſails ſlit with the driving blaſt,
And with a craſh down comes the lofty maſt;
Some coward Maſter leaps from off the deck,
And haſty to deſpair prevents the wreck;
And tho' the Bark unbroken hold her way,
His trembling Crew all plunge into the ſea.
From doubtful thus they run to certain harms,
And flying from the City ruſh to Arms.
Then Sons forſook their Sires un-nerv'd and old,
Nor weeping Wives their Husbands could with-hold;
Each left his Guardian *Lares* unador'd,
Nor with one parting pray'r their aid implor'd:

V. 883. *Guardian* Lares.] The *Lares* were the domeſtick or family-Gods, placed on or near the hearth. They were ſaid to be the Children of *Mercury* and the Nymph *Lara*. The reverence the *Romans* had for 'em was very great, & the hearth for

None ſtop'd, or ſighing turn'd for one laſt view,
Or bid the City of his birth adieu.
The headlong croud regardleſs urge their way,
Tho' ev'n their Gods and Country ask their ſtay,
And pleading Nature beg 'em to delay.
What means, ye Gods! this changing in your doom?
Freely you grant, but quickly you reſume.
Vain is the ſhort liv'd Sov'reignty you lend;
The pile you raiſe you deign not to defend.
See where, forſaken by her native Bands,
All deſolate the once great City ſtands!
She whom her ſwarming Citizens made proud,
Where once the vanquiſh'd Nations wont to croud,
Within the circuit of whoſe ample ſpace
Mankind might meet at once, and find a place;
A wide defenceleſs deſart now ſhe lies,
And yields her ſelf the Victor's eaſie prize.
The Camp intrench'd ſecureſt ſlumbers yields,
Tho' hoſtile Arms beſet the neighb'ring fields;
Rude banks of earth the haſty Soldier rears,
And in the turfy wall forgets his fears:
While, *Rome*, thy Sons all tremble from afar,
And ſcatter at the very name of War;
Nor on thy Tow'rs depend, nor Rampart's height,
Nor truſt their ſafety with thee for a night.

Yet

their ſakes was held ſacred. There were two ſorts of theſe Gods, the *Domeſtici* and *Compitales*: the former had the care of Families, and the latter of high-ways.

V. 905. *The turfy wall.*] The Fortifications of the *Roman* Camps conſiſted only of a Ditch, a Bank rais'd behind that, of the earth dug out of it, and palliſado'd.

Yet one excuſe abſolv'd the pannick dread;
The vulgar juſtly fear'd when *Pompey* fled.
And leaſt ſweet Hope might mitigate their woes,
And expectation better times diſcloſe,
On ev'ry breaſt preſaging Terror ſate,
And threaten'd plain ſome yet more diſmal fate:
The Gods declare their menaces around,
Earth, Air, and Seas in Prodigies abound;
Then Stars, unknown before, appear'd to burn,
And foreign flames about the Pole to turn;
Unuſual fires by night were ſeen to fly,
And dart obliquely thro' the gloomy sky.
Then horrid Comets ſhook their fatal hair,
And bade proud Royalty for change prepare:
Now dart ſwift Light'nings thro' the azure clear,
And Meteors now in various forms appear;
Some like the javelin ſhoot extended long,
While ſome like ſpreading lamps in Heav'n are hung.
And tho' no gath'ring clouds the day controul,
Thro' skies ſerene portentous Thunders roll;
Fierce blaſting Bolts from northern Regions come,
And aim their vengeance at Imperial *Rome*.
The Stars that twinkled in the lonely night,
Now lift their bolder head in day's broad light.
The Moon, in all her Brother's beams arrayd,
Was blotted by the Earth's approaching ſhade:
The Sun himſelf, in his meridian race,
In ſable darkneſs veil'd his brighter face;
The trembling World beheld his fading ray,
And mourn'd deſpairing for the loſs of day.
Such was he ſeen, when backward to the eaſt
He fled, abhorring dire *Thyeſtes'* Feaſt.

Sicilian Ætna then was heard to roar,
While *Mulciber* let looſe his fiery ſtore;
Nor roſe the flames, but with a downward tide
Tow'rds *Italy* their burning torrent guide.
Charybdis' Dogs howl doleful o'er the flood,
And all her whirling waves run red with blood.
The veſtal fire upon the Altar dy'd,
And o'er the Sacrifice the flames divide;
The parting points with double ſtreams aſcend,
And *Alba's Latian* Rites portentous end.
Such from the *Theban* Brethren's pile aroſe,
Signal of impious and immortal Foes.
With op'nings vaſt the gaping Earth gave way,
And in her inmoſt womb receiv'd the day.
The ſwelling Seas o'er lofty Mountains flow,
And nodding *Alps* ſhook off their ancient ſnow.
Then wept the Demi-Gods of mortal birth,
And ſweating *Lares* trembled on the hearth.
In Temples then, recording Stories tell,
Untouch'd the ſacred gifts and garlands fell.
Then Birds obſcene with inauſpicious flight,
And ſcreamings dire, profan'd the hallow'd light.
The ſalvage kind forſook the deſart wood,
And in the ſtreets diſclos'd their horrid brood. [heard
Then ſpeaking Beaſts with human ſounds were
And monſtrous births the teeming Mothers ſcar'd.
Among the crowd, religious fears diſperſe
The ſaws of *Sibylls*, and foreboding verſe.

Bel-

V. 950. *The parting points.*] Theſe *Feria Latinæ*, or Latin Feſtivals, were perform'd by night to *Jupiter* at *Albæ*.

Bellona's Prieſts, a barb'rous frantick train,
Whoſe mangled arms a thouſand wounds diſtain,
Toſs their wild locks, and with a diſmal yell,
The wrathful Gods, and coming woes, foretel.
Lamenting Ghoſts amidſt their aſhes mourn,
And groanings eccho from the marble Urn.
The rattling clank of Arms is heard around,
And voices loud in lonely woods reſound.
Grim Spectres ev'ry where affright the eye,
Approaching glare, and paſs with horror by.
A Fury fierce about the City walks,
Hell-born, and horrible of ſize, ſhe ſtalks;
A flaming pine ſhe brandiſhes in air,
And hiſſing loud up riſe her ſnaky hair;
Wher-e'er her round accurſt the Monſter takes,
The pale Inhabitant his houſe forſakes.
Such to *Lycurgus* was the fantome ſeen;
Such the dire viſions of the *Theban* Queen;
Such, at his cruel Stepmother's command,
Before *Alcides*, did *Megæra* ſtand:
With dread, 'till then unknown, the Heroe ſhook,
Tho' he had dar'd on Hell's grim King to look.
Amid the deepeeſt ſilence of the night,
Shrill-ſounding Clarions animate the fight;
The ſhouts of meeting Armies ſeem to riſe,
And the loud battel ſhakes the gloomy skies.

V. 987. *Such to* Lycurgus.] *Lycurgus* King of *Thrace*, and *Agave* Queen of *Thebes*, were both purſued by Furies for their contempt of *Bacchus*.

V. 989. *Such at his cruel Step-mother's*] *Hercules* at his deſcent into Hell, ſaw *Pluto* firſt, and the Furies afterwards.

Dead *Sylla* in the *Martian* field aſcends,
And miſchiefs mighty as his own portends.
Near *Anio*'s ſtream old *Marius* rears his head;
The Hinds beheld his griſly form, and fled.
The State thus threaten'd, by old cuſtom taught
For counſel to the *Tuſcan* Prophets ſought:
Of theſe the chief for learning fam'd, and age,
Aruns by name, a venerable Sage,
At *Luna* liv'd; none better could deſcry
What bodes the Light'ning's journey thro the sky;
Preſaging veins and fibres well he knew,
And Omens read aright, from ev'ry wing that flew.
Firſt he commands to burn the monſtrous breed,
Sprung from mix'd ſpecies, and diſcordant ſeed;
Forbidden and accurſed births, which come
Where Nature's laws deſign'd a barren womb.
Next, the remaining trembling Tribes he calls,
To paſs with ſolemn Rites about their Walls,
In holy march to viſit all around,
And with Luſtrations purge the utmoſt bound.
The Sov'reign Prieſts the long Proceſſion lead,
Inferior Orders in the train ſucceed;
Array'd all duly in the *Gabine* weed.

There

V. 1002. *The* Tuſcan *Prophets.*] The *Romans* receiv'd their Augurs and Aruſpices, with the Arts of divining by the flight of Birds and by Sacrifices, from *Hetruria*, or *Tuſcany*; and upon any remarkable occaſion, ſuch as this might well be ſuppos'd, they ſent for Soothſayers from that country, as not depending, in the laſt and greateſt emergencies, upon their own.

V. 1019. *The* Gabine *weed.*] This was not ſo much the habit itſelf as the manner of wearing it, tuck'd up and ſhort. I don't remember it as uſed by the Prieſts in any other ancient Author. It was proper only to the Conſuls or Generals upon ſome extraordi-

nary

There the chaſte Head of *Veſta*'s Choir appears,
A ſacred fillet binds her rev'rend hairs;
To her, in ſole preheminence, is due,
Phrygian Minerva's awful Shrine to view.
Next the *Fifteen* in order paſs along,
Who guard the fatal *Sibylls* ſecret ſong;
To *Almon*'s ſtream *Cybele*'s form they bear,
And waſh the Goddeſs each returning year.
The *Titian* brotherhood, the *Augurs* band,
Obſerving flights on the left lucky hand;
The *Sev'n* ordain'd *Jove*'s holy Feaſt to deck;
The *Salii* blithe, with bucklers on the neck;

All

nary occaſions, as the denouncing War, burning the ſpoils of the Enemy, devoting themſelves to Death for the ſafety of their Army, or the like.

V. 1020. Veſta's *Choir.*] The buſines of theſe Maids was chiefly to attend upon and preſerve a holy Fire. By *Veſta* ſome meant the Element or principle of fire, others that of Earth, and *Polydore Virgil* that natural heat inclos'd in the Earth, by which all things are produced. They had the cuſtody liwewiſe of the *Palladium*, or Image of *Pallas*, brought from *Troy* by *Æneas*.

V. 1024. *The Fifteen.*] Theſe Religious Men were firſt two, then ten, and by *Sylla* encreas'd to fifteen.

V. 1026. Almon's *ſtream.*] A little River that falls into the *Tyber.*

V. 1028. *The* Titian *brotherhood.*] There were ſeveral of theſe Sodalities in *Rome.* Theſe paticularly were inſtituted to ſuperviſe the Solemnities in memory of *Tatius* the *Sabine* King.

V. 1030. *The Seven.*] Theſe were called likewiſe *Epulones*, as well as *Septemviri.* At their firſt creation they were but three, but ſoon encreas'd to ſeven. 'Tis thought they were at laſt encreas'd to ten, tho' they ſtill kept their name of *Septemviri.* They had their name *Epulones* from a cuſtom among the *Romans* in times of publick danger, of making a ſumptuous Feaſt in their Temples, to which they did as it were, invite the Gods themſelves; for their ſtatues were brought on rich Beds and Pillows, and placed at the honourable part of the table as the principal Gueſts. Theſe ſolemnities were call'd *Lectiſternia.*

V. 1031. *The* Salii,] Theſe were Prieſts of *Mars*, who made a

ſort

All marching in their order juſt appear.
And laſt the generous *Flamens* cloſe the rear.
While theſe, thro' ways uncouth, & tireſome ground
Patient perform their long laborious round,
Aruns collects the marks of Heav'ns dread flame,
In Earth he hides 'em with religious hand,
Murmurs a pray'r, then gives the place a name,
And bids the fix'd *Bidental* hallow'd ſtand.
Next from the Herd a choſen male is ſought,
And ſoon before the ready Altar brought.
And now the Seer the Sacrifice began,
The pouring wine upon the Victim ran;
The mingled meal upon his brow was plac'd;
The crooked knife the deſtin'd line had trac'd;
When with reluctant rage th' impatient Beaſt
The Rites unpleaſing to the God confeſt.
At length compell'd his ſtubborn head to bow,
Vanquiſh'd he yields him to the fatal blow;
The guſhing veins no chearful crimſon pour,
But ſtain with pois'nous black the ſacred floor.
The paler Prophet ſtood with horror ſtruck;
Then with a haſty hand the entrails took,

And

ſort of dancing Proceſſions along the ſtreets with the ſacred *Ancylia* or Bucklers about their necks.

V. 1033. *The generous* Flamens.] Of theſe there were three principal, appropriated to *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Quirinus*, who were always choſen out of the Nobility.

V. 1039. *The Fix'd* Bidental.] What perſon, thing, or place ſoever had been ſtruck by Lightning, the *Romans* look'd upon as peculiarly ſacred to the Gods. Whatever it was, it was immediately encompaſs'd in by a wall, paliſadoes, or at leaſt by a rope, ſometimes it was cover'd up in the Earth, and accounted holy. It was call'd *Bidental* from *Bidens*, a Sheep about two years old, with two Teeth longer than the reſt, that was always ſacrificed on theſe occaſions.

And ſought the angry Gods again; but there
Prognoſticks worſe, and ſadder ſigns appear;
The pallid guts with ſpots were marbled o'er,
With thin cold ſerum ſtain'd, and livid gore;
The liver wet with putrid ſtreams he ſpy'd,
And veins that threaten'd on the hoſtile ſide;
Part of the heaving lungs is no where found,
And thinner films the ſever'd entrails bound;
No uſual motion ſtirs the panting heart;
The chinky veſſels ouze on ev'ry part;
The cawl, where wrapt the cloſe inteſtines lye,
Betrays its dark receſſes to the eye.
One Prodigy ſuperior threaten'd ſtill,
The never-failing harbinger of ill:
Lo! by the fibrous liver's riſing head,
A ſecond rival prominence is ſpread;
All ſunk and poor the friendly part appears,
And a pale, ſickly, withering viſage wears;
While high and full the adverſe veſſels ride,
And drive, impetuous, on their purple tide.
Amaz'd, the Sage foreſaw th' impending Fate;
Ye Gods! (he cry'd) forbid me to relate
What woes on this devoted People wait.
Nor doſt thou, *Jove* in theſe our Rites partake,
Nor ſmile propitious on the pray'r we make;

The

V. 1059. *The oſtile ſide.*] In divining by the intrails, eſpecially the liver, the Prieſts were wont to divide 'em into two parts, one to prognoſticate for themſelves, and the other for their Enemies. And of all bad Omens nothing had a worſe ſignification than a Duplicate, or any ſuperfluous part. All the conditions and apperances indeed of this Sacrifice were of the worſt kind that could be.

The dreadful *Stygian* Gods this Victim claim;
And to our Sacrifice the Furies came.
The ills we fear command us to be dumb;
Yet somewhat worse than what we fear shall come.
But may the Gods be gracious from on high,
Some better prosperous event supply,
Fibres may err, and Augury may lie;
Arts may be false, by which our Sires divin'd,
And *Tages* taught 'em to abuse Mankind.
Thus darkly he the prophecy expresst,
And riddling sung the double-dealing Priest.
But *Figulus* exclaims (to science bred,
And in the Gods mysterious secrets read;
Whom nor *Ægyptian Memphis'* Sons excell'd,
Nor with more skill the rolling orbs beheld:
Well could he judge the labours of the Sphere,
And calculate the just revolving year.)
The Stars (he cries) are in confusion hurl'd,
And wand'ring error quite misguides the World;
Or if the Laws of Nature yet remain,
Some swift destruction now the Fates ordain.
Shall Earth's wide op'ning jaws for ruin call,
And sinking Cities to the center fall?
Shall raging drought infest the sultry sky?
Shall faithless Earth the promis'd crop deny?

Shall

V. 1087. *And* Tages.] This was a miraculous Prophet, who rose out of the ground in *Etruria* or *Tuscany*, and first taught the Rites of Divination.

V. 1090. *But* Figulus.] *Cicero* and *Aulus Gellius* make mention of *Nigidius Figulus* a *Pythagorean* Philosopher, who was likewise eminent for his skill in Astrology.

Shall pois'nous vapours o'er the waters brood,
And taint the limpid ſpring and ſilver flood?
Ye Gods! What ruin does your wrath prepare?
Comes it from Heav'n, from Earth, from Seas, or Air?
The lives of many to a period haſte;
And thouſands ſhall together breathe their laſt.
If *Saturn*'s ſullen beams were lifted high,
And baleful reign'd aſcendant o'er the Sky,
Then moiſt *Aquarius* deluges might rain,
And Earth once more lie ſunk beneath the Main;
Or did thy glowing beams O *Phœbus*, ſhine
Malignant in the *Lion*'s ſcorching Sign,
Wide o'er the World conſuming fires might roll,
And Heav'n be ſeen to flame from pole to pole:
Thro' peaceful Orbits theſe unangry glide.
But, God of Battels! what doſt thou provide!
Who in the threat'ning *Scorpion* doſt preſide?
With potent wrath around thy influence ſtreams,
And the whole Monſter kindles at thy beams;
While *Jupiter*'s more gentle rays decline,
And *Mercury* with *Venus* faintly ſhine:
The wand'ring lights are darken'd all and gone,
And *Mars* now lords it o'er the Heav'ns alone.
Orion's ſtarry faulchion blazing wide,
Refulgent glitters by his dreadful ſide.
War comes, and ſalvage ſlaughter muſt abound,
The ſword of violence ſhall Right confound:
The blackeſt crimes fair Virtue's name ſhall wear,
And impious fury rage for many a year.
Yet ask not thou an end of Arms, O *Rome*,
Thy peace muſt with a Lordly Maſter come.

Pro-

Protract deſtruction, and defer thy chain,
The Sword alone prevents the Tyrant's Reign,
And Civil-wars thy Liberty maintain.
The heartleſs Vulgar to the Sage give heed,
New riſing fears his words foreboding breed.
When lo! more dreadful Wonders ſtrike their eyes,
Forth thro' the ſtreets a *Roman* Matron flies,
Mad as the *Thracian* Dames that bound along,
And chant *Lyæus* in their frantick ſong:
Enthuſiaſtick heavings ſwell'd her breaſt,
And thus her voice the *Delphick* God confeſt.
Where doſt thou ſnatch me, *Pæan*! wherfor bear
Thro' cloudy heights and tracts of pathleſs air?
I ſee *Pangæan* Mountains white with ſnow,
Æmus, and wide *Philippi*'s fields below.

Say,

V. 1148. *I ſee* Pangæan.] *Pangæus* was a Mountain in *Thrace*; and, as is plain from a paſſage in *Dion Caſſius*, at the foot of it ſtood *Philippi*, the City near which the Battle between *Antony* and *Octavius* on one ſide, and *Brutus* and *Caſſius* on the other, was fought. *Æmus* or *Hæmus* was likewiſe a Mountain in *Thrace* to the north of *Pangæus*.

It is pretty ſtrange that ſo many great Names of Antiquity, as *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Petronius*, and *Lucan* ſhould be guilty of ſuch a blunder in Geography, as to confound the field of Battle between *J. Cæſar* and *Pompey* with that between *Oct. Cæſar* and *Brutus*, when it was very plain one was in the middle of *Theſſaly*, and the other in *Thrace*, a great part of *Macedonia* lying between. *Sulpitius* indeed, one of the Commentators upon *Lucan*, ſays, there was a Town call'd *Philippi*, in whoſe neighborhood the Battle between *Cæſar* and *Pompey* was fought; but upon what authority I know not: But ſuppoſing that, it is undeniable that theſe two Battles were fought in two different Countries. I muſt own, it ſeems to me to be the fault originally of *Virgil* (upon what occaſion ſo correct a Writer could commit ſo great an error is not eaſy to imagine) and that the reſt took it very eaſily from him, without making any further enquiry.

Say *Phœbus*, wherefore do's this fury riſe?
What mean theſe ſpears and ſhields before my eyes?
I ſee the *Roman* battels croud the plain!
I ſee the War, but ſeek the Foe in vain.
Again I fly, I ſeek the riſing day,
Where *Nile*'s *Ægyptian* waters take their way:
I ſee, I know upon the guilty ſhore,
The Hero's headleſs trunk beſmear'd with gore.
The *Syrts* and *Libyan* ſands beneath me lye,
Thither *Emathia*'s ſcatter'd relicks fly.
Now o'er the cloudy *Alps* I ſtretch my flight,
And ſoar above *Pyrene*'s airy height:
To *Rome*, my native *Rome*, I turn again,
And ſee the Senate reeking with the ſlain.
Again the moving Chiefs their Arms prepare;
Again I follow thro' the world the War.
Oh give me, *Phœbus*! give me to explore,
Some Region new, ſome undiſcover'd ſhore;
I ſaw *Philippi*'s fatal fields before.
She ſaid; the weary rage began to ceaſe,
And left the fainting Prophetеſs in peace.

V. 1153. *I ſee the War, but ſeek the Foe in vain.*] Becauſe they were all *Romans*, or their Subjects and Confederates; and ſhould have been all on the ſame ſide.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

Amidst the general consternation that fore-ran the Civil war, the Poet introduces an old Man giving an account of the miseries that attended on that of Marius *and* Sylla; *and comparing their present circumstances to those in which the Commonwealth was when that former War broke out.* Brutus *consults with* Cato, *whether it were the duty of a private Man to concern himself in the publick troubles; to which* Cato *replies in the affirmative. Then follows his receiving* Marcia *again from the Tomb of* Hortensius. *While* Pompey *goes to* Capua, Cæsar *makes himself Master of the greatest part of* Italy, *and among the rest of* Corfinium, *where* Domitius, *the Governor for* Pompey, *is seiz'd by his Garrison, and deliver'd to* Cæsar, *who pardons and dismisses him.*

Pompey *in an Oration to his Army makes a tryal of their disposition to a general Battel, but not finding it to answer his expectation, he sends his Son to solicite the assistance of his Friends and Allies; then marches him-*

himself to Brundusium, *where he is like to be shut up by* Cæsar, *and escapes at length with much difficulty.*

NOW manifest the wrath divine appear'd,
And Nature thro' the World the War declar'd;
Teeming with Monsters, sacred Law she broke,
And dire events in all her works bespoke.
Thou *Jove*, who do'st in Heav'n supreamly reign,
Why does thy Povidence these signs ordain,
And give us prescience to increase our pain?
Doubly we bear thy dread inflicting doom,
And feel our miseries before they come.
Whether the great creating parent Soul,
When first from Chaos rude he form'd the whole,
Dispos'd futurity with certain hand,
And bade the necessary causes stand;
Made one decree for ever to remain,
And bound himself in Fate's eternal chain;
Or whether fickle Fortune leads the dance;
Nothing is fix'd, but all things come by chance;
Whate'er thou shalt ordain, thou ruling Pow'r,
Unknown and sudden be the dreadful hour:

Ver. 10. *Whether the great.*] That is, whether, according to the *Stoiks*, all things were by necessity, or, according to the *Epicureans*, by chance.

V. 19. *Unknown.*] This prayer of the Poet's, that we may not foreknow our misfortunes before they happen, is a very natural consequence from the distractions under which the Re-

Let Mortals to their future fate be blind,
And hope relieve the miserable mind.

While thus the wretched Citizens behold
What certain ills the faithful Gods foretold;
Justice suspends her course in mournful *Rome*,
And all the noisie Courts at once are dumb:
No Honours shine in the distinguish'd weed,
Nor Rods the purple Magistrate precede:
A dismal silent sorrow spreads around,
No groan is heard, nor one complaining sound.
So when some gen'rous Youth resigns his breath,
And parting sinks in the last pangs of death;
With ghastly eyes, and many a lift-up hand,
Around his bed the still attendants stand;
No tongue as yet presumes his fate to tell,
Nor speaks aloud the solemn last farewel:

As

Romans labour'd, by reason of the Prodigies related in the former Book; which they look'd upon as so many certain denunciations of some terrible affliction that was suddenly to fall upon 'em from the Gods.

V. 24. *Justice suspends.*] This terrible kind of vacation in the Courts of Justice was never observ'd at *Rome* but in the greatest publick calamities.

V. 35. *The solemn last farewell.*] A valediction to the dead, was a ceremony perform'd to all persons at their funerals. So *Æneas* takes his leave of *Pallas* in *Virgil*. *Salve mihi maxime Palla.* But this expression of *Lucan*, in this place, refers more immediately to what the *Romans* call'd *conclamatio*; which was a repeated & loud outcry of those that waited for that purpose round the bed of the dying person, probably to try if they could retain the departing Soul a little longer; and when that was in vain, and the Bodies found to be quite dead, they were said to be *Corpora conclamata*, or past call.

As yet the Mother by her Darling lies,
Nor breaks lamenting into frantick cries;
And tho' he ſtiffens in her fond embrace,
His eyes are ſet, and livid pale his face,
Horror a while prevents the ſwelling tear,
Nor is her paſſion grief, as yet, but fear;
In one fix'd poſture motionleſs ſhe keeps,
And wonders at her woe before ſhe weeps.
The Matrons ſad their rich attire lay by,
And to the Temples madly crouding fly:
Some on the Shrines their guſhing ſorrows pour,
Some daſh their breaſts againſt the marble floor;
Some on the ſacred threſholds rend their hair,
And howling ſeek the Gods with horrid pray'r.
Nor *Jove* receiv'd the wailing ſuppliants all,
In various Fanes on various Pow'rs they call.
No Altar then, no God was left alone,
Unvex'd by ſome impatient Parent's moan.
Of theſe, one Wretch her grief, above the reſt,
With viſage torn, and mangled arms, confeſt.
Ye Mothers! beat (ſhe cry'd) your boſoms now,
Now tear the curling honours from your brow;
The preſent hour ev'n all your tears demands,
While doubtful Fortune yet ſuſpended ſtands;
When one ſhall conquer, then for joy prepare,
The victor Chief, at leaſt, ſhall end the War.
Thus from renew'd complaints they ſeek relief,
And only find freſh cauſes out for grief.
The Men too, as to diff'rent Camps they go,
Join their ſad voices to the publick woe;
Impatient to the Gods they raiſe their cry,
And thus expoſtulate with thoſe on high.

Oh hapleſs times! oh that we had been born,
When *Carthage* made our vanquiſh'd Country mourn!
Well had we then been number'd with the ſlain
On *Trebia*'s banks, or *Cannæ*'s fatal plain.
Nor ask we peace, ye Pow'rs, nor ſoft repoſe!
Give us new Wars, and multitudes of Foes;
Let ev'ry potent City arm for fight,
And all the neighbour Nations round unite;
From *Median Suſa* let the *Parthians* come,
And *Maſſagetes* beyond their *Iſter* roam:
Let *Elbe* and *Rhine*'s unconquer'd ſprings ſend forth
The yellow *Suevi* from the fartheſt north;
Let the conſpiring World in Arms engage,
And ſave us only from domeſtick rage.
Here let the hoſtile *Dacian* inroads make,
And there his way the *Gete* invader take.
Let *Cæſar* in *Iberia* tame the Foe;
Let *Pompey* break the deadly eaſtern bow,
And *Rome* no hand unarm'd for battel know.
But if *Heſperia* ſtand condemn'd by Fate,
And ruin on our name and nation wait;

Now

V. 71. *Trebia.*] A River in *Italy* that falls into the *Po* near *Placentia*, where *Lu. Sempronius* was routed by *Hannibal* with a very great ſlaughter.

V. 77.] The *Maſſagetæ* were properly thoſe *Aſiatick Scythians* (or *Tartars*) who were ſituate beyond the *Caſpian* Sea, near the head of the River *Oxus*, and of conſequence very far from the *Iſter* or *Danube*; but theſe geographical liberties are often taken by our Author; and here he ſeems to take 'em for the *European* and *Aſiatick Scythians* in general.

V. 79. *Suevi.*] A People of *Germany* about the Dutchy of *Mecklenburg* and *Pomerania*.

V. 83. *Getæ*] *European Tartars.*

V. 84. *Iberia.*] *Spain.*

Now dart thy thunder, dread Almighty Sire,
Let all thy flaming Heav'ns deſcend in fire:
On Chiefs and Parties hurl thy bolts alike,
And, ere their crimes have made 'em guilty, ſtrike.
Is it a cauſe ſo worthy of our care,
That pow'r may fall to this, or that man's ſhare?
Do we for this the Gods and conſcience brave,
That one may rule, and make the reſt a Slave?
When thus, ev'n Liberty we ſcarce ſhould buy,
But think a Civil-war a price too high.
Thus groan they at approching dire events,
And thus expiring piety laments.
Mean-while the hoary Sire his years deplores,
And age that former miſeries reſtores:
He hates his weary life prolong'd for woe,
Worſe days to ſee, more impious rage to know.
Then fetching old examples from afar,
'T was thus (he cries) Fate uſher'd in the War,
When *Cimbrians* fierce, and *Libya*'s ſwarthy Lord,
Had fall'n before triumphant *Marius*' ſword:
Yet to *Minturnæ*'s marſh the Victor fled,
And hid in oozy flags his exil'd head.

V. 101. *Mean while ſome hoary Sire.*] The Poet here, to expreſs the calamities attending on a Civil-war, introduces ſome one particular old Man, recapitulating the miſeries of that between *Marius* and *Scylla*.

V. 107. Libya's *ſwarthy Lord.*] *Jugurtha.*

V. 109.] *Minturnæ* was a City of *Latium*, now in ruins, near the River *Garillan*, in or near the territory of *Trajetta*. Hither, when *Marius* was driven out of *Rome* by *Sylla*, and declar'd a publick Enemy by the Senate, he fled and hid himſelf among ſome reeds and ſedges; but being found out, and committed to the publick Goal, he was condemn'd to die. But the Slave who was order'd to execute him (a *Cimbrian*, according

The faithleſs ſoil the hunted Chief reliev'd,
And ſedgy waters Fortune's pledge receiv'd.
Deep in a dungeon plung'd at length he lay,
Where gyves and rankling fetters eat their way,
And noiſome vapours on his vitals prey.
Ordain'd at eaſe to die in wretched *Rome*,
He ſuffer'd then, for wickedneſs to come.
In vain his Foes had arm'd the *Cimbrian*'s hand,
Death will not always wait upon command;
About to ſtrike, the Slave with horror ſhook,
The uſeleſs ſteel his loos'ning gripe forſook;
Thick flaſhing flames a light unuſual gave,
And ſudden ſhone around the gloomy cave;
Dreadful the Gods of guilt before him ſtood,
And *Marius* terrible in future blood;
When thus a voice began: Raſh Man forbear,
Nor touch that head which Fate reſolves to ſpare;
Thouſands are doom'd beneath his arm to bleed,
And countleſs Deaths before his own decreed;
Thy wrath and purpoſe to deſtroy is vain:
Would'ſt thou avenge thee for thy Nation ſlain?
Preſerve this Man; and in ſome coming day
The *Cimbrian* ſlaughter well he ſhall repay.
No pitying God, no Pow'r to mortals good,
Could ſave a ſalvage wretch who joy'd in blood:

But

cording to *Lucan*) being affrighted at ſomewhat terrible that he ſaw in him, and fancying he heard a voice ſaying, *Dar'ſt thou kill* Caius Marius; drop'd his ſword, ran out of the priſon, and told the people the whole ſtory: Who being mov'd partly by this, and partly by compaſſion for a Man who had once ſav'd *Italy*, diſmiſs'd him. See all the particulars here mention'd by *Lucan*, more, at large in *Plutarch*'s Life of *Marius*.

But Fate reſerv'd him to perform its doom,
And be the Miniſter of wrath to *Rome*.
By ſwelling ſeas too favourably toſt,
Safely he reach'd *Numidia*'s hoſtile coaſt;
There, driv'n from Man, to wilds he took his way,
And on the earth, where once he conquer'd, lay;
There in the lone unpeopled deſart field,
Proud *Carthage* in her ruins he beheld;
Amidſt her aſhes pleas'd he ſate him down,
And joy'd in the deſtruction of the Town.
The Genius of the place, with mutual hate,
Rear'd its ſad head, and ſmil'd at *Marius*' Fate;
Each with delight ſurvey'd their fallen Foe,
And each forgave the Gods, that laid the other low.
There with new fury was his Soul poſſeſt,
And *Libyan* rage collected in his breaſt.
Soon as returning Fortune own'd his cauſe,
Troops of revolting Bond-men forth he draws;
Cut-throats and Slaves reſort to his command,
And Arms were giv'n to ev'ry baſer hand.
None worthily the Leader's ſtandard bore,
Unſtain'd with blood or blackeſt crimes before:
Villains of fame to fill his Bands were ſought,
And to his Camp increaſe of crimes they brought.
Who can relate the horros of that day,
When firſt theſe walls became the Victor's prey!
With what a ſtride devouring Slaughter paſt,
And ſwept promiſcuous orders in her haſte!

V. 140. *Driv'n from Man,*] By *Sextilius*, then Prætor of *Africk*.

O'er noble and plebeian rang'd the Sword;
Nor pity or remorſe one pauſe afford.
The ſliding ſtreets with blood were clotted o'er,
And ſacred Temples ſtood in pools of gore.
The ruthleſs ſteel, impatient of delay,
Forbad the Sire to linger out his day:
It ſtruck the bending Father to the earth,
And cropt the wailing Infant at his birth.
(Can Innocents the rage of Parties know,
And they who ne'er offended find a Foe!)
Age is no plea, and childhood no defence,
To kill is all the Murderer's pretence.
Rage ſtays not to enquire who ought to die,
Numbers muſt fall, no matter which, or why;
Each in his hand a greiſly viſage bears,
And as the trophy of his virtue wears.
Who wants a prize, ſtrait ruſhes thro' the ſtreets,
And undiſtinguſh'd mows the firſt he meets;
The trembling crowd with fear officious ſtrive,
And thoſe who kiſs the Tyrant's hand ſurvive.
Oh could you fall ſo low, degenerate Race!
And purchaſe ſafety at a price ſo baſe!
What tho' the ſword was maſter of your doom,
Tho' *Marius* could have giv'n you years to come,
Can *Romans* live by infamy ſo mean?
But ſoon your changing Fortune ſhifts the ſcene;
Short is your date; you only live to mourn
Your hopes deceiv'd, and *Sylla*'s ſwift return.

The

V. 183. *Who kiſs the Tyrant's hand.*] *Marius* had given it as a ſignal to his Soldiers, that they ſhould kill all whom he did not reſalute, and offer his hand to kiſs.

The vulgar falls, and none laments his fate,
Sorrow has hardly leiſure for the great.
What tears could *Bœbius'* haſty death deplore!
A thouſand hands his mangled carcaſs tore;
His ſcarter'd intrails round the ſtreets were toſt,
And in a moment all the Man was loſt.
Who wept *Antonius'* murder to behold,
Whoſe moving tongue the Miſchief oft foretold?
Spite of his age and eloquence he bled;
The barb'rous Soldier ſnatch'd his hoary head;
Dropping he bore it to his joyful Lord,
And while he feaſted plac'd it on the board.
The *Craſſi* both by *Fimbria*'s hand were ſlain.
And bleeding Magiſtrates the Pulpit ſtain.
Then did the doom of that neglecting hand,
Thy Fate, O holy *Scævola*, command;
In vain for ſuccour to the Gods he flies,
The Prieſt before the *Veſtal* altar dies:
A feeble ſtream pour'd forth th' exhauſted Sire,
And ſpar'd to quench the everliving fire.
The ſeventh returning *Faſces* now appear,
And bring ſtern *Marius'* lateſt deſtin'd year:

Thus

V. 198. Antonius' *Murder.*] *M. Antonius* was a man of Conſular Dignity, and an excellent Orator. The Soldiers who were ſent to kill him, were ſo mov'd by his eloquence, that they were inclin'd to ſpare him: At laſt he was murder'd by *Annius* the Tribune, who brought his head to *Marius* while he was at Table. After he had handled it for ſome time with much ſcorn and inſolence, he commanded it to be fix'd upon the *Roſtrum*, or publick Pulpit.

V. 204. *The* Craſſi.] Father and Son kill'd together.

V. 207. *Scævola*,] He was the *Pontifex Maximus*, or Chief-Prieſt.

V. 212. *Faſces.*] They were rods carried before the Magiſtrates as enſigns of their Authority.

Thus the long toils of changing life o'erpaſt,
Hoary and full of days he breath'd his laſt.
While Fortune frown'd, her fierceſt wrath he bore,
And while ſhe ſmil'd enjoy'd her ampleſt pow'r:
All various turns of good and bad he knew,
And prov'd the moſt that Chance or Fate cou'd do.
What heaps of ſlain the *Colline* gate did yield!
What bodies ſtrow'd the *Sacriportan* field,
When Empire was ordain'd to change her ſeat,
To leave her *Rome*, and make *Præneſte* great!
When the proud *Samnites* Troops the State defy'd;
In terms beyond their *Caudine* Treaty's pride.
Nor *Sylla* with leſs cruelty returns,
With equal rage the fierce Avenger burns:
What blood the feeble City yet retain'd,
With too ſevere a healing hand he drain'd:
Too deeply was the ſearching ſteel employ'd,
What maladies had hurt the Leach deſtroy'd.

The

V. 220 *Porta Collina*, call'd likewiſe *Porta Salina*, was one of the Gates of *Rome*. At *Sacriportus*, not far from *Præneſte*, *Sylla* overthrew the younger *Marius*, who fled to *Præneſte*, and was there beſieged by *Lucius Ofella*, *Sylla*'s Lieutenant. And when *Lamponius* and *Teleſius*, two Leaders of the *Samnites*, came to raiſe the Siege, they were likewiſe beaten by *Sylla* about ten furlongs from the *Porta Collina*. In theſe two battles he is ſaid to have kill'd ſeventy thouſand Men.

V. 225. Caudine *Treaty*.] The *Furcæ Caudinæ*, were a Paſs with woods on each ſide near the Town of *Caudium* in the territories of the ancient *Samnites*: where, when thoſe people had the *Roman* Conſuls and their Army at a very great diſadvantage, they obliged 'em to ſubmit to very hard conditions; one article being, that every Soldier ſhould paſs unarm'd under a kind of Gallows. Hence the Expreſſion *Pax Caudina*, for an ignominious peace.

Marius had promiſed the *Samnites*, who were of his ſide, to tranſlate the ſeat of the Empire from *Rome* to them.

The guilty only were of life bereft;
Alas! the guilty only then were left.
Diſſembled hate and rancour rang'd at will,
All as they pleas'd took liberty to kill;
And while revenge no longer fear'd the laws,
Each private murder was the publick cauſe.
The Leader bade deſtroy; and at the word,
The Maſter fell beneath the Servant's ſword.
Brothers on Brothers were for gifts beſtow'd,
And Sons contended for their Fathers blood.
For refuge ſome to caves and foreſts fled;
Some to the lonely manſions of the dead;
Some, to prevent the cruel Victor, die;
Theſe ſtrangled hang from fatal beams on high;
While thoſe, from tops of lofty turrets thrown,
Came headlong on the daſhing pavement down.
Some for their funerals the wood prepare,
And build the ſacred pile with haſty care:
Then bleeding to the kindling flames they preſs,
And *Roman* rites, while yet they may, poſſeſs.
Pale heads of *Marian* Chiefs are born on high,
And heap'd together in the *Forum* lie;
There join the meeting ſlaughters of the Town,
There each performing Villain's deeds are known.
No ſight like this the *Thracian* ſtables knew.
Antæus' Libyan ſpoils to theſe were few:

Nor

V. 256. *No ſight like this.*] *Diomedes*, King of *Thrace*, fed his horſes with human fleſh. Of *Antæus* ſee hereafter in the fourth Book. *Oenomaus*, King of *Elis*, reign'd at *Piſa*; his Daughter *Hippodamia* was very beautiful; he propos'd to her Suitors, that whoever could vanquiſh him in a Chariot-race ſhould marry her; but thoſe that were beaten ſhould be put

to

Nor *Greece* beheld ſo many Suitors fall,
To grace the *Piſan* Tyrant's horrid hall.
At length, when putrid gore, with foul diſgrace,
Hid the diſtinguiſh'd features of the face,
By night the miſerable Parents came
And bore their Sons to ſome forbidden flame.
Well I remember in that woeful Reign,
How I my Brother ſought amongſt the ſlain;
Hopeful by ſtealth his poor remains to burn,
And cloſe his aſhes in a peaceful urn;
His viſage in my trembling hand I bore,
And turn'd pacifick *Sylla*'s Trophies o'er;
Full many a mangled trunk I try'd, to ſee
Which carcaſs with the head wou'd beſt agree.
Why ſhou'd my grief to *Catulus* return,
And tell the Victim offer'd at his urn;
When ſtruck with horror, the relenting Shade
Beheld his wrongs too cruelly repay'd?
I ſaw where *Marius*' hapleſs Brother ſtood,
With limbs all torn, and cover'd o'er with blood;
A thouſand gaping wounds increas'd his pain,
While weary life a paſſage ſought in vain;
That mercy ſtill his ruthleſs Foes deny,
And whom they mean to kill forbid to die.

This

to death. This laſt misfortune happen'd to ſeveral; at laſt her Father breaking his neck by the treachery of his Charioteer, ſhe was won by *Pelops*.

V. 269. *Pacifick* Sylla.] A ſtrong Irony.

V. 272. *To* Catulus.] *Quintus Luctatius Catulus*, hearing *C. Marius* had reſolv'd to put him to death, kill'd himſelf. In Revenge of this, his Brother *Catulus* obtain'd of *Sylla*, that *Marius*, the Brother of *C. Marius*, might be deliver'd into his hands, who ſacrificed him, in the barbarous manner here deſcrib'd, at his Brother's tomb.

This from the wriſt the ſuppliant hands divides,
That hews his arms from off his naked ſides;
One crops his breathing noſtrils, one his ears,
While from the roots his tongue another tears;
Panting a while upon the earth it lies,
And with mute motion trembles ere it dies:
Laſt, from the ſacred caverns where they lay,
The bleeding orbs of ſight are rent away.
Can late Poſterity believe, whene'er
This tale of *Marius* and his Foes they hear,
They could inflict ſo much, or he cou'd bear?
Such is the broken carcaſs ſeen to lie,
Cruſh'd by ſome tumbling turret from on high:
Such to the ſhore the ſhipwrackt coarſe is born,
By rending rocks and greedy Monſters torn.
Miſtaken rage! thus mangling to diſgrace,
And blot the lines of *Marius'* hated face!
What joy can *Sylla* take? Unleſs he know
And mark the features of his dying Foe?
Fortune beheld, from her *Præneſtine* Fane,
Her helpleſs worſhippers around her ſlain;
One hour of Fate was common to 'em all,
And like one Man ſhe ſaw a People fall.
Then dy'd the luſty youth in manly bloom,
Heſperia's flow'r, and hope for times to come;
Their blood, *Rome*'s only ſtrength, diſtains the fold,
Ordain'd th' aſſembling Centuries to hold.
Num-

V. 301. *Fortune beheld.*] The Goddeſs *Fortune* had a famous Temple at *Præneſte*. After the Town was taken by *Lucr. Ofella*, and many of all ranks ſlain; *Sylla* commanded 5000, who had laid down their Arms, to be kill'd in cold blood.

V. 307. *Diſtains the fold.*] The *Septa* or *Ovilia* of *Rome* were cer-

Numbers have oft been known on ſea and land,
To ſink of old by Death's deſtructive hand;
Battels with multitudes have ſtrown the plain,
And many periſh on the ſtormy main;
Earthquakes deſtroy, malignant vapours blaſt,
And Plagues and Famines lay whole Nations waſte:
But Juſtice, ſure, was never ſeen, 'till now,
To maſſacre her thouſands at a blow.
Satiety of death the Victors prove,
And ſlowly thro' th' incumb'ring ruin move:
So many fall, there ſcarce is room for more,
The dying nod on thoſe who fell before;
Crouding in heaps their Murderers they aid,
And, by the dead, the living are o'erlaid.
Mean while the ſtern Dictator, from on high,
Beholds the ſlaughter with a fearleſs eye;
Nor ſighs, to think his dread commands ordain,
So many thouſand Wretches to be ſlain.
Amidſt the *Tiber*'s waves the load is thrown,
The torrent rowls the guilty burthen down;
'Till riſing mounds obſtruct his wat'ry way,
And Carcaſſes the gliding Veſſels ſtay.
But ſoon another ſtream to aid him roſe,
Swift o'er the fields a crimſon deluge flows:
The *Tuſcan* River ſwells above his ſhores,
And floating bodies to the land reſtores:
Strugling at length he drives his ruſhing flood,
And dyes the *Tyrrene* Ocean round with blood.

Could

certain incloſures in or near the *Campus Martius*, where the People us'd to be poll'd, and give their votes in Elections of Magiſtrates, according to the *Centuriæ* or Companies of which their Tribes were compos'dt. In this place *Sylla* commanded four whole Legions to be cut to pieces at once.

Could deeds like theſe the glorious ſtile demand
Of Proſperous, and Saviour of the Land?
Cou'd this renown cou'd theſe atchievements build
A Tomb for *Sylla* in the *Martian* field?
Again, behold the circling woes return,
Again, the curſe of Civil-wars we mourn;
Battels, and blood, and vengeance ſhall ſucceed,
And *Rome* once more by *Roman* hands ſhall bleed.
Or if, for hourly thus our fears preſage,
With wrath more fierce the preſent Chiefs ſhall rage,
Mankind ſhall ſome unheard-of Plagues deplore,
And groan for miſeries unknown before.
Marius an end of exile only ſought;
Sylla to cruſh a hated Faction fought;
A larger recompence theſe Leaders claim,
And higher is their vaſt ambition's aim:
Cou'd theſe be ſatisfy'd with *Sylla*'s powr;
Nor, all he had poſſeſſing, ask for more;
Neither had force and impious Arms employ'd,
Or fought for that which guiltleſs each enjoy'd.
Thus wept lamenting Age o'er hapleſs *Rome*,
Rememb'ring evils paſt, and dreading thoſe to come.
But *Brutus*' temper fail'd not with the reſt,
Nor with the common weakneſs was oppreſt:
Safe and in peace he kept his manly breaſt.
'T was when the ſolemn dead of night came on,
When bright *Caliſto*, with her ſhining Son,
Now half their circle round the pole had run;

V. 338. *Of Proſperous.*] Theſe were titles *Sylla* gave himſelf: He call'd his Son likewiſe *Fauſtus*, and his Daughter *Fauſta*.
V. 363. *Bright* Caliſto.] The greater Bear.

When *Brutus*, on the buſie times intent,
To virtuous *Cato*'s humble dwelling went.
Waking he found him, careful for the State,
Grieving and fearing for his Country's Fate;
For *Rome*, and wretched *Rome* alone he fear'd;
Secure within himſelf, & for the worſt prepar'd.
To him thus *Brutus* ſpoke. O thou, to whom
Forſaken Virtue flies, as to her home,
Driv'n out, and by an impious Age oppreſt,
She finds no room on earth but *Cato*'s breaſt:
There, in her one good Man, ſhe reigns ſecure,
Fearleſs of Vice, or Fortune's hoſtile pow'r.
Then teach my Soul, to doubt and error prone,
Teach me a reſolution like thy own.
Let partial favour, hopes or int'reſt guide,
By various motives, all the world beſide,
To *Pompey*'s or ambitious *Cæſar*'s ſide;
Thou *Cato* art my Leader. Whether peace
And calm repoſe amidſt theſe ſtorms ſhall pleaſe:
Or whether war thy ardor ſhall ingage,
To gratifie the madneſs of this age, [rage.
Herd with the factious Chiefs, & urge the peoples
The Ruffian, Bankrupt, looſe Adulterer,
All who the pow'r of Laws and Juſtice fear,
From guilt learn ſpecious reaſons for the War.
By ſtarving want and wickedneſs prepar'd,
Wiſely they arm for ſafety and reward.
But oh! what cauſe, what reaſon can'ſt thou find?
Art thou to Arms for love of Arms inclin'd?
Haſt thou the manners of this Age withſtood,
And for ſo many years been ſingly good,
To be repay'd with Civil-wars and blood?

Let

Let thoſe to Vice inur'd for Arms prepare,
In thee, twill be impiety to dare;
Preſerve at leaſt, ye Gods, theſe hands from war.
Nor do thou meanly with the Rabble join,
Nor grace their cauſe with ſuch an arm as thine.
To thee, the fortune of the fatal field
Inclining, unauſpicious fame ſhall yield;
Each to thy ſword ſhal preſs, and wiſh to be
Imputed as thy crime, and charg'd on thee.
Happy thou wer't, if with retirement bleſt,
Which noiſe and faction never ſhould moleſt,
Nor break the ſacred quiet of thy breaſt;
Where harmony and order ne'er ſhould ceaſe,
But ev'ry day ſhould take its turn in peace.
So, in eternal ſteddy motion, roll
The radiant ſpheres around the ſtarry pole;
Fierce Light'nings, Meteors, & the winter's ſtorm,
Earth and the face of lower Heav'n deform,
Whilſt all by Nature's laws is calm above;
No tempeſt rages in the court of *Jove*.
Light particles, and idle atoms fly,
Toſs'd by the winds, and ſcatter'd round the ſky;
While the more ſolid parts the force reſiſt,
And fix'd and ſtable on the center reſt.
Cæſar ſhall hear with joy, that thou art join'd
With fighting Factions, to diſturb Mankind;
Tho' ſworn his Foe, he ſhall applaud thy choice,
And think his wicked war approv'd by *Cato*'s voice.
See! how to ſwell their mighty Leader's ſtate,
The Conſuls and the ſervile Senate wait:
Ev'n *Cato*'s ſelf to *Pompey*'s yoak muſt bow,
And all Mankind are Slaves but *Cæſar* now.

If war, however, be at laſt our doom,
If we muſt arm for liberty and *Rome*:
While undecided yet their fate depends,
Caſar and *Pompey* are alike my Friends;
Which party I ſhall chuſe is yet to know,
That let the War decide; who conquers is my Foe.
Thus ſpoke the Youth. When *Cato* thus expreſt
The ſacred counſels of his inmoſt breaſt.
Brutus! with thee I own the crime is great;
With thee, this impious Civil-war I hate;
But Virtue blindly follows, led by Fate.
Anſwer your ſelves, ye Gods, and ſet me free;
If I am guilty, 'tis by your decree.
If yon fair lamps above ſhou'd loſe their light,
And leave the wretched World in endleſs night;
If *Chaos* ſhou'd in Heav'n and Earth prevail,
And univerſal Nature's frame ſhou'd fail;
What *Stoick* wou'd not the misfortune ſhare,
And think that deſolation worth his care?
Princes and Nations whom wide ſeas divide,
Where other Stars far diſtant Heav'ns do guide,
Have brought their Enſigns to the *Roman* ſide.
Forbid it Gods! when barb'rous *Scythians* come,
From their cold north, to prop declining *Rome*,
That I ſhou'd ſee her fall, and ſit ſecure at home.
As ſome unhappy Sire by Death undone,
Robb'd of his age's joy, his only Son,
Attends the funeral with pious care,
To pay his laſt paternal office there;
Takes a ſad pleaſure in the croud to go,
And be himſelf part of the pompous woe;

Then

Then waits 'till ev'ry ceremony paſt,
His own fond hand may light the pile at laſt.
So fix'd, ſo faithful to thy cauſe O *Rome*,
With ſuch a conſtancy and love I come,
Reſolv'd for thee and liberty to mourn,
And never! never from your ſides be torn;
Reſolv'd to follow ſtill your common fate,
And on your very names, & laſt remains to wait.
Thus let it be, ſince thus the Gods ordain;
Since Hecatombs of *Romans* muſt be ſlain,
Aſſiſt the ſacrifice with ev'ry hand,
And give' em all the ſlaughter they demand.
O! were the Gods contented with my fall,
If *Cato*'s life cou'd anſwer for you all,
Like the devoted *Decius* wou'd I go,
To force from either ſide the mortal blow, [Foe.
And for my Country's ſake, wiſh to be thought her
To me, ye *Romans*, all your rage confine,
To me ye Nations from the barb'rous *Rhine*,
Let all the wounds this War ſhall make be mine.
Open my vital ſtreams, and let 'em run,
Oh! let the purple ſacrifice atone
For all the ills offending *Rome* has done.
If Slavery be all the Faction's end,
If chains the prize for which the fools contend,
To me convert the war, let me be ſlain;
Me, only me, who fondly ſtrive; in vain,
Their uſeleſs laws and freedom to maintain.
So may the Tyrant ſafely mount his throne,
And rule his Slaves in peace, when I am gone.
How-e'er, ſince free as yet from his command,
For *Pompey* and the Commonwealth we ſtand.

Nor he, if Fortune ſhou'd attend his Arms;
Is proof againſt Ambition's fatal charms;
But urg'd with greatneſs, and deſire of ſway,
May dare to make the vanquiſh'd World his prey.
Then, leaſt the hopes of Empire ſwell his pride,
Let him remember I was on his ſide;
Nor think he conquer'd for himſelf alone,
To make the harveſt of the war his own,
Where half the toil was ours. So ſpoke the Sage.
His words the liſt'ning eager Youth engage
Too much to love of Arms, and heat of civil-rage.
Now'gan the Sun to lift his dawning light,
Before him fled the colder ſhades of night;
When lo! the ſounding doors are heard to turn,
Chaſte *Martia* comes from dead *Hortenſius*' Urn.
Once to a better Husband's happier bed,
With bridal-rites, a Virgin was ſhe led:
When ev'ry debt of love and duty paid,
And thrice a parent by *Lucina* made,
The teeming Matron, at her Lord's command,
To glad *Hortenſius* gave her plighted hand;
With a fair ſtock his barren houſe to grace,
And mingle by the Mother's ſide the Race.
At length this Husband in his aſhes laid,
And ev'ry rite of due Religion paid,
Forth from his Monument the mournful Dame,
With beaten breaſts, and locks diſhevel'd, came;
Then with a pale dejected rueful look,
Thus pleaſing, to her former Lord ſhe ſpoke.

V. 525. *Thus pleaſing.*] As her melancholy condition and habit

While Nature yet with vigour fed my veins,
And made me equal to a Mother's pains,
To thee obedient, I thy houſe forſook,
And to my arms another Husband took:
My pow'rs at length with genial labours worn,
Weary to thee, and waſted I return.
At length a barren wedlock let me prove,
Give me the name, without the joys of love;
No more to be abandon'd let me come,
That *Cato*'s *Wife* may live upon my Tomb.
So ſhall my truth to lateſt times be read;
And none ſhall ask if guiltily I fled,
Or thy command eſtrang'd me from thy bed.
Nor ask I now thy happineſs to ſhare,
I ſeek thy days of toil, thy nights of care:
Give me, with thee, to meet my Country's Foe,
Thy weary marches and thy camps to know;
Nor let Poſterity with ſhame record,
Cornelia follow'd, *Martia* left her Lord.
She ſaid. The Heroe's manly heart was mov'd,
And the chaſt Matron's virtuous ſuit approv'd.
And tho' the times far diff'ring thoughts demand
Tho' War diſſents from *Hymen*'s holy band;
In plain unſolemn wiſe his faith he plights,
And calls the Gods to view the lonely rites.

bit was moſt agreeable to that time of publick calamity. See this ſtory in *Plutarch*.

V. 544. *Cornelia.*] This Lady was the Daughter of *Lucius Scipio*, deſcended from and ally'd to the *Cornelii* and *Metelli*, and widow of *Pub. Craſſus*, who with his Father *M. Craſſus* was kill'd by the *Parthians*. *Pompey* married her ſoon after the death of *Cæſar*'s Daughter *Julia*.

No garlands gay the chearful portal crown'd;
Nor woolly fillets wove the posts around;
No genial bed, with rich embroidery grac'd,
On iv'ry steps in lofty state was plac'd;
No hymeneal torch preceding shone,
No Matron put the tow'ry frontlet on,
Nor bade her feet the sacred threshold shun.
No yellow veil was loosely thrown, to hide
The rising blushes of the trembling Bride;
No glitt'ring zone her flowing garments bound,
Nor sparkling gems her neck encompass'd round;
No silken scarf, nor decent winding lawn,
Was o'er her naked arms and shoulders drawn:
But, as she was, in funeral attire,
With all the sadness sorrow could inspire,
With eyes dejected, with a joyless face,
She met her Husband's like a Son's embrace.

No

V. 551. *No garlands.*] The Poet here enumerates most of the Ceremonies usually observ'd at the *Roman* Marriages, by saying what was wanting at this of *Cato* and *Martia*: so in the eighth Book he gives an Account of the magnificence of the *Roman* Funerals, by deploring the misery and wretchedness of *Pompey's*.

V. 556. *No Matron put the tow'ry frontlet on.*] This passage is diversly interpreted. I have taken that which I thought most probable: The Bride was always crown'd with flowers, and admonish'd not to touch the threshold, by the *Pronuba* or Matron that attended her, in honour of *Vesta* the Goddess of Chastity, to whom the threshold was sacred. The Crown mention'd here seems to be like that given to the Goddess *Cybele*; and so it is interpreted by *Sulpitius* upon this place. Perhaps it was worn in honour of that Goddess.

V. 562. *Decent winding lawn.*] The Word *Supparu* here likewise has various significations given to it. *Supparum* is commonly a shift, and sometimes a sort of veil or scarf; in which latter sense, as it plainly means here an upper garment, I have taken it.

No *Sabine* mirth provokes the Bridegroom's ears,
Nor ſprightly wit the glad aſſembly chears.
No Friends, nor ev'n their Children grace the feaſt;
Brutus attends, their only nuptial Gueſt:
He ſtands a witneſs of the ſilent rite,
And ſees the melancholy pair unite.
Nor he, the Chief his ſacred viſage chear'd,
Nor ſmooth'd his matted locks, or horrid beard;
Nor daigns his heart one thought of joy to know,
But met his *Martia* with the ſame ſtern brow.
(For when he ſaw the fatal Factions arm,
The coming War, and *Rome*'s impending harm;
Regardleſs quite of ev'ry other care,
Unſhorn he left his looſe neglected hair;
Rude hung the hoary honours of his head,
And a foul growth his mournful cheeks o'erſpread.
No ſtings of private hate his peace infeſt,
Nor partial favour grew upon his breaſt;
But ſafe from prejudice, he kept his mind
Free, and at leiſure to lament mankind.)
Nor could his former love's returning fire,
The warmth of one connubial wiſh inſpire,
But ſtrongly he withſtood the juſt deſire.
Theſe were the ſtricter manners of the Man,
And this the ſtubborn courſe in which they ran:
The golden mean unchanging to purſue,
Conſtant to keep the purpos'd end in view;

V. 568. No Sabine *mirth.*] It was an old cuſtom taken from the *Sabines* to repeat ſmutty verſes (the *Verſus Feſcennini*) and jeſts of the ſame ſort at Weddings. This was the province of the younger people.

Religiouſly to follow Nature's laws,
And die with pleaſure in his Country's cauſe;
To think he was not for himſelf deſign'd,
But born to be of uſe to all mankind.
To him 'twas feaſting, hunger to repreſs;
And home-ſpun garments were his coſtly dreſs:
No marble pillars rear'd his roof on high,
'Twas warm, and kept him from thewinter sky:
He ſought no end of marriage, but increaſe,
Nor wiſh'd a pleaſure, but his Country's peace:
That took up all the tend'reſt parts of life,
His Country was his Children and his Wife.
From Juſtice righteous lore he never ſwerv'd,
But rigidly his honeſty preſerv'd.
On univerſal good his thoughts were bent,
Nor knew what gain, or ſelf affection meant:
And while his benefits the Publick ſhare,
Cato was always laſt in *Cato*'s care.

Mean time, the trembling Troops, by *Pompey* led,
Haſty to *Phrygian Capua* were fled.
Reſolving here to fix the moving War,
He calls his ſcatter'd Legions from afar;
Here he decrees the daring Foe to wait,
And prove at once the great event of Fate;
Where *Appenine*'s delightful ſhades ariſe,
And lift *Heſperia* lofty to the skies.
Butween the higher and inferior ſea,
The long extended mountain takes his way;
Piſa and *Ancon* bound his ſloping ſides,
Waſh'd by the *Thyrrhene* and *Dalmatick* tides;

Rich

Rich *in* the treaſure of his wat'ry ſtores,
A thouſand living ſprings and ſtreams he pours,
And ſeeks the diff'rent ſeas by diff'rent ſhores.
From his left falls *Cruſtumium*'s rapid flood,
And ſwift *Metaurus* red with *Punick* blood;
There gentle *Sapis* with *Iſaurus* joins,
And *Sena* there the *Senones* confines:
Rough *Aufidus* the meting Ocean braves,
And laſhes on the lazy *Adria*'s waves.
Hence vaſt *Eridanus* with matchleſs force,
Prince of the ſtreams, directs his regal courſe;
Proud with the ſpoils of fields and woods he flows,
And drains *Heſperia*'s rivers as he goes.
His ſacred banks, in ancient tales renown'd,
Firſt by the ſpreading poplar's ſhade were crown'd;
When the Sun's fiery ſteeds forſook their way,
And downward drew to Earth the burning Day:
When ev'ry flood and ample lake was dry,
The *Po* alone his channel could ſupply;
Hither raſh *Phaeton* was headlong driv'n,
And in theſe waters quench'd the flames of Heav'n.
Nor wealthy *Nile* a fuller ſtream contains,
Tho' wide he ſpreads o'er *Ægypt*'s flatter plains;
Nor *Iſter* rolls a larger torrent down,
Sought he the ſea with waters all his own;
But meeting floods to him their homage pay,
And heave the blended River on his way.
Theſe from the left; while from the right there come
The *Rutuba* and *Tyber* dear to *Rome*;
Thence ſlides *Vulturnus* ſwift deſcending flood,
And *Sarnus* hid beneath his miſty cloud;

Thence

Thence *Lyris*, whom the *Veſtin* fountains aid,
Winds to the ſea thro' cloſe *Marica*'s ſhade;
Thence *Siler* thro' *Salernian* paſtures falls,
And ſhallow *Macra* creeps by *Luna*'s walls.
Bord'ring on *Gaul* the lofty'ſt ridges riſe,
And the low *Alps* from cloudy heights deſpiſe;
Thence his long back the fruitful mountain bows,
Beneath the *Umbrian* and the *Sabine* plows;
The race primæval, natives all of old,
His woody rocks within their circuit hold;
Far as *Heſperia*'s utmoſt limits paſs,
The hilly Father runs his mighty maſs:
Where *Juno* rears her high *Lacinian* Fane,
And *Scylla*'s raging Dogs moleſt the main.
Once, farther yet, ('tis ſaid) his way he took,
'Till thro' his ſide the Seas conſpiring broke;
And ſtill we ſee on fair *Sicilia*'s ſands
Where, part of *Appenine*, *Pelorus* ſtands.
But *Cæſar* for deſtruction eager burns,
Free paſſages and bloodleſs ways he ſcorns;
In fierce conflicting fields his Arms delight,
He joys to be oppos'd, to prove his might,
Reſiſtleſs thro' the widening breach to go,
To burſt the gate, to lay the bulwark low,
To burn the Villages, to waſte the plains,
And maſſacre the poor laborious Swains.
Abhorring law, he chuſes to offend,
And bluſhes to be thought his Country's Friend.
The *Latian* Cities now, with buſie care,
As various they inclin'd, for Arms prepare.
Tho' doom'd before the War's firſt rage to yield,
Trenches they dig, and ruin'd walls rebuild;

Huge ſtones and darts their lofty Tow'rs ſupply,
And guarded bulwarks menace from on high.
To *Pompey*'s part the proner people lean,
Tho' *Cæſar*'s ſtronger terrors ſtand between.
So when the blaſts of ſounding *Auſter* blow,
The waves obedient to his empire flow?
And tho' the ſtormy God fierce *Eurus* frees,
And ſends him ruſhing croſs the ſwelling ſeas:
Spight of his force, the billows yet retain
Their former courſe, and that way roll the main;
The lighter clouds with *Eurus* driving ſweep,
While *Auſter* ſtill commands the wat'ry deep.
Still Fear too ſure o'er vulgar minds prevails,
And faith before ſucceſsful fortune fails.
Etruria vainly truſts in *Libo*'s aid,
And *Umbria* by *Thermus* is betray'd;
Sylla, unmindful of his Father's fame,
Fled at the dreadful ſound of *Cæſar*'s name.
Soon as the Horſe near *Auximon* appear,
Retreating *Varus* owns his abject fear,
And with a Coward's haſte neglects his rear;
On flight alone intent, without delay,
Thro' rocks & devious woods he wings his way.

Th'

V. 702. Libo's *aid.*] At the fame of *Cæſar*'s approach the Governours thro' *Italy* all fled, not daring to withſtand him, or maintain any Forts againſt him: many of thoſe are here named. *Scribonius Libo* leaves his Charge in *Hetruria*, and *Thermus* forſakes *Umbria*; *Fauſtus Sylla*, the Son of the Dictator *Sylla*, wanting his Father's ſpirit and fortune in Civil-war, fled at the very name of *Cæſar*.

V. 706. *Near* Auximon.] Now *Oſimo* in the *Marca d'Ancona*. *Atius Varus*, when he perceived the Citizens of *Auximon* favour'd *Cæſar*, withdrew his garriſon and fled.

Th' *Eſculean* Fortreſs *Lentulus* forſakes,
A ſwift purſuit the ſpeedy Victor makes;
All arts of threats and promiſes apply'd,
He wins the faithleſs Cohorts to his ſide.
The Leader with his Enſigns fled alone;
To *Cæſar* fell the Soldier, and the Town.
Thou *Scipio* too do'ſt for retreat prepare,
Thou leav'ſt *Luceria* truſted to thy care;
Tho' Troops well try'd attend on thy command,
(The *Roman* Pow'r can boaſt no braver Band)
By wily arts of old from *Cæſar* rent,
Againſt the hardy *Parthians* were they ſent;
But their firſt Chief the Legion now obeys
And *Pompey* thus the *Gallic* loſs repays;
Aid to his Foe too freely he affords,
And lends his hoſtile Father *Roman* ſwords.
But in *Corfinium* bold *Domitius* lies,
And from his walls th' advancing Pow'r defies;

Secure

V. 711. *Th'*Eſculean *Fortreſs.*] *Lentulus Spinther*, with ten Cohorts, kept the Town of *Aſculum*, now *Aſcoli*, in the *Marca d'Ancona*: hearing of *Cæſar*'s advancing, he fled away, thinking to have drawn his Troops along with him, but he was deſerted by moſt of his Soldiers.

V. 717. *Thou* Scipio.] *L. Scipio*, Father-in-law to *Pompey*, fled from *Luceria*, tho' he had two ſtrong Legions.

Marcellus, to weaken *Cæſar*, counſell'd the Senate to make a Decree that *Cæſar* ſhould deliver one Legion, and *Pompey* another to *Bibulus*, whom they pretended to ſend to the *Parthian* War. *Cæſar*, according to the Senate's Decree, deliver'd to him one Legion for himſelf, and another, which he had borrow'd of *Pompey* for a preſent ſupply, after the great loſs he had receiv'd under his Prætors, *Teturius* and *Cotta*. Theſe Legions were now both in *Scipio*'s Camp.

V. 727. *But in* Corfinium.] A City now call'd *Popolo* in the *Abruzzo*. In this place lay *L. Domitius* with twenty Cohorts. He had with him thoſe Soldiers of *Pompey* who had inclos'd

the

Secure of heart, for all events prepar'd,
He heads the Troops once bloody *Milo*'s guard.
Soon as he ſees the cloudy duſt ariſe,
And glitt'ring Arms reflect the ſunny skies:
Away, companions of my Arms! he cry'd,
And haſte to guard the river's ſedgy ſide:
Break down the bridge. And thou that dwell'ſt be-
Thou wat'ry God, let all thy fountains go, [low,
And ruſhing bid thy foamy torrent flow;
Swell to the utmoſt brink thy rapid ſtream,
Bear pown the planks, and ev'ry floating beam;
Upon thy banks the ling'ring War delay,
Here let the headlong Chief be taught to ſtay;
'Tis victory to ſtop the Victor's way.
He ceas'd; and ſhooting ſwiftly croſs the plain,
Drew down the Soldier to the flood in vain.
For *Cæſar* early from the neighb'ring field,
The purpoſe to obſtruct his march beheld;
Kindling to wrath, Oh baſeſt Fear! (he cries)
To whom nor Tow'rs, nor ſhelt'ring Walls ſuffice;
Are theſe your coward ſtratagems of war?
Hope you with brooks my conqu'ring Arms to bar?
Tho' *Nile* and *Iſter* ſhould my way controul,
Tho' ſwelling *Ganges* ſhould to guard you roll,
What ſtreams, what floods ſoe'er athwart me fall,
Who paſt the *Rubicon* ſhall paſs 'em all.

Haſte

the *Forum*, when *Milo* was arraign'd for the death of *Clodius*. He ſent a Detachment to break down a Bridge three miles from the Town; but they were beaten back by *Cæſar's* advanc'd Guard.

Haſte to the paſſage then, my Friends. He ſaid;
Swift as a ſtorm the nimble Horſe obey'd;
Acroſs the ſtream their deadly darts they throw,
And from their ſtation drive the yielding Foe:
The Victors at their eaſe the ford explore,
And paſs the undefended river o'er.
The Vanquiſh'd to *Corfinium*'s ſtrength retreat,
Where warlike Engines round the ramparts threat.
Cloſe to the Wall the creeping *Vinea* lies,
And mighty Tow'rs in dread approaches riſe.
But ſee the ſtain of War! the Soldier's ſhame!
And vile diſhonour of the *Latian* name!
The faithleſs Garriſon betray the Town,
And captive drag their valiant Leader down.
The noble *Roman*, fearleſs, tho' in bands,
Before his haughty fellow-Subject ſtands;
With looks erect, and with a daring brow,
Death he provokes, and courts the fatal blow:
But *Cæſar*'s arts his inmoſt thoughts deſcry,
His fear of pardon, and deſire to die.
From me thy forfeit life (he ſaid) receive,
And tho' repining, by my bounty live;
That all' by thy example taught, may know,
How *Cæſar*'s mercy treats a vanquiſh'd Foe:

Still

V. 764. *The creeping* Vinea.] The *Vinea* was an engine made uſe of by the *Romans* in Sieges. It was compos'd of wicker-hurdles laid for a roof on the top of poſts, which the Soldiers, who went under it for ſhelter, bore up with their hands Some will have them to have been contriv'd with a double roof, the uppermoſt of hurdles, and the next of planks. In the third Book, at the Siege of *Maſſilia*, *Lucan* mentions the Miners making their approaches to the walls under covert of theſe Engines.

Still arm againſt me, keep thy hatred ſtill,
And if thou conquer'ſt, uſe thy conqueſt, kill.
Returns of love, or favour, ſeek I none;
Nor give thy life to bargain for my own.
So ſaying, on the inſtant he commands
To looſe the galling fetters from his hands.
Oh Fortune! better were it he had dy'd,
And ſpar'd the *Roman* ſhame, and *Cæſar*'s pride.
What greater grief can on a *Roman* ſeize,
Than to be forc'd to live on terms like theſe!
To be forgiven, fighting for the Laws,
And need a pardon in his Country's cauſe!
Struggling with rage, undaunted he repreſt
The ſwelling paſſions in his lab'ring breaſt;
Thus murm'ring to himſelf: Wo't thou to *Rome*,
Baſe as thou art, and ſeek thy lazy home?
To War, to battel, to deſtruction fly,
And haſte, as it becomes thee well, to die;
Provoke the worſt effects of deadly ſtrife,
And rid thee of this *Cæſar*'s gift, this life.
Meanwhile, unknowing of the captiv'd Chief,
Pompey prepares to march to his relief,
He means the ſcatt'ring forces to unite,
And with increaſe of ſtrength expect the fight.
Reſolving with the foll'wing Sun to move,
Firſt he decrees the Soldier's heart to prove:
Then into words like theſe, rever'd he broke,
The ſilent Legions liſt'ning while he ſpoke.
Ye brave avengers of your Country's wrong,
You who to *Rome* and Liberty belong;
Whoſe breaſts our Fathers virtue truly warms,
Whoſe hands the Senate's ſacred order arms;

With chearful ardor meet the coming fight,
And pray the Gods to ſmile upon the Right.
Behold the mournful view *Heſperia* yields,
Her flaming Villages and waſted fields!
See where the *Gauls* a dreadful deluge flow,
And ſcorn the boundaries of *Alpine* ſnow.
Already *Cæſar*'s ſword is ſtain'd in blood,
Be that, ye Gods, to us an omen good;
That glory ſtill be his peculiar care,
Let him begin, while we ſuſtain the war.
Yet call it not a War to which we go;
We ſeek a Malefactor, not a Foe:
Rome's awful injur'd Majeſty demands
The puniſhment of Traytors at our hands.
If this be war, then war was wag'd of old,
By curſt *Cethegus*, *Catiline* the bold,
By ev'ry Villain's hand who durſt conſpire
In murder, robbery, or midnight-fire.
Oh wretched rage! Thee, *Cæſar*, Fate deſign'd,
To rank amongſt the Patrons of Mankind;
With brave *Camillus* to enrol thy fame,
And mix thee with the great *Metelli*'s name:
While to the *Cinnas* thy fierce Soul inclines,
And with the ſlaughter-loving *Marii* joins.
Since then thy crimes, like theirs, for juſtice call,
Beneath our axe's vengeance ſhalt thou fall:
Thee Rebel *Carbo*'s ſentence, thee the fate
Of *Lepidus* and bold *Sertorius* wait.

Be-

V. 833. *To the* Cinnas.] *Cinna* join'd with and brought *Marius* back to *Rome*.

V. 837. *Rebel* Carbo.] *Cn. Papirius Carbo* was a Collegue and Con-

Believe me yet, (if yet I am believ'd)
My heart is at the task unpleasing griev'd:
I mourn to think that *Pompey*'s hand was chose,
His *Julia*'s hostile Father to oppose;
And mark thee down amongst the *Roman* Foes.
Oh that, return'd in safety from the east,
This province Victor *Crassus* had possest;
New honours to his name thou might'st afford,
And die like *Spartacus* beneath his sword;
Like him have fall'n a victim to the laws;
The same th' avenger and the same the cause.
But since the Gods do otherwise decree,
And give thee, as my latest palm, to me;
Again my veins confess the fervent juice,
Nor has my hand forgot the javelin's use.
And thou shalt learn, that those who humbly know
To peace and just authority to bow,
Can, when their Country's cause demands their care,
Resume their ardor, and return to war.
But let him think my former vigour fled;
Distrust not you your Gen'ral's hoary head;

Confederate of *C. Marius.* He was put to death in *Sicily* by *Pompey.*

Lepidus attempting to set aside what had been done by *Sylla*'s authority, was overthrown by his Collegue *Catulus* in the *Campus Martius*; fled into *Sardinia*, and died there.

See the Life of *Sertorius* in *Plutarch:* He can hardly be said to have been conquer'd by *Pompey.*

V. 847. *Like* Spartacus.] He was a *Thracian* Slave, a Gladiator, who fled with seventy of his Companions from the games given by *Lentulus* at *Capua.* He gather'd other Slaves to his party, and arming them, made up an Army of 70000. Men. With these he overcame several Prætors and Consuls, and was at last vanquish'd by *M. Crassus.*

The marks of age and long declining years,
Which I your Leader, his whole Army wears:
Age ſtill is fit to counſel, or command,
But falters in an unperforming hand.
Whate'er ſuperior pow'r a People free
Could to their fellow-Citizen decree,
All lawful glories, have my fortunes known,
And reach'd all heights of greatneſs, but a Crown.
Who to be more, than *Pompey* was, deſires,
To kingly rule and Tyranny aſpires.
Amidſt my ranks, a venerable Band,
The Conſcript Fathers and the Conſuls ſtand.
And ſhall the Senate, and the vanquiſh'd State
Upon Victorious *Cæſar*'s triumph wait?
Forbid it Gods in honour of Mankind!
Fortune is not ſo ſhameleſs, nor ſo blind.
What fame atchiev'd, what unexampled praiſe,
To theſe high hopes the daring Hero raiſe;
Is it his age of War, for trophies calls?
His two whole years ſpent on the rebel *Gauls?*
Is it the hoſtile *Rhine* forſook with haſte?
Is it the ſhoaly channel which he paſt,
That Ocean huge he talks of? Does he boaſt
His flight on *Britain*'s new diſcover'd coaſt?
Perhaps abandon'd *Rome* new pride ſupplies,
He views the naked Town with joyful eyes,
While from his rage an armed People flies.
But know, vain Man, no *Roman* fled from thee;
They left their walls, 'tis true; but 'twas to follow me.
Me, who e're twice the Moon her orb renew'd,
The Pyrates formidable Fleet ſubdu'd:

Soon as the Sea my ſhining Enſigns bore,
Vanquiſh'd they fled, and ſought the ſafer ſhore;
Humbly content their forfeit lives to ſave,
And take the narow lot my bounty gave.
By me the mighty *Mithridates* chac'd,
Tro' all the windings of his *Pontus* paſs'd.
He who the fate of *Rome* delay'd ſo long,
While in ſuſpence uncertain empire hung;
He who to *Sylla*'s fortune ſcorn'd to yield,
To my prevailing Arms reſign'd the field:
Driv'n out at length, and preſs'd where-e'er he fled,
He ſought a grave to hide his vanquiſh'd head.
O'er the wide World my various Trophies riſe,
Beneath the vaſt extent of diſtant skies;
Me the cold Bear, me northern climates know,
And *Phaſis*' waters thro' my conqueſts flow;
My deeds in *Ægypt* and *Syene* live,
Where high meridian Suns no ſhadow give.
Heſperian Bætis my commands obeys,
Who rolls remote to ſeek the weſtern ſeas.
By me the Captive *Arabs* hands were bound,
And *Colchians* for their raviſh'd Fleece renown'd;
O'er *Aſia* wide my conqu'ring Enſigns ſpread,
Armenia me, and lofty *Taurus* dread;
To me ſubmit *Cilicia*'s warlike Pow'rs,
And proud *Sophene* veils her wealthy Tow'rs:

V. 908. *Meridian Suns no ſhadow.*] That is, when the Sun is in *Cancer*, under which Sign *Syene* lies.

V. 909. *Heſperian Bætis.*] *Spain* was more properly call'd *Heſperia* than *Italy*, as being the weſtermoſt province of *Europe:* But the name was at times given to both. *Bætis* was a River in *Spain*; it runs by *Corduba* and *Seuil.*

V. 916. *Sophene.*] A City in *Armenia.*

The *Jews* I tam'd, who with Religion bow
To ſome myſterious name, which none beſide'em
Is there a Land, to ſum up all at laſt, [know.
Thro' which my Arms with conqueſt have not paſt?
The World, by me, the World is overcome,
And *Cæſar* finds no Enemy but *Rome*.

He ſaid. The Croud in dull ſuſpenſion hung,
Nor with applauding acclamations rung;
No chearful ardor waves the lifted hand,
Nor military Cries the fight demand.
The Chief perceiv'd the Soldiers fire to fail,
And *Cæſar*'s Fame fore-running to prevail;
His Eagles he withdraws with timely care,
Nor truſts *Rome*'s fate to ſuch uncertain war.
As when with fury ſtung and jealous rage,
Two mighty Bulls for Sov'raignty engage;
The vanquiſh'd far to baniſhment removes,
To lonely fields and unfrequented groves;
There, for a while, with conſcious ſhame he burns,
And tries on ev'ry tree his angry horns:
But when his former vigour ſtands confeſt,
And larger muſcles ſhake his ample breaſt,
With better chance he ſeeks the fight again,
And drives his Rival bell'wing o'er the plain:
Then uncontroul'd the ſubject Herd he leads,
And reigns the Maſter of the fruitful meads.
Unequal thus to *Cæſar*, *Pompey* yields
The fair dominion of *Heſperia*'s fields:

Swift thro' *Apulia* march his flying pow'rs,
And ſeek the ſafety of *Brunduſium*'s Tow'rs.
This city a *Dictaan* people hold,
Here plac'd by tall *Athenian* barks of old;
When with falſe omens from the *Cretan* ſhore,
Their ſable ſails victorious *Theſeus* bore.
Here *Italy* a narrow length extends,
And in a ſcanty ſlip projected ends.
A crooked mole around the waves ſhe winds,
And in her folds the *Adriatick* binds.
Nor yet the bending ſhores cou'd form a bay,
Did not a barrier Iſle the winds delay,
And break the ſeas tempeſtuous in their way.
Huge mounds of rocks are plac'd by Nature's hand,
To guard around the hoſpitable ſtrand;
To turn the ſtorm, repulſe the ruſhing tide,
And bid the anch'ring bark ſecurely ride.
Hence *Nereus* wide the liquid main diſplays,
And ſpreads to various ports his wat'ry ways;
Whether the Pilot for *Corcyra* ſtand,
Or for *Illyrian Epidamnus*' ſtrand.
Hither when all the *Adriatick* roars,
And thund'ring billows vex the double ſhores;

V. 947. *Dictaan.*] *Cretan*, from *Dicte*, a City in that Iſland. *Lucan* tells us here upon what occaſion this Colony was planted. *Brunduſium* is now call'd *Brindiſi*.

V. 949. *With falſe omens.*] The ſails of *Theſeus* ought to have been white, according to his ſucceſs: Being black, his Father, fearing his Son was dead, threw himſelf into the ſea. But this is a very known ſtory.

V. 964. *Corcyra.*] Now *Corfu*.

V. 965. *Epidamnus*,] Afterwards call'd *Dyrrhachium*, and now *Durazzo*, on the coaſt of *Albania* in the gulf of *Venice*.

When sable clouds around the welkin spread,
And frowning storms involve *Ceraunia*'s head;
When white with froth *Calabrian Sason* lies,
Hither the tempest-beaten vessel flies.
Now *Pompey*, on *Hesperia*'s utmost coast,
Sadly survey'd how all behind was lost;
Nor to *Iberia* cou'd he force his way;
Long interposing *Alps* his passage stay.
At length amongst the pledges of his bed,
He chose his eldest-born; and thus he said.
Haste thee, my Son! to ev'ry distant land,
And bid the Nations rouse at my command;
Where fam'd *Euphrates* flows, or where the *Nile*
With muddy waves improves the fat'ning soil;
Where-e'er diffus'd by Victory and Fame,
Thy Father's Arms have born the *Roman* name.
Bid the *Cilician* quit the shore again,
And stretch his swelling canvass on the Main;
Bid *Ptolomy* with my *Tigranes* come,
And bold *Pharnaces* lend his aid to *Rome*.
Thro' each *Armenia* spread the loud alarm,
And bid the cold *Riphean* mountains arm.
Pontus and *Scythia*'s wand'ring Tribes explore,
The *Euxine*, and *Mœotis*' icy shore;

Where

V. 970. *Sason.*] The ancient Geographers differ about the Situation of this Isle. Some (amongst whom is *Lucan*) place it among the *Italian*, others among the *Grecian* Isles. Of the latter opinion is *Cellarius*. *Ceraunia* were Mountains in *Epirus*.

V. 986. *Bid* Ptolomy.] These Princes, *Ptolomy*, *Tigranes*, and *Pharnaces* the Son of *Mithridates*, were beholden to *Pompey* for their Kingdoms of *Ægypt*, *Armenia*, and *Bosphorus*.

V. 991. *The* Euxine *and* Mœotis.] The *Euxin* is now call'd the

Where heavy-loaden wains ſlow journeys take,
And print with groaning wheels the frozen Lake.
But wherefore ſhould my words delay thy haſte?
Scatter my wars around thro' all the eaſt.
Summon the vanquiſh'd World to ſhare my fate,
And let my Triumphs on my Enſigns wait.
But you whoſe names the *Roman* Annals bear,
You who diſtinguiſh the revolving year;
Ye Conſuls! to *Epirus* ſtrait repair,
With the firſt northern winds that wing the air;
From thence the Pow'rs of *Greece* united raiſe,
While yet the wint'ry year the war delays.
So ſpoke the Chief; his bidding all obey;
Their ſhips forſake the port without delay,
And ſpeed their paſſage o'er the yielding way.
But *Cæſar*, never patient long in peace,
Nor truſting in his Fortune's preſent face;
Cloſely purſues his flying Son behind,
While yet his Fate continu'd to be kind.
Such Towns, ſuch Fortreſſes, ſuch hoſtile force,
Swept in the torrent of one rapid courſe;
Such trains of long ſucceſs attending ſtill,
And *Rome* her ſelf abandon'd to his will;

the *Black Sea*, it diſcharges itſelf by the *Helleſpont* into the *Propontis*, or Sea of *Marmora*; as the *Palus Mæotis* does into the *Euxine*.

V. 999. *You who diſtinguiſh.*] Among the *Romans* there were annual Records kept of what happen'd moſt remarkable to the Publick every year: Theſe Books were called *Faſti*; and as the Conſuls were choſen on the Calends (or firſt day) of *January*, their names were prefix'd to the account of the enſuing year.

Rome, the contending party's nobleſt prize;
To ev'ry wiſh but *Ceſar*'s might ſuffice.
But he with empire fir'd and vaſt deſires,
To all, and nothing leſs than all, aſpires:
He reckons not the paſt while ought remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gaind.
Tho' *Italy* obey his wide command,
Tho' *Pompey* linger on her fartheſt ſtrand,
He grieves to think they tread one common land;
His heart diſdains to brook a rival Pow'r,
Ev'n on that utmoſt margin of the ſhore;
Nor wou'd he leave, or Earth, or Ocean free;
The Foe he drives from land, he bars from ſea.
With Moles the op'ning flood he wou'd reſtrain,
Wou'd block the port, and intercept the main;
But deep devouring ſeas his toil deride,
The plunging quarries ſink beneath the tide,
And yielding ſands the rocky fragments hide.
Thus, if huge *Gaurus* headlong ſhou'd be thrown,
In fathomleſs *Avernus* deep to drown;
Or if from fair *Sicilia*'s diſtant ſtrand,
Eryx uprooted by ſome gyant hand,
If pon'drous with his rocks, the mountain vaſt,
Amidſt the wide *Ægean* ſhou'd be caſt;
The rolling waves o'er either maſs wou'd flow,
And each be loſt within the depths below.

When

V. 1033. *Gaurus*,] Now called *Monte Barbaro*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*. *Avernus* is a lake now call'd *Averno* in the ſame country.

When no firm baſis for his work he found,
But ſtill, it fail'd in Ocean's faithleſs ground,
Huge trees and barks in maſſy chains he bound.
For planks and beams he ravages the wood,
And the tough Boom extends acroſs the flood.
Such was the road by haughty *Xerxes* made,
When o'er the *Helleſpont* his bridge he laid.
Vaſt was the task, and daring the deſign,
Europe and *Aſia*'s diſtant ſhores to join,
And make the world's divided parts combine.
Proudly he paſs'd the flood tumultuous o'er,
Fearleſs of waves that beat, and winds that roar;
Then ſpread his ſails, and bid the land obey,
And thro' mid *Athos* find his Fleet a way.
Like him bold *Cæſar* yoak'd the ſwelling tide,
Like him the boiſt'rous elements defy'd;
This floating bank the ſtrait'ning entrance bound,
And riſing turrets trembled on the mound.
But anxious cares revolve in *Pompey*'s breaſt,
The new ſurrounding ſhores his thoughts moleſt;
Secret he meditates the means, to free
And ſpread the War wide-ranging o'er the ſea.
Oft driving on the work with well-fill'd ſails,
The cordage ſtretching with the freſh'ning gales,
Ships with a thund'ring ſhock the mole divide,
And thro' the wat'ry breach ſecurely glide.
Huge engines oft by night their vengeance pour,
And dreadful ſhoot from far a fiery ſhow'r;

Thro'

V. 1054. *Thro' Mid*-Athos.] *Xerxes* cut a channell between the mountain *Athos* and the continent of *Macedonia*, for his Fleet to paſs thro'.

Thro' the black ſhade the darting flame deſcends;
And kindling, o'er the wooden wall extends.
At length arriv'd with the revolving night,
The choſen hour appointed for his flight:
He bids his Friends prevent the Seaman's roar,
And ſtill the deaf'ning clamours on the ſhore;
No trumpets may the watch by hours renew,
Nor ſounding ſignals call aboard the crew.
The heav'nly Maid her courſe had almoſt run,
And *Libra* waited on the riſing Sun;
When huſh'd in ſilence deep they leave the Land:
No loud-mouth'd voices call with hoarſe command,
To heave the flooky anchors from the ſand.
Lowly the careful Maſter's order's paſt,
To brace the yards, and rear the lofty maſt;
Silent they ſpread the ſails, the cables haul,
Nor to their mates for aid tumultuous call.
The Chief himſelf to Fortune breath'd a pray'r,
At length to take him to her kinder care;
That ſwiftly he might paſs the liquid deep,
And loſe the land which ſhe forbad to keep.
Hardly the boon his niggard Fate allow'd,
Unwillingly the murm'ring Seas were plow'd;
The foamy furrows roar'd beneath his prow,
And ſounding to the ſhore alarm'd the Foe.

Strait

V. 1077. *The Heav'nly Maid.*] The time both of the day and the year is here deſcrib'd to be in the morning before Sun-riſe, about the beginning of *September*: tho' the Hiſtorians mention *Pompey*'s ſailing to have been in the dark before day.

Strait thro' the Town their ſwift purſuit they ſped,
(For wide her gates the faithleſs City ſpread)
Along the winding port they took their way,
But griev'd to find the Fleet had gain'd the ſea.
Cæſar with rage the leſs'ning ſails deſcries,
And thinks the conqueſt mean, tho' *Pompey* flies.
A narrow paſs the horned mole divides,
Narrow as that where *Eurypus'* ſtrong tides
Beat on *Eubœan Chalcis'* rocky ſides:
Here two tall Ships become the Victor's prey;
Juſt in the ſtrait they ſtuck; the Foes belay;
The crooked grappling's ſteely hold they caſt,
Then drag'em to the hoſtile ſhore with haſte.
Here civil ſlaughter firſt the Sea prophanes,
And purple *Nereus* bluſh'd in guilty ſtains.
The reſt purſue their courſe before the wind,
Theſe of the rear-moſt only left behind.
So when the *Pagaſæan Argo* bore
The *Grecian* Heroes, to the *Colchian* ſhore;
Earth her *Cyanean* iſlands floating ſent,
The bold Advent'rers paſſage to prevent;
But the fam'd Bark a fragment only loſt,
While ſwiftly o'er the dang'rous gulf ſhe croſt:

Thun-

V. 1101. *Euripus.*] The channel between the iſland of *Eubœa*, now *Negropont*, and *Greece*. It was very narrow near the City of *Chalcis*, (*Negropont*.

V. 1111. *The* Pagaſæan Argo] The enterpize of *Jaſon* and the *Argonauts* for the Golden-fleece is well known: They ſet out from *Pagaſus*, a port of *Theſſaly*. When they came near the *Cyaneæ inſulæ*, or *Symplegades*, , now call'd the *Pavonares*, two Iſlands at the entrance into the *Euxine* Sea, which were then believ'd to move, they were like to be cruſh'd between 'em; but as the Ship eſcap'd, and the malicious Iſlands were diſappointed, it is ſaid they grew ſullen, and never mov'd ſince.

Thund'ring the mountains met and ſhook the main;
But move no more, ſince that attempt was vain.
Now thro' night's ſhade the early dawning broke,
And changing skies the coming Sun beſpoke;
As yet the Morn was dreſt in dusky white,
Nor purpled o'er the eaſt with ruddy light;
At length the *Pleiads* fading beams gave way,
And dull *Boötes* languiſh'd into day;
Each larger Star withdrew his fainting head,
And *Lucifer* from ſtronger *Phœbus* fled;
When *Pompey*, from *Heſperia*'s hoſtile ſhore
Eſcaping, for the azure *Oſſin* bore.
O Hero, happy once, once ſtil'd the Great!
What turns prevail in thy uncertain fate!
How art thou chang'd ſince Sov'reign of the main,
Thy Navies cover'd o'er the liquid plain!
When the fierce Pyrates fled before thy prow,
Where-ever waves could waft, or winds could blow!
But Fortune is grown weary of thee now.
With thee, thy Sons, & tender Wife, prepare
The toils of war and baniſhment to bear;
And holy houſehold-Gods thy ſorrows ſhare.
And yet a mighty Exile ſhalt thou go,
While Nations follow to partake thy woe.
Far lies the land in which thou art decreed,
Unjuſtly, by a Villain's hand to bleed.
Nor think the Gods a death ſo diſtant doom;
To rob thy aſhes of an urn in *Rome*;
But Fortune fav'rably remov'd the crime
And forc'd the guilt on *Egypt*'s curſed clime;
The pitying Pow'rs to *Italy* were good,
And ſav'd her from the ſtain of *Pompey*'s blood.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

The third Book begins with the relation of Pompey's *dream in his voyage from* Italy. Cæsar *who had driven him from thence, after sending* Curio *to provide corn in* Sicily, *returns to* Rome: *There disdaining the single opposition of* L. Metellus, *then Tribune of the People, he breaks open the Temple of* Saturn, *and seises on the publick Treasure. Then follows an account of the several different Nations that took part with* Pompey. *From* Rome Cæsar *passes into* Gaul, *where the* Massilians, *who were inclinable to* Pompey, *send an Embassy to propose a neutrality: this* Cæsar *refuses and besieges the Town. But meeting with more difficulties than he expected; he leaves* C. Trebonius *his Lieutenant before* Massilia, *and marches himself into* Spain, *appointing at the same time* D. Brutus *Admiral of a Navy, which he had built and fitted out with great expedition. The* Massilians *likewise send out their Fleet, but are engag'd and beaten at sea by* Brutus.

THRO'

THRO' the mid ocean now the Navy fails,
Their yielding canvaſs ſtretch'd by ſouthern gales.
Each to the vaſt *Ionian* turns his eye,
Where ſeas and skies the proſpect wide ſupply:
But *Pompey* backward ever bent his look,
Nor to the laſt his native coaſt forſook.
His wat'ry eyes the leſs'ning objects mourn,
And parting ſhores that never ſhall return;
Still the lov'd land attentive they purſue,
'Till the tall hills are veil'd in cloudy blue,
'Till all is loſt in air, and vaniſh'd from his view.
At length the weary Chieftain ſunk to reſt,
And creeping ſlumbers ſooth'd his anxious breaſt:
When, lo! in that ſhort moment of repoſe,
His *Julia*'s ſhade a dreadful viſion roſe;
Thro' gaping earth her ghaſtly head ſhe rear'd,
And by the light of livid flames appear'd.
Thy impious Arms (ſhe cry'd) my peace infeſt,
And drive me from the manſions of the bleſt:
No more *Elyſium*'s happy fields I know,
Dragg'd to the guilty *Stygian* ſhades below:
I ſaw the Fury's horrid hands prepare
New rage, new flames to kindle up thy war.
The Sire no longer truſts his ſingle boat,
But Navies on the joyleſs river float.

Ca-

Ver. 23. *The Sire.*] *Charon.*

Capacious Hell complains for want of room,
And ſeeks new plagues for multitudes to come.
Her nimble hands each fatal Sifter plies,
The Sifters ſcarcely to the task ſuffice.
When thou wert mine, what laurels crown'd thy head!
Now thou haſt chang'd thy fortune with thy bed.
In an ill hour thy ſecond choice was made,
To ſlaughter thou, like *Craſſus*, art betray'd.
Death is the dow'r *Cornelia*'s love affords,
Ruin ſtill waits upon her potent Lords:
While yet my aſhes glow'd, ſhe took my place,
And came a Harlot to thy looſe embrace.
But let her, partner of thy warfare go,
Let her by land and ſea thy labours know;
In all thy broken ſleeps I will be near,
In all thy dreams ſad *Julia* ſhall appear.
Your loves ſhall find no moment for delight;
The day ſhall all be *Caſar*'s, mine the night.
Not the dull ſtream where long oblivions roll,
Shall blot thee out, my Husband, from my ſoul.
The Pow'rs beneath my conſtancy approve,
And bid me follow whereſoe'er you rove.
Amidſt the joining battels will I ſtand,
And ſtill remind thee of thy plighted hand.
Nor think, thoſe ſacred ties no more remain;
The ſword of war divides the knot in vain,
That very War ſhall make thee mine again.
The Phantom ſpoke, & gliding from the place,
Deluded her aſtoniſh'd Lord's embrace.

V. 28. *The Siſters.*] The Deſtinies.

But he, tho' Gods forewarn him of his fate;
And Furies with deſtruction threat'ning wait,
With new reſolves his conſtant boſom warms,
And ſure of ruin, ruſhes on to Arms.
What mean theſe terrors of the night? he cries!
Why dance theſe viſions vain before our eyes?
Or endleſs apathy ſucceeds to death,
And ſenſe is loſt with our expiring breath;
Or if the Soul ſome future life ſhall know,
To better worlds immortal ſhall ſhe go:
Whate'er event the doubtful queſtion clears,
Death muſt be ſtill unworthy of our fears.
Now headlong to the weſt the Sun was fled,
And half in ſeas obſcur'd his beamy head;
Such ſeems the Moon while growing yet ſhe ſhines:
Or waining from her fuller orb declines:
When hoſpitable ſhores appear at hand,
Where fair *Dyrrachium* ſpreads her friendly ſtrand.
The Seamen furl the canvaſs, ſtrike the maſt,
Then dip their nimble oars, and landward haſte.
Thus while they fled, and leſs'ning by degrees
The Navy ſeem'd to hide beneath the ſeas;
Ceſar, tho' left the Maſter of the field,
With eyes unpleas'd the Foes eſcape beheld:
With fierce impatience Victory he ſcorns,
And viewing *Pompey*'s flight, his ſafety mourns.
To vanquiſh ſeems unworthy of his care,
Unleſs the blow decides the ling'ring War.
No bounds his headlong vaſt ambition knows,
Nor joys in ought, tho' Fortune all beſtows.
At length his thoughts from Arms & vengeance ceaſe
And for awhile revolve the arts of peace;

Care-

Careful to purchaſe popular applauſe,
And gain the lazy vulgar to his cauſe;
He knew the conſtant practice of the Great,
That thoſe who court the vulgar bid 'em eat.
When pinch'd with want, all rev'rence they with-draw;
For hungry multitudes obey no law:
Thus therefore Factions make their parties good,
And buy authority and pow'r with food.
The murmurs of the many to prevent,
Curio to fruitful *Sicily* is ſent.
Of old the ſwelling ſea's impetuous tide
Tore the fair Iſland from *Heſperia*'s ſide:
Still foamy wars the jealous waves maintain,
For fear the neighb'ring lands ſhou'd join again.
Sardinia too renown'd for yellow fields,
With *Sicily* her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boaſt,
Nor waft more plenty to the *Roman* coaſt:
Not *Libya* more abounds in wealthy grain,
Nor with a fuller harveſt ſpreads the plain;
Tho' northern Winds their cloudy treaſures bear,
To temper well the ſoil and ſult'ry air,
And fatt'ning rains increaſe the proſp'rous year.
This done, to *Rome* his way the Leader took:
His Train the rougher ſhews of war forſook;
No force, no fears their hands unarmed bear,
But looks of peace and gentelenſs they wear.
Oh! had he now his Country's friend return'd,
Had none but barb'rous Foes his conqueſt mourn'd;
What ſwarming crouds had iſſu'd at the gate,
On the glad Triumph's length'ning train to wait!

How might his Wars in various glorys ſhine,
The Ocean vanquiſh'd, and in bonds the *Rhine*!
How wou'd his lofty Chariot roll along,
Thro' loud applauſes of the joyful throng!
How might he view from high his captive Thralls,
The beauteous *Britons*, and the noble *Gauls*!
But oh! what fatal honours has he won!
How is his fame by Victory undone!
No chearful Citizens the Victor meet,
But huſh'd with awful dread his paſſage greet.
He too the horrors of the croud approv'd,
Joy'd in their fears, and wiſh'd not to be lov'd.
Now ſteepy *Anxur* paſt, and the moiſt way,
Which o'er the faithleſs *Pomtine* marſhes lay;
Thro *Scythian Dian's Aricinian* grove,
Cæſar approach'd the Fane of *Alban Jove*.
Thither with yearly Rites the Conſuls come,
And thence the Chief ſurvey'd his native *Rome*:
Wond'ring a while he view'd her from afar,
Long from his eyes with-held by diſtant War.
Fled they from thee, thou ſeat of Gods! (he cry'd)
E're yet the fortune of the fight was try'd?

If

V. 129. *Anxur*,] Now called *Terracina*, a City ſixty miles weſt of *Rome*, in the way between that City and *Naples*.

V. 130. Pomptine *Marſhes*.] Theſe are in the Pope's Territories, along the coaſt of the *Tuſcan* Sea from *Nettuno* to the weſt of *Terracina*.

V. 131. *Thro'* Scythian Dian's Aricinian.] *Aricia* was a City of *Latium*, now a Town and Caſtle in the *Campagna di Roma* on the *Appian* Way. In a Grove near this place was worſhipp'd an Image of *Diana*, ſaid to be brought thither by *Oreſtes* from *Taurica*.

If thou art left, what prize can Earth afford,
Worth the contention of the Warrior's ſword?
Well for thy ſafety now the Gods provide,
Since *Parthian* inroads ſpare thy naked ſide:
Since yet no *Scythians* and *Pannonians* join,
Nor warlike *Daci* with the *Getes* combine;
No foreign Armies are againſt thee led,
While thou art curſt with ſuch a coward head.
A gentler fate the heav'nly Pow'rs beſtow,
A Civil-war, and *Cæſar* for thy Foe.
He ſaid; and ſtrait the frighted City ſought:
The City with confuſion wild was fraught,
And lab'ring ſhook with ev'ry dreadful thought.
They think he comes to ravage, ſack, and burn;
Religion, Gods, and Temples to o'erturn.
Their fears ſuggeſt him willing to purſue
Whatever ills unbounded pow'r can do.
Their hearts by one low paſſion only move,
Nor dare ſhew hate, nor can diſſemble love.
The lurking Fathers, a diſhearten'd Band,
Drawn from their houſes forth, by proud command,
In *Palatine Apollo*'s Temple meet,
And ſadly view the Conſuls empty ſeat;

V. 164. *In* Pallatine Apollo's *Temple*.] Several Hiſtorians tell us, that *Cæſar* coming to *Rome* after *Pompey* had left *Italy*, call'd the Senate together in the Temple of *Apollo* on the *Palatine* hill. In a ſpeech to 'em there, he excus'd the War he had undertaken, as a thing he was compell'd to for his own defence againſt the injuries and envy of a few; and at the ſame time deſir'd they wou'd ſend Meſſengers to *Pompey* and the Conſuls to propoſe a Treaty for accommodating the preſent differences. *Lucan* in this, as in many other places, puts *Cæſar*'s actions in an invidious light; and the Senate, according to him, make but a very mean figure upon this occaſion.

No Rods, no Chairs curule adorn the place,
Nor purple Magiſtrates th' Aſſembly grace.
Cæſar is all things in himſelf alone,
The ſilent Court is but a looker on;
With humble votes obedient they agree,
To what their mighty Subject ſhall decree:
Whether as King, or God he will be fear'd,
If Royal Thrones, or Altars ſhall be rear'd.
Ready for death, or baniſhment they ſtand,
And wait their doom from his diſpoſing hand.
But he, by ſecret ſhame's reproaches ſtaid,
Bluſh'd to command, what *Rome* wou'd have obey'd.
Yet Liberty thus ſlighted and betray'd,
One laſt effort with indignation made:
One Man ſhe choſe to try th' unequal fight,
And prove the pow'r of Juſtice againſt Might.
While with rude uproar armed hands eſſay
To make old *Saturn*'s treas'ring Fane their prey;
The bold *Metellus*, careleſs of his fate,
Ruſh'd thro', and ſtood to guard the holy-Gate.
So daring is the ſordid love of Gold!
So fearleſs death and dangers can behold!
Without a blow defenceleſs fell the Laws;
While wealth, the baſeſt, moſt inglorious cauſe,

Againſt

V. 183. *Old* Saturn's *treas'ring Fane.*] The Temple of *Saturn* was the place where the publick Treaſure was kept.

V. 184. *The bold* Metellus.] He was then the Tribune of People, an Office accounted ſo ſacred, that the cauſe of *M. Craſſus*'s great overthrow and death in *Parthia*, was look'd upon as the effect of his being curs'd by *Atreius* the Tribune as he left *Rome*.

Againſt oppreſſing Tyranny makes head,
Finds hands to fight, and eloquence to plead.
The buſtling Tribune, ſtruggling in the croud,
Thus warns the Victor of the wrong aloud.
Thro' me, thou Robber! force thy horrid way,
My ſacred blood ſhall ſtain thy impious prey.
But there are Gods, to urge thy guilty fate;
Sure vengeance on thy Sacrilege ſhall wait.
Remember, by the Tribunes curſe purſu'd,
Craſſus, too late, the violation ru'd.
Pierce then my breaſt, nor ſhall the crime diſpleaſe,
This croud is us'd to ſpectacles like theſe.
In a forſaken City are we left,
Of Virtue with her nobleſt Sons bereft.
Why ſeek'ſt thou ours? Is there not foreign Gold?
Towns to be ſack'd, and People to be ſold?
With thoſe reward the ruffian Soldier's toil;
Nor pay him with thy ruin'd Country's ſpoil.
Haſt thou not War? Let War thy wants provide.
He ſpoke. The Victor high in wrath, reply'd.
Sooth not thy Soul with hopes of death ſo vain,
No blood of thine my conqu'ring ſword ſhall ſtain.
Thy Titles and thy popular command,
Can never make thee worthy *Cæſar*'s hand.
Art thou thy Country's ſole defender! Thou!
Can Liberty and *Rome* be fall'n ſo low?
Nor Time, nor Chance breed ſuch confuſions yet,
Nor are the Mean ſo rais'd, nor ſunk the Great;
But Laws themſelves would rather chuſe to be
Suppreſs'd by *Cæſar*, than preſerv'd by thee.
He ſaid. The ſtubborn Tribune kept his place
While anger redden'd on the Warrior's face;

His wrathful hand deſcending graſp'd his blade,
And half forgot the peaceful part he play'd.
When *Cotta* to prevent the kindling fire,
Thus ſooth'd the raſh *Metellus* to retire.
Where Kings prevail all liberty is loſt,
And none but he who reigns can freedom boaſt;
Some ſhadow of the bliſs thou ſhalt retain,
Chuſing to do what Sov'rein Pow'rs ordain:
Vanquiſh'd and long accuſtom'd to ſubmit,
With patience underneath our loads we ſit;
Our chains alone our ſlaviſh fears excuſe,
While we bear ill, we know not to refuſe.
Far hence the fatal Treaſures let him bear,
The ſeeds of miſchief, and the cauſe of war.
Free States might well a loſs like this deplore;
In Servitude none miſs the publick ſtore,
And 'tis the curſe of Kings for Subjects to be poor.
The Tribune with unwilling ſteps withdrew,
While impious hands the rude aſſault renew:
The brazen Gates with thund'ring ſtrokes reſound,
And the *Tarpeian* mountain rings around.
At length the ſacred Store-houſe open laid
The hoarded wealth of ages paſt diſplay'd;
There might be ſeen the ſums proud *Carthage* ſent,
Her long impending ruin to prevent.

There

V. 245. Carthage *ſent.*] At the end of the firſt *Punick* War the *Carthaginians* were obliged to pay 1200. Talents, at the ſecond 10000. Every Talent was worth 187. *l.* 10. *s.* of our money.

There heap'd the *Macedonian* Treaſures ſhone,
What great *Flaminius* and *Æmilius* won
From vanquiſh'd *Philip*, and his hapleſs Son.
There lay, what flying *Pyrrhus* loſt, the Gold
Scorn'd by the Patriots honeſty of old:
Whate'er our parſimonious Sires cou'd ſave;
What tributary gifts rich *Syria* gave;
The hundred *Cretan* Cities ample ſpoil;
What *Cato* gather'd from the *Cyprian* Iſle;
Riches of captive Kings by *Pompey* born,
In happier days his Triumph to adorn,
From utmoſt *India* and the riſing morn;
Wealth infinite, in one rapacious day,
Became the needy Soldiers lawleſs prey:
And wretched *Rome*, by robbery laid low,
Was poorer than the bankrupt *Cæſar* now.
Meanwhile the World by *Pompey*'s fate alarm'd,
Nations ordain'd to ſhare his fall had arm'd.
Greece firſt with Troops the neighb'ring War ſup-[ply'd,
And ſent the Youth of *Phocis* to his ſide;

V. 248. *What great* Flaminius.] *Philip* King of *Macedonia* was vanquiſh'd by *T. Q. Flaminius*, and his Son *Perſes* by *Paulus Æmilius*. *Perſes* was led in Triumph. See *Plutarch* in the Life of *Paulus Æmilius*, where the magnificence of that Triumph, and the miſerable condition of *Perſes*, are deſcrib'd at large.

V. 251. *Scorn'd by the Patriot's honeſty.*] The money offer'd by *Pyrrhus* to *Fabricius*, and refus'd by him.

V. 253. *Rich* Syria,] Pay'd by *Antiochus*, beſide what was given by *Attalus* King of *Pergamus*.

V. 254. Cretan *Cities.*] *Crete*, now *Candia*, was vanquiſh'd and plunder'd by *Q. Metellus*. The elder *Cato* brought 7000 Talents from *Cyprus*.

V. 262. *Bankrupt* Cæſar] *Cæſar*, by the great ſums of money which he had laviſhly expended in promoting his intereſt, had run himſelf prodigiouſly in debt.

V. 264. *Phocis.*] A Country of *Achaia* in *Greece* between *Æto-*

From *Cyrrha* and *Amphiſa*'s tow'rs they mov'd,
And high *Parnaſſus* by the Muſe belov'd;
Cephiſſus' ſacred flood aſſiſtance lends,
And *Dirce*'s ſpring her *Theban* Leaders ſends.
Alphœus too affords his *Piſa*'s aid;
By *Piſa*'s walls the ſtream is firſt convey'd,
Then ſeeks thro' ſeas the lov'd *Sicilian* Maid.
From *Mænalus Arcadian* Shepherds ſwarm,
And Warriors in *Herculean Trachyn* arm;
The *Dryopes Chaonia*'s hills forſook,
And *Sellæ* left *Dodona*'s ſilent Oak.
Tho *Athens* now had drain'd her Naval ſtore,
And the *Phœbean* Arſenal was poor,

Three

Ætolia and *Bœotia*, in which were the Mountains *Parnaſſus* and *Helicon*, the Fountain *Hippocrene*, the City of *Delphos*, *Cyrrha* and *Amphiſia*, now *Salona*. 'Tis at this time part of a Province call'd *Livadia*.

V. 269. *Cephiſſus*,] Now *Ceſiſſo* a River of *Greece* that falls into the gulf of *Negropont* It riſes in the mountains of *Phocis*, and is called ſacred from the neighbourhood of its Springs to the *Delphick* Oracle.

V. 270. *Dirce*,] A Fountain near *Thebes*.

V. 271. *Alphæus*, A River of *Arcadia*, famous for his love to *Arethuſa* the Water-Nymph in *Sicily*, and paſſing thro' the Sea from *Greece* to *Sicily* without mixing his waters for her ſake. See *Ovid. Metam.*

V. 274. *Mænalus*,] A Hill in *Arcadia*.

V. 275. *Trachinia*,] A little Territory of *Phthiotis* in *Greece*, on the coaſt of the *Maliacan* Gulf, where the City *Heraclea* thence call'd alſo *Trachin*, ſtands.

V. 275. *Dryopes*,] Inhabitants of *Chaonia* (now *la Canina*) part of *Epirus*.

V. 277. *Sellæ*, People of the ſame Country. *Jupiter*'s Oraculous Oak or Grove at *Dodona* was then ſilent, and had been ſo for ſome time.

V. 279. Phœbean *Arſenal*.] The *Athenians* had, not improperly, dedicated their Arſenal to *Phœbus*, ſince his Oracle had firſt adviſ'd 'em to defend their City with wooden walls, (that is) with Ships.

The

Three ſhips of *Salamis* to *Pompey* came,
To vindicate their Iſle's conteſted name,
And juſtifie the ancient *Attick* claim.
Jove's *Cretan* people haſtening to the War,
The *Gnoſſian* quiver and the ſhaft prepare;
The bending bow they draw with deadly art,
And rival ev'n the flying *Parthian*'s dart.
Wild *Athamans* who in the woods delight,
With *Dardan Oriconians* unite;
With theſe th' *Encheliæ* who the name partake,
Since *Theban Cadmus* firſt became a Snake:
The *Colchians* planted on *Illyrian* ſhores,
Where ruſhing down *Abſyrtos* foamy roars;

With

The latter part of this paſſage is very obſcure, and the Commentators are a good deal puzzled about it. *Beroaldus* fancies it relates to an old diſpute between the *Megarenſes* and *Athenians* concerning the propriety of *Salamis*, in which the former were caſt, and the Iſland adjudged to the latter upon the evidence of a verſe in *Homer*. The other Interpretation is, that this paſſage alludes to another *Salamis* in *Cyprus*, according to that of *Horace*, *Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram*. As if it were to confirm the opinion of this *Athenian Salamis*, being the firſt and true one. In the tranſlation, I have endeavour'd to take in both theſe ſenſes.

V. 283. Jove's Cretan *People*.] *Crete* was famous for the birth, and even for the burial of *Jupiter*. *Gnoſſus* was one of the hundred Cities in that Iſland.

V. 287. *Athamans*,] People of the mountains in *Epirus*.

V. 288. *Dardan Oriconians*.] *Oricum*, or *Oricon*, a Town of *Epirus* call'd *Dardan*, from being formerly ſubject to *Helenus* and *Andromache*.

V. 289. *Encheliæ*,] People of *Illyria*, where *Cadmus* and *Hermione* were ſaid to be turn'd into ſnakes; the word ἔγχελυς ſignifies a kind of ſerpent in *Greek*.

V. 292. *Abſyrtos*,] Is ſaid to be a River and Iſland of the ſame name on the coaſt of *Illyria*, where *Abſyrtos* the Brother of *Medea* was cut to pieces. *Cellarius* mentions only the Iſlands *Abſyrtides*,

With thoſe where *Peneus* runs, and hardy Swains,
Whoſe ploughs divide *Iolcos'* fruitful plains,
From thence, e'er yet the Seaman's art was taught,
Rude *Argo* thro' the deep a paſſage ſought;
She firſt explor'd the diſtant foreign land,
And ſhew'd her ſtrangers to the wond'ring ſtrand;
Then Nations Nations knew, in Leagues were join'd
And univerſal commerce mix'd Mankind.
By her made bold, the daring Race defy'd
The winds tempeſtuous, and the ſwelling tide:
Much ſhe enlarg'd deſtruction's ample pow'r,
And open'd ways to death unknown before.
Then *Pholoe*'s heights, that fabled *Centaurs* boaſt,
And *Thracian Hæmus* then his Warriors loſt.
Then *Strymon* was forſook, whoſe wint'ry flood
Commits to warmer *Nile* his feather'd brood;
Then Bands form *Cone* and from *Peuce* came,
Where *Iſter* loſes his divided ſtream;

From

V. 293. *Peneus*,] Was a river, and *Iolcos* a ſea-port Town in *Theſſaly*, from whence the *Argonauts* ſet forth with *Jaſon*.

V. 303. *Pholoe*,] A mountain in *Arcadia*, inhabited by *Centaurs*.

V. 306. *Hæmus*,] Or *Æmus*, a mountain in *Thrace*.

V. 307. *Strymon*,] A river of *Thrace*, whoſe banks abounded with Cranes, now called *Iſchar*, in the *European Turkey*.

V. 309. *Cone* and *Peuce*.] The latter of theſe was an Iſland amongſt the mouths of the *Iſter* or *Danube*; the former was likewiſe thereabouts.

From *Idalis* where cold *Caïcus* flows,
And where *Arisbe*, thin, her ſandy ſurface ſtrows;
From *Pytane*, and ſad *Celenæ*'s walls,
Where now in ſtreams the vanquiſh'd *Marſyas* falls:
Still his lamenting progeny deplore
Minerva's tuneful gift, and *Phœbus*' pow'r;
While thro' ſteep banks his torrent ſwift he leads,
And with *Mæander* winds among the meads.
Proud *Lydia*'s plains ſend forth her wealthy Sons,
Pactolus there, and golden *Hermus* runs:
From Earth's dark womb hid treaſures they convey,
And rich in yellow waters riſe to day.
From *Ilium* too ill'omen'd Enſigns move,
Again ordain'd their former fate to prove;
Their Arms they rang'd on *Pompey*'s hapleſs ſide,
Nor ſought a Chief to *Dardan* Kings ally'd:
Tho' Tales of *Troy* proud *Cæſar*'s Lineage grace,
With great *Æneas* and the *Julian* Race.

The

V. 311. *From* Idalis.] The Commentators explain the *Tellus Idalis* in this place to be the territory about Mount *Ida*, which muſt be a great miſtake in geography; for *Caïcus* is a River in *Myſia major*, a great way diſtant from *Ida*. It ſeems rather to have been a Town; and *Pliny* actually mentions one of that name in this part of *Aſia*.

V. 312. *Arisbe*,] A Town in *Troas*.

V. 313.] *Pytanæ* was a Town not far from the mouth of the River *Caicus*. *Celenæ* was a City near the head of the River *Marſyas*, the fabulous ſtory of which is; That he found the Pipes *Pallas* had in diſdain thrown away, and pragmatically ſet up for as good a Muſician as *Apollo*; by whom he was firſt vanquiſhed, and then flea'd. But ſome compaſſionate Nymphs, who had ſo good a taſte as to like the performance of *Marſyas* better than that of *Apollo*, turn'd him ito a River which falls into the *Mæander*.

The *Syrians* ſwift *Orontes'* banks forſake,
And from *Idume*'s palms their journey take;
Damaſcus obvious to the driving wind,
With *Ninos'*, and with *Gaza*'s force is join'd.
Unſtable *Tyre* now knit to firmer ground,
With *Sidon* for her purple ſhells renown'd,
Safe in the *Cynoſure*, their glitt'ring guide,
With well-directed Navies ſtem the tide.
Phœnicians firſt, if ancient fame be true,
The ſacred myſtery of letters knew;
They firſt by ſound in various lines deſign'd,
Expreſt the meaning of the thinking mind;
The pow'r of words by figures rude convey'd,
And uſeful ſcience everlaſting made.
Then *Memphis*, e'er the reedy leaf was known,
Engrav'd her precepts and her arts in ſtone;

While

V. 330. *Idume*,] The ſame that is call'd in the holy Scriptures *Edom*.

V. 332. *Ninos*,] A City of *Aſſyria* built by *Ninus*, the Husband of *Semiramis*. Some take it to be ſame with *Ninive*.

V. 333. Tyre *and* Sidon,] Two celebrated maritime Towns on the coaſt of *Phœnicia*, famous for the making of Purple, and their other Commerce and Navigation. *Tyre* was formerly an Iſland, but was join'd to the continent by *Alexander* the Great. According to *Lucan* in this place, they uſed to make their obſervations, and direct their courſe at Sea by the *Cynoſura* or leſſer Bear.

V. 337. Phœnicians *firſt*.] *Cadmus* is ſaid to be the firſt who brought the uſe and knowledge of Letters from amongſt the *Phœnicians* into *Greece*. Himſelf perhaps was the Inventer of 'em: 'till then, the *Ægyptians*, among whom the earlieſt dawnings of Learning began, deliver'd their knowledge down to poſterity by Hieroglyphicks, or Figures carv'd upon ſtone pillars. Afterwards, when Letters were found out, they were the firſt who made Paper of a certain flag or reed growing in the marſhes of the *Nile*, call'd *Biblos* and *Papyrus*.

While animals in various order plac'd,
The learned Hieroglyphick Column grac'd.
Then left they lofty *Taurus'* ſpreading grove,
And *Tarſos*, built by *Perſeus*, born of *Jove*;
Then *Mallian*, and *Corycian* Tow'rs they leave,
Where mould'ring rocks diſcloſe a gaping cave:
The bold *Cilicians*, Pyrates now no more,
Unfurl a juſter ſail, and ply the oar;
To *Ega*'s port they gather all around,
The ſhores with ſhouting Mariners reſound.
Far in the eaſt War ſpreads the loud alarm,
Where Worſhippers of diſtant *Ganges* arm;
Right to the breaking day his waters run,
The only ſtream that braves the riſing Sun.
By this ſtrong flood and by the ocean bound,
Proud *Alexander*'s Arms a limit found;
Vain in his hopes the Youth had graſp'd at all,
And his vaſt thought took in the vanquiſh'd Ball;
But own'd when forc'd from *Ganges* to retreat,
The World too mighty, and the task too great.
Then on the banks of *Indus* Nations roſe,
Where unperceiv'd the mix'd *Hydaſpes* flows:

In

V. 347. *Taurus*,] A famous Mountain in *Aſia*, moſt properly the part which divides *Cilicia* and *Pamphylia* from *Armenia*.

V. 348. *Tarſos*, A City of *Cicilia*, famous among Chriſtians for the Birth of St. *Paul*.

V. 349. *Then* Mallian.] *Mallos*, *Ægæ* and *Coricium* were Sea-ports of *Cilicia*; at the latter of theſe was a remarkable Cave. *Lucan* obſerves very well here, that the *Cilicians* were engaged in a juſt cauſe now, and not upon the ſame foot as when they were famous for their Pyracies, and vanquiſh'd by *Pompey*.

V. 364. *Hydaſpes*,] A River that riſes in the northermoſt part

In numbers vaſt they coaſt the rapid flood,
Strange in their habit, manners, and their food.
With ſaffron dyes their dangling locks they ſtain,
With glitt'ring gems their flowing robes conſtrain,
And quaff rich juices from the luſcious cane.
On their own funerals and death they ſmile,
And living leap amidſt the burning Pile;
Heroick minds! that can ev'n Fate command,
And bid it wait upon a mortal hand;
Who full of life forſake it as a feaſt,
Take what they like, and give the Gods the reſt.
Deſcending then fierce *Cappadocian* Swains,
From rude *Amanus'* mountains ſought the plains.
Armenians from *Niphates'* roling ſtream,
And from their lofty woods *Coaſtrians* came.
Then wond'ring, *Arabs* from the ſult'ry Line
For ever northward ſaw the ſhade incline.

Then

part of *India*, toward the Mountain *Imaus*, and falls into the *Indus*.

V. 371. *And quaff rich juices.*] Theſe were Sugar-canes undoubtedly, tho' the *Saccharum*, or Sugar, of the Ancients was not like ours, but only the juice ſqueez'd out and mingled with their drink.

V. 372. *On their own Funerals.*] Theſe are ſtill the Manners of the *Brachmans* in *India*.

V. 379. *Amanus,*] A mountain in *Cilicia*.

V. 381. *Coaſtrians.*] Theſe People, *Grotius*, from *Pliny*, makes neighbours to the *Palus Mæotis*, perhaps the *Choraxi* mentioned thereabouts by *Cellarius*. Others call 'em *Coatræ*, and aſſign them to the mountains between *Aſſyria* and *Media*.

V. 383. *For ever northward.*] The People of *Arabia Fœlix*, who lye between the Tropicks, while they were at home were uſed to ſee the ſhadow fall ſometimes to the north, and ſometimes to the ſouth, as the Sun was on this or that ſide of 'em; but when they came without the Tropick of *Cancer*, they might very eaſily be ſurpris'd to ſee the Sun always ſouth, and the ſhadow of conſequence always falling to the north.

Then did the madneſs of the *Roman* rage
Carmanian and *Oloſtrian* Chiefs engage:
Beneath far diſtant ſouthern Heav'ns they lie,
Where half the ſetting *Bear* forſakes the sky,
And ſwift our ſlow *Boötes* ſeems to fly.
Theſe Furies to the ſun-burn'd *Æthiops* ſpread,
And reach the great *Euphrates'* riſing head.
One ſpring the *Tigris* and *Euphrates* know,
And join'd awhile the kindred rivers flow:
Scarce cou'd we judge between the doubtful claim,
If *Tigris*, or *Euphrates*, give the name:
But ſoon *Euphrates'* parting waves divide,
Cov'ring like fruitful *Nile* the country wide;
While *Tigris* ſinking from the ſight of day,
Thro' ſubterranean channels cuts his way;
Then from a ſecond fountain ſprings again;
Shoots ſwiftly on, and ruſhing ſeeks the main.
The *Parthian* Pow'r, to neither Chief a friend,
The doubtful iſſue in ſuſpence attend;
With neutral eaſe they view the ſtrife from far,
And only lend occaſion to the War.
Not ſo the *Scythians* where cold *Bactros* flows,
Or where *Hircania*'s wilder forreſt grows, [bows.
Their baneful ſhafts they dip, & ſtring their deadly

V. 385. Carmanian *and* Oloſtrian.] The firſt were between *Perſia* and *India*, the latter about the mouths of the River *Indus*.

V. 387. *The ſetting Bear.*] The elevation of the north Pole is ſo very ſmall in thoſe countries, that thoſe Conſtellations, which never ſet with us, appear very little above the Horizon there.

V. 404. *Lend occaſion to the War.*] The Death of *Craſſus*. See the firſt Book, Ver. 200.

Th' *Heniochi* of *Sparta*'s valiant breed,
Skilful to preſs and rein the fiery Steed;
Sarmatians with the fiercer *Moſchi* join'd,
And *Colchians* rich where *Phaſis'* waters wind,
To *Pompey*'s ſide their aid aſſembling bring,
With *Halys*, fatal to the *Lydian* King;
With *Tanais* falling from *Rhipæan* ſnows,
Who forms the world's diviſion as he goes:
With nobleſt names his riſing banks are crown'd,
This ſtands for *Europe*'s, that for *Aſia*'s bound;
While, as they wind, his waves with full command,
Diminiſh, or enlarge th' adjacent land.
Then arm'd the Nations on *Cimmerian* ſhores,
Where thro' the *Boſphorus Mœotis* roars,
And her full lake amidſt the *Euxine* pours.
This ſtrait, like that of *Hercules*, ſupplies
The midland Seas, and bids th' *Ægean* riſe.
Sithonians fierce, and *Arimaſpians* bold,
Who bind their plaited hair in ſhining Gold,

The

V. 408. *Heniochi*,] People near the *Euxine* Sea, planted there by *Amphytus* and *Telechius*, the Charioteers (ſo the word *Heniochi* ſignifies in *Greek*) of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*.

V. 410. Sarmatians *and* Moſchi,] *Tartars* and *Ruſſians*.

V. 411. *Colchis*,] famous for the Golden Fleece. The river *Phaſis* runs thro' that country into the *Euxine*.

V. 413. *With* Halys *fatal*.] *Halys* was a river that ſerv'd as a boundary between *Lydia* and *Media*. It was famous for the quibbling Oracle given to *Cræſus*, that *paſſing over* Halys *he ſhould ſubvert a mighty Empire*; which he took to be that of the *Medes*, and the Oracle meant his own.

V. 414. *Tanais*.] The *Don*, among the *Tartars*.

V. 425. *Sithonians*, with the other names here mention'd, were *Scythians* or *Tartars*.

The *Gelon* nimble, and *Areian* ſtrong,
March with the hardy *Maſſagete* along;
The *Maſſagete*, who at his ſalvage feaſt
Feeds on the generous Steed which once he preſt.
Not *Cyrus* when he ſpread his eaſtern Reign,
And hid with multitudes the *Lydian* plain;
Not haughty *Xerxes*, when, his pow'r to boaſt,
By ſhafts he counted all his mighty Hoſt;
Not he who drew the *Grecian* Chiefs a long,
Bent to revenge his injur'd Brother's wrong;
Or with ſuch Navies plow'd the foamy Main,
Or led ſo many Kings, amongſt their warlike Train.
Sure in one cauſe ſuch numbers never yet,
Various in countries, ſpeech & manners, met;
But Fortune gather'd, o'er the ſpacious Ball,
Theſe ſpoils, to grace her once-lov'd Fav'rite's fall.
Nor then the *Libyan Moor* with-held his aid,
Where ſacred *Ammon* lifts his horned head:
All *Africk*, from the weſtern Ocean's bound,
To eaſtern *Nile*, the cauſe of *Pompey* own'd.
Mankind aſſembled for *Pharſalia*'s day,
To make the World at once the Victor's prey.
Now, trembling *Rome* forſook, with ſwifteſt haſte,
Cæſar the cloudy *Alpine* hills had paſt.
But while the Nations, with ſubjection tame,
Yield to the terrors of his mighty Name;

V. 434. *By ſhafts he counted.*] *Herodotus* tells us, that *Xerxes* in a Review of that prodigious Army with which he invaded *Greece*, commanded every Soldier as he paſs'd by to ſhoot an Arrow, by counting which he might have an exact account of the whole number of his Forces.

V. 435. *Not he who drew the* Grecian *Chiefs.*] *Agamemnon.*

With faith uncommon to the changing *Greeks*;
What duty bids *Maſſilia* bravely ſeeks;
And true to oaths, their Liberty and Laws,
To ſtronger Fate prefer the juſter Cauſe.
But firſt to move his haughty Soul they try,
Intreaties and perſuaſion ſoft apply;
Their brows *Minerva*'s peaceful branches wear;
And thus in gentleſt terms they greet his ear.

When foreign Wars moleſt the *Roman* State,
With ready Arms our glad *Maſſilians* wait,
To ſhare your dangers, and partake your fate:
This our unſhaken Friendſhip vouches well,
And your recording Annals beſt can tell.
Ev'n now we yield our ſtill devoted hands,
On foreign Foes to wreak your dread commands:
Wou'd you to Worlds unknown your triumphs ſpread.
Behold! we follow whereſoe'er you lead.

But

V. 454. *Maſſilia*,] A City of *France*, now famous by the name of *Marſeilles*. It is ſaid to have been firſt built by the *Macedonians*, and afterwards decaying, to have been rebuilt by the Inhabitants of *Phocæa* in *Aſia Minor*, who were driven out of their Country by the power of *Cyrus*. They are very often miſtaken for, and ſuppos'd to be deſcended from the Inhabitants of *Phocis* in *Greece*, eſpecially by *Lucan*, who in this ſtory of the Siege frequently calls 'em *Greeks*. [They really were ſo, & *Phocæa* was a Colony of the *Athenians*. See *Strabo*.]

When *Cæſar* underſtood that *Domitius*, whom he had lately taken Priſoner, and releas'd at *Corfinium*, had put himſelf into this City, that favour'd *Pompey*, he ſent for fifteen of the principal Men out of the Town, and advis'd 'em not to draw a War upon themſelves, by their partiality and blind obedience to one Man. They had ſhut their Gates againſt him, and beſought him with the ſofteſt terms of civility to go on, and leave them in what they call'd a Neutrality; but *Cæſar* ſaw thro' their artifice, and laid a cloſe ſiege to the Town.

But if you rouſe at Diſcord's baleful call,
If *Romans* fatally on *Romans* fall;
All we can offer, is a pitying tear,
And conſtant refuge for the wretched here.
Sacred to us you are: Oh may no ſtain
Of *Latian* blood our innocence prophane!
Should Heav'n it ſelf be rent with civil rage,
Shou'd Giants once more with the Gods engage;
Officious piety wou'd hardly dare,
To proffer *Jove* aſſiſtance in the War.
Man unconcern'd and humble ſhou'd remain,
Nor ſeek to know whoſe Arms the conqueſt gain,
Jove's Thunder will convince 'em of his Reign.
Nor can your horrid diſcords want our ſwords,
The wicked World its multitudes affords;
Too many Nations at the call will come,
And gladly join to urge the fate of *Rome*.
Oh had the reſt like us their aid deny'd,
Your ſelves muſt then the guilty ſtrife decide;
Then, who, but ſhou'd with-hold his lifted hand,
When for his Foe he ſaw his Father ſtand?
Brothers their rage had mutually repreſt,
Nor driv'n their jav'lins on a Brother's breaſt.
Your War had ended ſoon; had you not choſe
Hands for the work, which Nature meant for Foes;
Who ſtrangers to your blood, in Arms delight,
And ruſh remorſeleſs to the cruel fight.
Briefly, the ſum of all that we requeſt
Is, to receive thee as our honour'd Gueſt;
Let thoſe thy dreadful Enſigns ſhine afar,
Let *Caſar* come, but come without the War.

Let this one place from impious rage be free;
That, if the Gods the peace of *Rome* decree,
If your relenting angers yield to treat,
Pompey and thou, in safety, here may meet.
Then, wherefore do'st thou quit thy purpos'd way?
Why thus *Iberia*'s nobler Wars delay?
Mean, and of little consequence we are,
A conquest much unworthy of thy care.
When *Phocis*' Tow'rs were laid in ashes low,
Hither we fled for refuge from the the Foe;
Here, for our plain integrity renown'd,
A little Town in narrow walls we bound:
No name in Arms nor victories we boast,
But live poor Exiles on a foreign coast.
If thou art bent on violence at last,
To burst our Gates, and lay our bulwarks waste,
Know we are equally resolv'd whate'er
The Victor's fury can inflict, to bear.
Shall death destroy, shall flames the Town o'erturn;
Why---let our people bleed, our Buildings burn.
Wo't thou forbid the living stream to flow?
We'll dig, and search the wat'ry stores below.
Hunger and thirst with patience will we meet;
And, what offended Nature nauseates, eat.
Like brave *Saguntum*, daring to be free,
Whate'er they suffer'd, we'll expect from thee.

Babes

V. 525. *Like brave* Saguntum,] Now call'd *Morviedro*, in the Kingdom of *Valencia* in *Spain*. It was famous for the Siege it sustain'd against *Hannibal*. The Inhabitants, after eight or nine months resistance, and suffering the last extremities, chose rather to burn themselves and every thing that was dear or precious to them, than surrender to him.

Babes, raviſh'd from the fainting Mother's breaſt,
Shall headlong in the burning pile be caſt.
Matrons ſhall bare their boſoms to their Lords,
And beg deſtruction from their pitying ſwords;
The Brother's hand the Brother's heart ſhall wound
And univerſal ſlaughter rage around.
If Civil-wars muſt waſte this hapleſs Town;
No hands ſhall bring that ruin but our own.
Thus ſaid the *Grecian* Meſſengers. When lo!
A gath'ring cloud involv'd the *Roman*'s brow;
Much grief, much wrath his troubled viſage ſpoke;
Then into theſe diſdainful words he broke.
Theſe hopes, this *Grecian* confidence is vain;
Whate'er we purpoſe, leiſure will be found
To lay *Maſſilia* level with the ground:
This bears, my valiant Friends, a ſound of joy;
Our uſeleſs Arms, at length ſhal find employ.
Winds loſe their force, that unreſiſted fly,
And flames unfed by fuel, ſink and die.
Our courage thus would ſoften in repoſe,
But Fortune and Rebellion yield us Foes.
Yet mark what love their friendly ſpeech expreſt;
Unarm'd and ſingle *Cæſar* is their Gueſt!
Thus, firſt they dare to ſtop me on my way,
Then ſeek with fawning treaſon to betray.
Anon, they pray that civil rage may ceaſe:
But War ſhall ſcourge 'em for thoſe hopes of Peace;
And make 'em know the preſent times afford,
At leaſt while *Cæſar* lives, no ſafety like the ſword.
He ſaid; and to the City bent his way:
The City, fearleſs all, before him lay,

With armed hands her battlements were crown'd,
And lusty Youth the bulwarks mann'd around.
  Near to the walls, a rising Mountain's head
Flat with a little level plain is spread:
Upon this height the wary Chief designs
His Camp to strengthen with surrounding Lines.
Lofty alike, and with a warlike mien,
Massilia's neighb'ring Citadel is seen;
An humble valley fills the space between.
Strait he decrees the middle vale to fill,
And run a mole athwart from hill to hill.
But first a length'ning work extends its way,
Where open to the land the City lay,
And from the Camp projecting joins the sea.
Low sinks the ditch, the turfy breast-works rise;
And cut the captive Town from all supplies.
While gazing from their Tow'rs, the *Greeks* bemoan
The meads, the fields, and fountains once their own.
  Well have they thus acquir'd the noblest name,
And consecrated these their Walls to Fame.
Fearless of *Cæsar*, and his Arms, they stood,
Nor drove before the headlong rushing flood:
And while he swept whole Nations in a day,
Massilia bade th' impatient Victor stay,
And clog'd his rapid conquest with delay.
Fortune a Master for the World prepar'd,
And these th' approaching Slavery retard.
Ye Times to come record the Warriors praise,
Who lengthen'd out expiring Freedom's days.
Now while with toil unweary'd rose the mound,
The sounding ax invades the groves around;

Light

Light earth and ſhrubs the middle bank ſupply'd,
But firmer beams muſt fortifie the ſide; [height,
Leaſt when the Tow'rs advance their pond'rous
The mould'ring maſs ſhould yield beneath the
Not far away, for Ages paſt had ſtood [weight.
An old unviolated ſacred Wood;
Whoſe gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made
A chilly chearleſs everlaſting ſhade.
There, nor the ruſtick Gods, nor Satyrs ſport,
Nor Fawns and Sylvans with the Nymphs reſort:
But barb'rous Prieſts ſome dreadful Pow'r adore,
And luſtrate ev'ry tree with human gore.
If myſteries in times of old receiv'd,
And pious ancientry be yet believ'd,
There nor the feather'd Songſter builds her neſt,
Nor lonely dens conceal the ſavage beaſt:
There no tempeſtuous winds preſume to fly,
Ev'n Light'nings glance aloof, & ſhoot obliquely by.
No wanton breezes toſs the dancing leaves,
But ſhiv'ring horror in the branches heaves.
Black ſprings with pitchy ſtreams divide the ground,
And bubling tumble with a ſullen ſound.
Old Images of forms mis-ſhapen ſtand,
Rude and unknowing of the Artiſt's hand;
With hoary filth begrim'd each ghaſtly head
Strikes the aſtoniſh'd gazer's ſoul with dread.

V. 596. *Unviolated ſacred Wood.*] I cannot but think *Taſſo* took the hint of his inchanted Wood, in the thirteenth Book of his *Gieruſalemme Liberata*, from this of *Lucan*.

No Gods, who long in common ſhapes appear'd,
Were e'er with ſuch religious awe rever'd:
But zealous crouds in ignorance adore,
And ſtill the leſs they know, they fear the more.
Oft (as Fame tells) the Earth in ſounds of woe
Is heard to groan from hollow depths below;
The baleful yew, tho' dead, has oft been ſeen
To riſe from earth, and ſpring with dusky green;
With ſparkling flames the trees unburning ſhine:
And round their boles prodigious Serpents twine.
The pious worſhippers approach not near,
But ſhun their Gods, and kneel with diſtant fear:
The Prieſt himſelf, when, or the day, or night,
Rowling have reach'd their full meridian height,
Refrains the gloomy paths with wary feet,
Dreading the *Dæmon* of the grove to meet;
Who, terrible to fight, at that fix'd hour,
Still treads the round about his dreary Bow'r.

This Wood near neighb'ring to th' encompaſs'd
Untouch'd by former Wars remain'd alone; [Town,
And ſince the country round it naked ſtands,
From hence the *Latian* Chief ſupplies demands.
But lo! the bolder hands, that ſhould have ſtruck;
With ſome unuſual horror trembling ſhook;
With ſilent dread and rev'rence they ſurvey'd,
The gloom majeſtick of the ſacred ſhade:
None dares with impious ſteel the bark to rend,
Leaſt on himſelf the deſtin'd ſtroke deſcend.
Cæſar perceiv'd the ſpreading fear to grow,
Then eager, caught an ax, and aim'd a blow:
Deep ſunk within a violated Oak
The wounding edge, and thus the Warrior ſpoke.

Now

Now, let no doubting hand the task decline;
Cut you the wood, and let the guilt be mine.
The trembling Bands unwillingly obey'd;
Two various ills were in the ballance laid,
And *Cæsar*'s wrath againſt the Gods was weigh'd.
Then *Jove*'s *Dodonian* tree was forc'd to bow;
The lofty Aſh and knotty Holm lay low;
The floating Alder by the current born,
The Cypreſs by the noble Mourner worn,
Veil their aerial ſummits, and diſplay
Their dark receſſes to the golden day;
Crouding they fall, each o'er the other lies,
And heap'd on high the leafy piles ariſe.
With grief, and Fear, the groaning *Gauls* beheld
Their holy Grove by impious Soldiers fell'd;
While the *Maſſilians*, from th' encompaſs'd wall,
Rejoic'd to ſee the Sylvan honours fall:
They hope ſuch pow'r can never proſper long,
Nor think the patient Gods will bear the wrong.
But ah! too oft ſucceſs to guilt is giv'n,
And Wretches only ſtand the mark of Heav'n.
With timber largely from the wood ſupply'd,
For wains the Legions ſearch the country wide;
Then from the crooked plow unyoak the Steer
And leave the Swain to mourn the fruitleſs year.
Meanwhile, impatient of the lingring war,
The Chieftain to *Iberia* bends afar,
And gives the Leaguer to *Trebonius*' care.

V. 653. Jove's Dodonian *tree.*] At *Dodona* in *Epirus* *Jupiter* was ſaid to give Oracles out of an oak.

V. 675. To Trebonius' *care.*] *Cæſar* had ſent *Caius Fabius* with three

With diligence the deſtin'd task he plies;
Huge works of earth with ſtrength'ning beams ariſe:
High tott'ring Tow'rs, by no fix'd baſis bound,
Roll nodding on along the ſtable mound.
The *Greeks* with wonder on the movement look,
And fancy Earth's foundations deep are ſhook;
Fierce winds they think the Beldame's entrails tear,
And anxious for their Walls and City fear:
The *Roman* from the lofty top looks down,
And rains a winged war upon the Town.
Nor with leſs active rage the *Grecians* burn,
But larger ruin on their Foes return;
Nor hands alone the miſſile deaths ſupply,
From nervous Croſs-bows whiſtling arrows fly;

The

three Legions into *Spain*, to diſlodge *Afranius*, a Lieutenant of *Pompey*'s in the *Pyrenean* ſtraits; and now himſelf leaving *C. Trebonius* to beſiege *Maſſilia* by land, and *Decius Brutus* to ſhut it up by ſea, goes with 900 Horſe into *Spain* to join *Fabius*.

V. 678. *High tott'ring Tow'rs.*] The *Turres Mobiles*, or moveable Turrets, made uſe of by the *Romans* in Sieges, were of two ſorts, the leſſer and the greater: The leſſer ſort were about 60 cubits high, and the ſquare ſides 17 cubits broad. They had five or ſix, and ſometimes ten Stories or diviſions, every diviſion being made open on all ſides. The greater Turret was 120 cubits high, and 23 cubits ſquare, containing ſometimes 15, ſometimes 20. diviſions. They were of very great uſe in making approaches to the walls, the diviſions being capable of carrying Soldiers with engines, ladders, caſting-bridges, and other neceſſaries. The wheels on which they went were contriv'd to be within the planks, to defend them from the Enemy; and the Men who were to drive'em forward, ſtood behind where they were moſt ſecure. The Soldiers in the inſide were protected by raw hides, which were thrown over the Turret in ſuch places as were moſt expos'd.

The ſteely corſlet and the bone they break,
Thro' multitudes their fatal journeys take;
Nor wait the ling'ring *Parcæ*'s ſlow delay,
But wound, and to new ſlaughter wing their way.
Now by ſome vaſt machine a pond'rous ſtone,
Pernicious, from the hoſtile wall is thrown;
At once, on many, ſwift the ſhock deſcends,
And the cruſh'd carcaſſes confounding blends.
So rolls ſome falling Rock by age long worn,
Looſe from its root by raging whirlwinds torn,
And thund'ring down the precipice is born,
O'er craſhing woods the maſs is ſeen to ride,
To grind its way, and plain the mountain's ſide.
Gall'd with the ſhot form far, the Legions join,
Their bucklers in the warlike ſhell combine:
Compact and cloſe the brazen roof they bear,
And in juſt order to the Town draw near:
Safe they advance, while with unweary'd pain
The wrathful Engines waſte their ſtores in vain;
High o'er their heads the deſtin'd deaths are toſt,
And far behind in vacant earth are loſt;
Nor ſudden cou'd they change their erring aim,
Slow and unwieldy moves the cumb'rous frame.
This ſeen, the *Greeks* their brawny arms employ;
And hurl a ſtony tempeſt from on high:

The

V. 694. *Now by ſome vaſt machine.*] The machine here mention'd is what the *Romans* call'd *Baliſta*. Throwing of ſtones was the proper uſe of it; as the *Catapulta* was for large darts and ſpears, and the *Scorpio* for leſſer darts or arrows. *Dr.* Kennet's *Roman Antiquities.*

V. 704. *The warlike Shell.*] The *Teſtudo* or Shell was a figure the *Roman* Infantry threw themſelves into, with their ſhields over their heads to protect 'em.

The clatt'ring ſhow'r the ſounding fence aſſails;
But vain, as when the ſtormy Winter hails,
Nor on the ſolid marble roof prevails:
'Till tir'd at length the Warriors fall their ſhields;
And, ſpent with toil, the broken *Phalanx* yields.
Now other ſtratagems the War ſupplies,
Beneath the *Vinea* cloſe th' Aſſailant lies;
The ſtrong machine, with planks aud turf beſpread,
Moves to the Walls its well-defended head;
Within the covert ſafe the Miners lurk,
And to the deep foundation urge their work.
Now juſtly pois'd the thund'ring Ram they ſling,
And drive him forceful with a launching ſpring;
Happ'ly to looſe ſome yielding part at length,
And ſhake the firm cemented bulwark's ſtrength.
But from the Town the *Grecian* Youth prepare
With hardy vigour to repel the War:
Crouding they gather on the Rampart's height,
And with tough ſtaves and ſpears maintain the fight;
Darts, fragments of the rock, & flames they throw,
And tear the planky ſhelter fix'd below;
Around by all the warring tempeſt beat,
The baffled *Romans* ſullenly retreat.
Now by ſucceſs the brave *Maſſilians* fir'd,
To fame of higher enterprize aſpir'd;

Nor

V. 719. *Phalanx.*] This properly ſignifies a ſquare body of Infantry uſed by the *Macedonians*, but is taken here at large for any body of Foot.

For the *Vinea*, ſee before, *Book* II.

The Ram is deſcrib'd in *Joſephus*, and is not unknown to moſt Readers. Of this likewiſe ſee Dr. *Kennet* in *B.* IV. *Cap.* 19.

Nor longer with their walls defence content,
In daring ſallies they the Foe prevent.
Nor arm'd with ſwords, nor pointed ſpears they go,
Nor aim the ſhaft, nor bend the deadly bow:
Fierce *Mulciber* ſupplies the bold deſign,
And for their weapons kindling torches ſhine.
Silent they iſſue thro' the gloomy night,
And with broad ſhields reſtrain the beamy light:
Sudden the blaze on ev'ry ſide began,
And o'er the *Latian* works reſiſtleſs ran;
Catching, and driving with the wind it grows,
Fierce thro' the ſhade the burning deluge glo ws;
Nor earth, nor greener planks its force delay
Swift o'er the hiſſing beams it rolls away:
Embrown'd with ſmoke the wavy flames aſcend,
Shiver'd with heat the crackling quarries rend;
'Till with a roar at laſt, the mighty Mound,
Tow'rs, Engines, all, come thund'ring to the ground:
Wide-ſpread the dicontinuous ruins lie,
And vaſt confuſion fills the gazer's eye.

Vanquiſh'd by land, the *Romans* ſeek the main,
And prove the fortune of the wat'ry plain;
Their Navy, rudely built, and rigg'd in haſte,
Down thro' the rapid *Rhone* deſcending paſt.
No golden Gods protect the ſhining prow,
Nor ſilken ſtreamers lightly dancing flow;
But rough in ſtable floorings lies the wood,
As in the native forreſt once it ſtood.
Rearing above the reſt her tow'ry head,
Brutus' tall ſhip the floating Squadron led.

To

To ſea ſon wafted by the haſty tide,
Right to the *Stœchades* their courſe they guide.
Reſolv'd to urge their fate, with equal cares,
Maſſilia for the naval war prepares;
All hands the City for the task requires,
And arms her ſtriplings young, and hoary Sires.
Veſſels of ev'ry ſort and ſize ſhe fits,
And ſpeedy to the briny deep commits.
The crazy hulk, that, worn with winds & tides,
Safe in the dock, and long neglected, rides,
She planks anew, and calks her leaky ſides.
Now roſe the morning, and the golden Sun
With beams refracted on the ocean ſhone;
Clear was the sky, the waves from murmur ceaſe,
And evry ruder wind was huſh'd in peace:
Smooth lay the glaſſy ſurface of the main,
And offer'd to the war its ample plain:
When to the deſtin'd ſtations all repair;
Here *Cæſar*'s pow'rs, the youth of *Phocis* there.
Their brawny arms are bar'd, their oars they dip,
Swift o'er the water glides the nimble ſhip;
Feels the ſtrong blow the well compacted oak,
And trembling ſprings at each repeated ſtroke.
Crooked in front the *Latian* Navy ſtood,
And wound a bending creſcent o'er the flood.
With four full banks of oars advancing high,
On either wing the larger veſſels ply,
While in the center ſafe the leſſer Galiots lie.

Bru-

V. 771. *Stœchades.*] The Iſles of *Hieres*, not far from *Toulon*, on the coaſt of *Provence*.

Brutus the firſt, with eminent command,
In the tall Admiral is ſeen to ſtand;
Six rows of length'ning pines the billows ſweep
And heave the burthen o'er the groaning deep.
Now prow to prow advance each hoſtile Fleet,
And want but one concurring ſtroke to meet,
When peals of ſhouts and mingling clamours roar,
And drown the brazen trump, & plunging oar.
The bruſhing pine the frothy ſurface plies,
While on their banks the luſty Rowers riſe;
Each brings the ſtroke back on his ample cheſt,
Then firm upon his ſeat he lights repreſt.
With claſhing beaks the launching Veſſels meet,
And from the mutual ſhock alike retreat.
Thick clouds of flying ſhafts the welkin hide,
Then fall, and floating ſtrow the ocean wide.
At length the ſtretching wings their order leave,
And in the Line the mingling Foe receive.
Then might be ſeen, how, daſh'd from ſide to ſide,
Before the ſtemming Veſſels drove the tide;
Still as each Keel her foamy furrow plows,
Now back, now forth, the ſurge obedient flows.
Thus warring Winds alternate rule maintain,
And this, and that way, roll the yielding Main.
Maſſilia's Navy, nimble, clean, and light,
With beſt advantage ſeek or ſhun the fight:
With ready eaſe all anſwer to command,
Obey the Helm, and feel the Pilot's hand.
Not ſo the *Romans*; cumb'rous hulks they lay,
And ſlow and heavy hung upon the ſea;
Yet ſtrong, and for the cloſer combat good,
They yield firm footing on th' unſtable flood.

This *Brutus* ſaw, and to the Maſter cries,
(The Maſter in the lofty Poop he ſpies,
Where ſtreaming the *Pretorian* Enſign flies)
Still wo't thou bear away, ſtill ſhift thy place,
And turn the Battel to a wanton chace?
Is this a time to play ſo mean a part,
To tack, to veer, and boaſt thy trifling art?
Bring to. The War ſhall hand to hand be try'd;
Oppoſe thou to the Foe our ample ſide,
And let us meet like Men. The Chieftain ſaid;
The ready Maſter the command obey'd,
And ſidelong to the Foe the Ship was laid.
Upon his waſte fierce fall the thund'ring *Greeks*,
Faſt in his timbers ſtick their brazen beaks;
Some lie by chains and grapplings ſtrong compell'd,
While others by the tangling Oars are held:
The ſeas are hid beneath the cloſing war,
Nor need they caſt the jav'lin now from far;
With hardy ſtrokes the Combatants engage,
And with keen faulchions deal their deadly rage;
Man againſt Man, and board by board they lie,
And on thoſe decks their Arms defended die.
The rolling ſurge is ſtain'd around with blood,
And foamy purple ſwells the riſing flood;
The floating carcaſſes the ſhips delay,
Hang on each keel and intercept her way;
Helpleſs beneath the deep the dying ſink,
And gore, with briny ocean mingling, drink.
Some, while amidſt the tumbling waves they ſtrive,
And ſtruggling with deſtruction float alive,
Or by ſome pond'rous beam are beaten down,
Or ſink transfix'd by darts at random thrown.

That

That fatal day no Jav'lin flies in vain,
Miſſing their mark, they wound upon the Main.
It chanc'd, a warrior Ship on *Cæſar*'s ſide,
By two *Maſſilian* Foes was warmly ply'd;
But with divided force ſhe meets th' attack,
And bravely drives the bold Aſſailants back:
When from the lofty poop, where fierce he fought,
Tagus to ſeize the *Grecian* Ancient ſought;
But double death his daring hand repreſs'd,
One ſpear transfix'd his back, and one his breaſt,
And deadly met within his heaving cheſt.
Doubtful a while the flood was ſeen to ſtay,
At length the ſteely ſhafts at once gave way;
Then fleeting life a twofold paſſage found,
And ran divided from each ſtreaming wound.
Hither his Fate unhappy *Telon* led,
To naval arts from early childhood bred;
No hand the helm more skillfully cou'd guide,
Or ſtem the fury of the boiſt'rous tide:
He knew what winds ſhou'd on the morrow blow,
And how the ſails for ſafety to beſtow;
Celeſtial Signals well he cou'd deſcry,
Cou'd judge the radiant lights that ſhine on high,
And read the coming tempeſt of the sky.
Full on a *Latian* Bark his beak he drives,
The brazen beak the ſhiv'ring alder rives;
When from ſome hoſtile hand, a *Roman* dart,
Deep piercing, trembled in his panting heart:
Yet ſtill his careful hand its task ſupplies,
And turns the guiding Rudder as he dies.
To fill his place bold *Gyareus* eſſay'd,
But paſſing from a neighb'ring Ship was ſtay'd:

Swift thro' his loins a flying jav'lin ſtruck,
And nail'd him to the Veſſel he forſook.
Friendlike, and ſide by ſide, two Brethren fought,
Whom, at a birth, their fruitful Mother brought:
So like the lines of each reſembling face,
The ſame the features, and the ſame the grace,
That fondly erring oft' their Parents look,
And each, for each, alternately miſtook.
But Death, too ſoon, a dire diſtinction makes,
While one, untimely ſnatch'd, the light forſakes.
His Brother's form the ſad ſurvivor wears,
And ſtill renews his hapleſs Parents tears:
Too ſure they ſee their ſingle hope remain,
And while they bleſs the living, mourn the ſlain.
He, the bold Youth, as board and board they ſtand,
Fix'd on a *Roman* Ship his daring hand;
Full on his arm a mighty blow deſcends,
And the torn limb from off the ſhoulder rends;
The rigid nerves are cramp'd with ſtiff'ning cold,
Convulſive graſp, and ſtill retain their hold.

Nor

V. 908. *He the bold Youth.*] The elder of the two, ſuppoſe. This place is in imitation of *Virgil*, Æn. 10.

Daucia Laridæ Thimberque ſimillima proles.
Indiſcreta ſuis gratuſque, &c.

And after him the Daucian *Twins were ſlain,*
Laris *and* Timbrus, *on the* Latian *plain;*
So wondrous like in feature, ſhape, and ſize,
As caus'd an error in their Parents eyes.
Grateful miſtake! but ſoon the ſword decides
The nice diſtinction, and their fate divides. Mr. Dryden.

Nor ſunk his valour by the pain depreſt,
But nobler rage inflam'd his mangled breaſt:
His left remaining hand the combat tries,
And fiercely forth to catch the right he flies:
The ſame hard deſtiny the left demands,
And now a naked helpleſs trunk he ſtands.
Nor daigns he, tho' defenceleſs to the foe,
To ſeek the ſafety of the hold below;
For ev'ry coming jav'lin's point prepar'd,
He ſteps between, and ſtands his Brother's guard;
'Till fix'd, and horrid with a wood of ſpears,
A thouſand deaths at others aim'd he wears.
Reſolv'd at length his utmoſt force t' exert,
His ſpirits gather'd to his fainting heart,
And the laſt vigour rous'd in ev'ry part;
Then nimble from the *Grecian* deck he roſe,
And with a leap ſprung fierce admidſt his Foes:
And when his hands no more cou'd wreak his hate
His ſword no more cou'd miniſter to Fate,
Dying he preſt'em with his hoſtile weight.
O'er-charg'd the Ship with carcaſſes and blood,
Drunk faſt at many a leak the briny flood;
Yielding at length the waters wide give way,
And fold her in the boſom of the Sea;
Then o'er her head returning rolls the tide,
And cov'ring waves the ſinking hatches hide.
That fatal day was Slaughter ſeen to reign,
In wonders various, on the liquid plain.
On *Lycidas* a ſteely Grappling ſtruck;
Struggling he drags with the tenacious hook,
And deep had drown'd beneath the greedy wave,
But that his Fellows ſtrove their Mate to ſave;

Clung to his legs, they claſp him all they can;
The Grappling tugs, aſunder flies the Man,
No ſingle wound the gaping rupture ſeems,
Where trickling crimſon flows in ſlender ſtreams;
But from an op'ning horrible and wide,
A thouſand veſſels pour the burſting tide:
At once the winding channel's courſe was broke,
Where wand'ring Life her mazy journey took:
At once the currents all forgot their way,
And loſt their purple in the azure Sea.
Soon from the lower parts the Spirits fled,
And motionleſs th' exhauſted limbs lay dead:
Not ſo the nobler regions; where the heart,
And heaving lungs their vital pow'rs exert;
There ling'ring late, and long conflicting, Life
Roſe againſt Fate, and ſtill maintain'd the ſtrife:
Driv'n out at length, unwillingly and ſlow,
She left her mortal houſe; & ſought the ſhades below
While eager for the fight, an hardy Crew
To one ſole ſide their force united drew,
The Bark, unapt th' unequal poiſe to bear,
Turn'd o'er, and rear'd her loweſt keel in air:
In vain his active arms the Swimmer tries,
No aid the Swimmers uſeleſs art ſupplies;
The cov'ring vaſt o'erwhelming ſhuts 'em down,
And helpleſs in the hollow hold they drown.
One Slaughter terrible above the reſt,
The fatal horror of the Fight expreſt.
As o'er the crouded ſurface of the flood
A youthful Swimmer ſwift his way purſu'd;
Two meeting Ships, by equal fury preſt,
With hoſtile Prows transfix'd his ample breaſt:

Suſpen-

Suſpended by the dreadful ſhock he hung,
The brazen Beaks within his boſom rung;
Blood, bones, & entrails, maſhing with the blow,
From his pale lips a hideous mixture flow.
At length the backing oars the fight reſtrain,
The lifeleſs body drops amidſt the main;
Soon enter at the breach the ruſhing waves,
And the ſalt ſtream the mangled carcaſs laves.
Around the wat'ry champian wide diſpread,
The living ſhipwracks float amidſt the dead;
With active arms the liquid deep they ply,
And panting to their Mates for ſuccour cry:
Now to ſome ſocial Veſſel preſs they near,
Their Fellows pale the crouding numbers fear;
With ruthleſs hearts their well-known Friends withſtand,
And with keen faulchions lop each graſping hand;
The dying fingers cling and clench the wood,
The heavy trunk ſinks helpleſs in the flood.
Now ſpent was all the Warriors ſteely ſtore,
New darts they ſeek, and other Arms explore,
This wields a Flag-ſtaff, that a pond'rous oar.
Wrath's ready hands are never at a loſs;
The fragments of the ſhatter'd Ship they toſs.
The uſeleſs Rower from his ſeat is caſt,
Then fly the benches, and the broken Maſt.
Some ſeizing, as it ſinks, the breathleſs coarſe,
From the cold graſp the blood-ſtain'd weapon force.
Some from their own freſh bleeding boſomes take,
And at the Foe the dropping jav'lin ſhake:
The left hand ſtays the blood, and ſooths the pain,
The right ſends back the reeking ſpear again.

Now Gods of various Elements conſpire,
To *Nereus*, *Vulcan* joins his hoſtile fire;
With oils and living ſulphur, darts they frame,
Prepar'd to ſpread afar the kindling flame;
Around, the catching miſchiefs ſwift ſucceed,
The floating hulks their own deſtruction feed;
The ſmeary wax the bright'ning blaze ſupplies,
And wavy fires from pitchy planks ariſe:
Amidſt the flood the ruddy torrent ſtrays,
And fierce upon the ſcatt'ring ſhipwrecks preys.
Here one with haſte a flaming Veſſel leaves;
Another, ſpent and beaten by the waves,
Aſeager to the burning ruin cleaves.
Amidſt the various ways of Death to kill,
Whether by ſeas, by fires, or wounding ſteel, [feel.
The dreadfulleſt is that, whoſe preſent force we
Nor Valour leſs her fatal rage maintains,
In daring breaſts that ſwim the liquid plains:
Some gather up the darts that floating lie,
And to the Combatans new deaths ſupply:
Some ſtruggling in the deep the war provoke,
Riſe o'er the ſurge, and aim a languid ſtroke.
Some with ſtrong graſp the Foe conflicting join,
Mix limbs, with limbs, & hoſtile wreathings twine,
'Till plunging, preſſing to the bottom down,
Vanquiſh'd, and Vanquiſhers, alike they drown.

One,

V. 1011. *With oils.*] This was a compoſition like our Wild-fire. The Ancients had a ſort of darts, which they call'd *Phalaricæ*, which were dawb'd or wound about with combuſtible matter: Their uſe was to be ſhot into a Ship, wooden Tower, or any thing that was to be ſet on fire.

One, chief above the reſt, is mark'd by Fame;
For wat'ry fight, and *Phoceus* was his name:
The heaving breath of life he knew to keep,
While long he dwelt within the loweſt deep;
Full many a fathom down he had explor'd,
For treaſures loſt, old Ocean's oozy hoard;
Oft' when the flooky Anchor ſtuck below,
He ſunk, and bade the captive Veſſel go.
A Foe he ſeis'd cloſe cleaving to his breaſt,
And underneath the tumbling billows preſt:
But when the skillful Victor wou'd repair,
To upper ſeas, and ſought the freer air;
Hapleſs beneath the crouding keels he roſe,
The crouding keels his wonted way oppoſe;
Back beaten, and aſtoniſh'd with the blow,
He ſinks, to bide for ever now below.
Some hang upon the oars with weighty force,
To intercept the hoſtile Veſſel's courſe;
Some to the laſt the cauſe they love defend,
And valiant lives by uſeful deaths wou'd end;
With breaſts oppos'd the thund'ring beaks they bra-
[ve,
And what they fought for living, dying ſave.
As *Tyrrhen*, from a *Roman* poop on high,
Ran o'er the various combat with his eye;
Sure aiming, from his *Balearic* thong,
Bold *Ligdamus* a pond'rous bullet ſlung;
Thro' liquid air the ball ſhrill whiſtling flies,
And cuts its way thro hapleſs *Tyrrhen*'s eyes;
Th' aſtoniſh'd Youth ſtands ſtruck with ſudden night,
While burſting ſtart the bleeding orbs of ſight.
At firſt he took the darkneſs to be death,
And thought himſelf amidſt the ſhades beneath;

But ſoon recov'ring from the ſtunning ſtound;
He liv'd, unhappily he liv'd he found,
Vigour at length, and wonted force returns,
And with new rage his valiant boſome burns:
To me, my Friends, (he cry'd) your aid ſupply,
Nor uſeleſs let your Fellow-Soldier die;
Give me, oppos'd againſt the Foe, to ſtand,
While like ſome engine you direct my hand.
And thou, my poor remaining life, prepare
To meet each hazard of the various war;
At leaſt, my mangled carcaſs ſhall pretend
To interpoſe, and ſhield ſome valiant Friend:
Plac'd like a mark their darts I may ſuſtain,
And, to preſerve ſome better Man, be ſlain.
Thus ſaid, unaiming he a jav'lin threw,
The jav'lin wing'd with ſure deſtruction flew;
In *Argus* the deſcending ſteel takes place,
Argus, a *Grecian*, of illuſtrious race.
Deep ſinks the piercing point, where to the loins
Above the navel high the belly joins;
The ſtagg'ring Youth falls forward on his fate,
And helps the goring weapon with his weight.
It chanc'd, ſo ruthleſs Deſtiny deſign'd,
To the ſame Ship his aged Sire was join'd:
While young, for high atchievements was he known,
The firſt in fair *Maſſilia* for renown;
Now an example meerly, and a name,
Willing to rouſe the younger ſort he came,
And fire their ſouls to emulate his fame.
When from the prow, where diſtant far he ſtood,
He ſaw his Son lie welt'ring in his blood,

Soon to the poop, oft' ſtumbling in his haſte,
With falt'ring ſteps the feeble Father paſt.
No falling tears his wrinkled cheeks bedew,
But ſtiff'ning cold and motionleſs he grew:
Deep night and deadly ſhades of darkneſs riſe,
And hide his much-lov'd *Argus* from his eyes.
As to the dizzy Youth the Sire appears,
His dying, weak, unwieldy head he rears;
With lifted eyes he caſt a mournful look,
His pale lips mov'd, and fain he wou'd have ſpoke:
But unexpreſs'd th' imperfect accent hung,
Loſt in his falling jaws and murm'ring tongue:
Yet in his ſpeechleſs viſage ſeems expreſt,
What, had he words, wou'd be his laſt requeſt:
That aged hand to ſeal his cloſing eye,
And in his Father's fond embrace to die.
But he, when grief with keeneſt ſenſe revives,
With Nature's ſtrongeſt pangs conflicting ſtrives;
Let me not loſe this hour of death, he cries,
Which my indulgent Deſtiny ſupplies;
And thou forgive, forgive me, oh my Son,
If thy dear lips, and laſt embrace I ſhun.
Warm from thy wound the purple current flows,
And vital breath yet heaving comes and goes:
Yet my ſad eyes behold thee, yet alive,
And thou ſhalt, yet, thy wretched Sire ſurvive.
He ſaid, and fierce, by frantick ſorrow preſt,
Plung'd his ſharp ſword amidſt his aged breaſt:
And tho' life's guſhing ſtreams the weapon ſtain
Headlong he leaps amidſt the greedy Main;
While this laſt wiſh ran ever in his mind,
To die, and leave his darling Son behind;

Ea-

Eager to part, his ſoul diſdain'd to wait,
And truſt uncertain to a ſingle Fate.
And now *Maſſilia*'s vanquiſh'd force gives way,
And *Cæſar*'s Fortune claims the doubtful day.
The *Grecian* Fleet is all diſpers'd around,
Some in the bottom of the deep lie drown'd;
Some, captives made, their haughty Victors bore,
While ſome, but thoſe a few, fled timely to the ſhore.
But oh! what verſe, what numbers can expreſs,
The mournful City, and her ſore diſtreſs!
Upon the beach lamenting Matrons ſtand,
And wailings eccho o'er the length'ning ſtrand:
Their eyes are fix'd upon the waters wide,
And watch the bodies driving with the tide.
Here a fond wife, with pious error, preſt
Some hoſtile *Roman* to her throbbing breaſt;
There to a mangled trunk two Mothers run,
Each graſps, and each would claim it for her Son;
Each, what her boading heart perſuades believes,
And for the laſt ſad office fondly ſtrives.
But *Brutus* now victorious on the Main,
To *Cæſar* vindicates the wat'ry plain;
Firſt to his brow he binds the Naval Crown,
And bids the ſpacious Deep the mighty Maſter own.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

Cæsar *having join'd* Fabius, *whom he had sent before him into* Spain, *encamps upon a rising ground near* Ilerda, *and not far from the River* Sicoris: *There, the waters being swollen by great rains, endanger his Camp; but the weather turning fair, and the floods abating,* Pompey's *Lieutenants* Afranius *and* Petreius, *who lay over-against him, decamp suddenly.* Cæsar *follows, and encamps so as to cut off their passage, or any use of the River* Iberus. *As both Armies lay now very near to each other, the Soldiers on both sides knew, and saluted one another; and forgetting the opposite interest and factions they were engag'd in, ran out from their several Camps, and embrac'd one another with great tenderness. Many of* Cæsar's *Soldiers were invited into the Enemy's Camp, and feasted by their Friends and Relations. But* Petreius *apprehending this familiarity might be of ill consequence to his party, commanded 'em all (tho' against the rules of humanity and hospitality) to be kill'd. After this, he attempts in vain to march back towards* Ilerda; *but is prevented,*

and

and inclos'd by Cæſar; *to whom, both himſelf and* Afranius, *after their Army had ſuffer'd extreamly for want of water and other neceſſaries, are compell'd to ſurrender, without asking any other conditions than that they might not be compell'd to take on in his Army: This* Cæſar, *with great generoſity grants, and diſmiſſes 'em. In the mean while,* C. Antonius, *who commanded for* Cæſar *near* Salonæ, *on the coaſt of* Dalmatia, *being ſhut up by* Octavius, Pompey's *Admiral, and deſtitute of Proviſions, had, attempted by help of ſome Veſſels, or floating Machines of a new invention, to paſs thro'* Pompey's *Fleet: Two of 'em by advantage of the tide found means to eſcape; but the third, which carried a thouſand* Opitergians *commanded by* Vulteius, *was intercepted by a Boom laid under the water. Theſe when they found it impoſſible to get off, at the perſuaſion, and by the example of their Leader, ran upon one another's ſwords and dy'd. In* Africa *the Poet introduces* Curio *enquiring after the ſtory of* Hercules *and* Antæus, *which is recounted to him by one of the Natives; and afterwards relates the particulars of his being circumvented, defeated, and kill'd by* Juba.

BUt *Cæſar* in *Iberian* fields afar,
Ev'n to the weſtern Ocean ſpreads the War;
And tho' no hills of ſlaughter heap the plain,
No purple deluge leaves a guilty ſtain,
Vaſt is the prize, and great the Victor's gain.

For

V. 5. *Vaſt is the prize.*] The reduction of *Afranius* and *Petreius*,

For *Pompey*, with alternative command,
The brave *Petreius*, and *Afranius* ſtand:
The Chiefs in Friendſhip's juſt conditions join,
And, cordial to the common cauſe, combine;
By turns they quit, by turns reſume the ſway,
The Camp to guard, or battle to array.
To theſe their aid the nimble *Vectons* yield,
With thoſe who till *Aſturia*'s hilly field;
Nor wanted then the *Celtiberians* bold,
Who draw their long deſcent from *Celtick Gauls* of old.
Where riſing grounds the fruitful champian end,
And unperceiv'd by ſoft degrees aſcend;
An ancient Race their City choſe to found,
And with *Ilerda*'s walls the ſummit crown'd.
The *Sicoris*, of no ignoble name,
Faſt by the mountain pours his gentle ſtream.
A ſtable bridge runs croſs from ſide to ſide,
Whoſe ſpacious arch tranſmits the paſſing tide,
And jutting Peers the wint'ry floods abide.
Two neighb'ring Hills their heads diſtinguiſh'd raiſe;
The firſt great *Pompey*'s Enſigns high diſplays;

Proud

treius, *Pompey*'s Lieutenants in *Spain*, with ſo little bloodſhed, was of great advantage to *Cæſar*, as it ſecur'd that Province to him upon which *Pompey* principally rely'd, and left him at liberty to proſecute the War more powerfully in other places.

V. 12. *The nimble* Vectons.] The *Vectones*, or *Vettones*, were a people of *Luſitania*, (*Portugal*) ſeparated from *Aſturia* by the River *Durius* (*Douro*).

V. 14. *Celtiberians*,] People of *Arragon*.

V. 19. *Ilerda*.] The City of *Lerida* in *Catalonia*. *Sicoris* the River *Segre*, and *Cinga* the *Cinca*, which fall into the *Iberus* or *Ebro* in the ſame country.

Proud *Cæsar*'s Camp upon the next is seen;
The river interposing glides between.
Wide spread beyond, an ample plain extends,
Far as the piercing eye its prospect sends:
Upon the spacious level's utmost bound,
The *Cinga* rolls his rapid waves around.
But soon in full *Iberus*' channel lost,
His blended waters seek *Iberia*'s coast;
He yields to the superiour Torrent's Fame,
And with the Country takes his nobler name.
Now' gan the lamp of Heav'n the plains to gild,
When moving Legions hide th' embattled field;
When front to front opppos'd in just array,
The Chieftains each their hostile powr's display:
But whether conscious shame their wrath repress,
And soft reluctance rose in ev'ry breast;
Or Virtue did a short-liv'd rule resume,
And gain'd one day for Liberty and *Rome*;
Suspended rage yet linger'd for a space,
And to the west declin'd the Sun in peace,
Night rose, and black'ning shades involv'd the sky;
When *Cæsar* bent War's wily arts to try;
Thro' his extended Battle gives command,
The foremost Lines in order fix'd shall stand;
Mean-

V. 48. *When* Cæsar *bent War's wily.*] *Cæsar* perceiving the Enemy not dispos'd to an Engagement, kept two Lines of his Army (which he had drawn up into three) under their Arms all night, while the third threw up a Trench in the Rear for the security of his Camp. The next morning he endeavour'd to possess himself of a height, in order to cut off the Enemy's communication with *Ilerda*, but was repuls'd with some loss.

Mean-while the laſt, low lurking from the Foe,
With ſecret labour ſink a trench below:
Succeſsful they the deſtin'd task purſue,
While cloſing files prevent the hoſtile view.
Soon as the Morn renew'd the dawning grey,
He bids the Soldier urge his ſpeedy way,
To ſeize a vacant height that near *Ilerda* lay.
This ſaw the Foe, and wing'd with fear and ſhame,
Thro' ſecret paths with ſwift prevention came.
Now various motives various hopes afford,
To theſe the place, to thoſe the conqu'ring ſword:
Oppreſs'd beneath their Armour's cumbrous weight,
Th' Aſſailants lab'ring tempt the ſteepy height;
Half bending back they mount with panting pain,
The following croud their foremoſt Mates ſuſtain;
Againſt the ſhelving precipice they toil,
And prop their hands upon the ſteely pile;
On cliffs, & ſhrubs, their ſteps ſome climbing ſtay,
With cutting ſwords ſome clear the woody way:
Nor death, nor wounds their Enemies annoy,
While other uſes now their Arms employ.
Their Chief the danger from afar ſurvey'd,
And bad the Horſe fly timely to their aid.
In order juſt the ready Squadrons ride,
Then wheeling, to the right and left divide,
To flank the Foot, and guard each naked ſide.
Safe in the middle ſpace retire the Foot,
Make good the Rear, and ſcorn the Foes purſuit;
Each ſide retreat, tho' each diſdain to yield,
And claim the glory of the doubtful field.
Thus far the cauſe of *Rome* by Arms was try'd,
And human rage alone the War ſupply'd;

But now the Elements new wrath prepare,
And gath'ring Tempests vex the troubled air.
Long had the Earth by wint'ry frost been bound;
And the dry North had numb'd the lazy ground.
No furrow'd fields were drench'd with drisly rain,
Snow hid the hills, and hoary ice the plain.
All desolate the western climes were seen,
Keen were the blasts, and sharp the blue serene,
To parch the fading herb, and nip the springing green.
At length the genial heat began to shine,
With stronger beams in *Aries'* vernal Sign;
Again the golden day resum'd its right,
And rul'd in just equation with the night:
The Moon her monthly course had now begun,
And with increasing horns forsook the Sun;
When *Boreas*, by night's silver Empress driv'n,
To softer airs resign'd the western heav'n.
Then with warm breezes gentler *Eurus* came,
Glowing with *India*'s, and *Arabia*'s flame.
The sweeping wind the gath'ring vapours prest,
From ev'ry region of the farthest East;
Nor hang they heavy in the midway sky,
But speedy to *Hesperia* driving fly;

To

V. 92. *To parch.*] The *Latin* word here is *urebant*, and seems to me by no means unelegant, extream cold and extream heat appearing to have much the same effects upon grass or other herbs.

V. 93. *In* Aries' *vernal.*] In the vernal Equinox, about the 10. of *March*.

V. 98. *When* Boreas.] The weather altering with the new Moon.

To *Calpe*'s hills the ſluicy rains repair,
From north, & ſouth, the clouds aſſemble there,
And dark'ning Storms low'r in the ſluggiſh air.
Where weſtern skies the utmoſt ocean bound,
The wat'ry treaſures heap the welkin round;
Thither they croud, and ſcanted in the ſpace,
Scarce between Heav'n and Earth can find a place.
Condens'd at length the ſpouting torrents pour,
Earth ſmoaks, and rattles with the guſhing ſhow'r;
Jove's forky fires are rarely ſeen to fly,
Extinguiſh'd in the deluge ſoon they die;
Nor e'er before did dewy *Iris* ſhow
Such fady colours, or ſo maim'd a bo w:
Unvary'd by the light's refracting beam,
She ſtoop'd to drink from Ocean's briny ſtream;
Then to the dropping sky reſtor'd the rain:
Again the falling waters ſought the main.
Then firſt the cov'ring ſnows began to flow
From off the *Pyrenean*'s hoary brow;
Huge hills of froſt, a thouſand Ages old,
O'er which the ſummer Suns had vainly roll'd,
Now melting, ruſh from ev'ry ſide amain,
Swell ev'ry brook, and deluge all the plain.

V. 106. *Calpe.*] *Gibraltar*; here it is generally taken for *Spain.*

V. 120. *She ſtoopt to drink.*] So *Virgil* in the firſt Georgick,

Et bibit ingens - - - Arcus.
At either horn the Rainbow drinks the flood. *Mr.* Dryden.

As if they fancy'd the Rainbow drew up water from the ſea or rivers, and pour'd it down again in ſhowers of rain.

And now o'er *Cæsar*'s Camp the torrents sweep;
Bear down the works, and fill the trenches deep.
Here Men and Arms in mix'd confusion swim,
And hollow Tents drive with th' impetuous stream;
Lost in the spreading flood the Land-marks lie,
Nor can the Forager his way descry.
No Beasts for food the floating pastures yield;
Nor herbage rises in the wat'ry field.
And now, to fill the measure of their fears,
Her baleful visage meager Famine rears;
Seldom alone, she troops among the Fiends,
And still on War and Pestilence attends.
Uupress'd, unstraiten'd by besieging Foes,
All miseries of want the Soldier knows.
Gladly he gives his little wealth, to eat,
And buys a morsel with his whole Estate.
Curs'd merchandize! where life it self is sold,
And Avarice consents to starve for Gold!
No Rock, no rising Mountain rears his head,
No single River winds along the mead,
But one vast Lake o'er all the land is spread.
No lofty Grove, no forrest haunt is found,
But in his den deep lies the Salvage drown'd:
With headlong rage resistless in its course,
The rapid torrent whirls the snorting Horse.
High o'er the Sea the foamy freshes ride,
While backward *Tethys* turns her yielding tide.

Mean-

V. 145. *Curs'd merchandize.*] History has a remarkable instance of this kind of avarice, when during the Siege of *Præneste*, a Soldier, who was himself dying (and shortly after did die) for hunger, sold a mouse he had caught for 200 *Roman Denarii*; they were worth about seven pence farthing of our money a piece.

Mean-time continu'd darkneſs veils the skies,
And Suns with unavailling ardor riſe;
Nature no more her various face can boaſt,
But Form is huddled up in night, and loſt.
Such are the Climes beneath the frozen Zone,
Where chearleſs Winter plants her dreary Throne;
No golden Stars their gloomy heav'ns adorn,
Nor genial Seaſons to their Earth return:
But everlaiting ice and ſnows appear,
Bind up the ſummer Signs, & curſe the barren year.
Almighty Sire! who doſt ſupreamly reign,
And thou great Ruler of the raging Main!
Ye gracious Gods! in mercy give command,
This deſolation may for ever ſtand,
Thou *Jove*! for ever cloud thy ſtormy sky;
Thou *Neptune*! bid thy angry waves run high;
Heave thy huge Trident for a mighty blow,
Strike the ſtrong Earth, and bid her Fountains flow;
Bid ev'ry River-God exhauſt his urn,
Nor let thy own alternate tide return;
Wide let their blended waters waſte around,
Theſe Regions, *Rhine*, and thoſe the *Rhone* confound.
Melt, ye hoar Mountains of *Riphæan* ſnow;
Brooks, ſtreams, and lakes, let all your ſources go;
Your ſpreading floods the guilt of *Rome* ſhall ſpare,
And ſave the wretched World from civil-war.

V. 160. *Such are the Climes.*] The Poet means here the polar regions. The Hyperbole, a Figure in which he is given to offend, is ſomewhat overſtrain'd.

But Fortune ſtay'd her ſhort diſpleaſure here
Nor urg'd her Minion with too long a fear:
With large increaſe her favours full return'd,
As if the Gods themſelves his anger mourn'd;
As if his name were terrible to Hea'vn,
And Providence cou'd ſue to be forgiv'n.

Now 'gan the welkin clear to ſhine ſerene,
And *Phœbus* potent in his rays was ſeen;
The ſcatt'ring clouds diſclos'd the piercing light,
And hung the firmament with fleecy white;
The troublous Storm had ſpent his wrathful ſtore,
And clatt'ring rains were heard to ruſh no more.
Again the woods their leafy honours raiſe,
And Herds upon the riſing mountains graze.
Day's genial heat upon the damps prevails,
And ripens into earth the ſlimy vales,
Bright glitt'ring Stars adorn night's ſpangled air,
And ruddy ev'ning skies foretel the morning fair.

Soon as the falling *Sicoris* begun
A peaceful ſtream within his banks to run,
The bending willow into Barks they twine,
Then line the work with ſpoils of ſlaughter'd kine:
Such are the floats *Venetian* Fiſhers know,
Where in dull marſhes ſtands the ſettling *Po*;
On ſuch to neighb'ring *Gaul*, allur'd by gain,
The bolder *Britons* croſs the ſwelling main;
Like theſe, when fruitful *Ægypt* lies afloat,
The *Memphian* Artiſt builds his reedy boat.

On

V. 202. *The bending willow.*] *Cæſar*, as appears by his own Commentaries, had learn'd to make theſe ſort of Boats from the *Britons*.

On theſe embarking bold with eager haſte,
Acroſs the ſtream his Legions *Cæſar* paſt.
Strait the tall woods with ſounding ſtrokes are fell'd,
And with ſtrong piles, a beamy bridge they build;
Then mindful of the flood ſo lately ſpread,
They ſtretch the length'ning arches o'er the mead.
And leaſt his bolder waters riſe again,
With num'rous dykes they canton out the plain,
And by a thouſand ſtreams the ſuff'ring river drain
Petreius now a Fate ſuperior ſaw,
While Elements obey proud *Cæſar*'s law,
Then ſtraitgh *Ilerda*'s lofty walls forſook,
And to the fartheſt weſt his Arms betook:
The nearer regions faithleſs all around,
And baſely to the Victor bent, he found.
When with juſt rage and indignation fir'd,
He to the *Celtiberians* fierce retir'd;
There ſought, amidſt the world's extreameſt parts
Still daring hands, and ſtill unconquer'd hearts.
Soon as he view'd the neighbring mountains head
No longer by the hoſtile Camp o'erſpread,
Cæſar commands to arm. Without delay
The Soldier to the river bends his way;

V. 221. Ilerda's *lofty walls.*] There were many reaſons for *Afranius* and *Petreius* to decamp at this time, and endeavour to transver the Seat of the War into *Celtiberia*; and it was not one of the leaſt that that part of *Spain* was extreamly well affected to *Pompey*, as having receiv'd ſeveral benefits from him in the War with *Sertorius*. They diſlodged therefore in the night, and march'd towards the River *Iberus*: But *Cæſar*, upon the firſt notice of their motion, uſed ſo much diligence, that he got before 'em, made himſelf maſter of a Paſs they intended to ſeize upon, and cut off their communication with the River they intended to paſs.

None then with cautious care the bridge explor'd,
Or ſought the ſhallows of the ſafer ford;
Arm'd at all points, they plunge amidſt the flood,
And with ſtrong ſinews make the paſſage good;
Dangers they ſcorn that might the bold affright,
And ſtop ev'n panting Cowards in their flight.
At length the farther bank attaining ſafe,
Chill'd by the ſtream, their dropping limbs they chafe:
Then with freſh vigour urge the Foes purſuit,
And in the ſprightly chace, the pow'rs of life recruit.
Thus they; 'till half the courſe of light was run,
And leſs'ning ſhadows own'd the noon-day Sun;
The Fliers now a doubtful fight maintain,
While the fleet Horſe in ſquadrons ſcour the plain;
The Stragglers ſcatt'ring round they force to yield,
And gather up the gleanings of the field.
'Midſt a wide plain two lofty rocks ariſe,
Between the cliffs an humble valley lies;
Long rows of ridgy mountains run behind,
Where ways obſcure and ſecret paſſes wind.
But *Cæſar*, deep within his thought, foreſees
The Foes attempt the covert ſtrong to ſeize:
So may their Troops at leiſure range afar,
And to the *Celtiberians* lead the War.
Be quick (he cries) nor minding juſt array,
Swift, to the combate wing your ſpeedy way:
See! where yon Cowards to the Faſtneſs haſte,
But let your terrors in their way be plac'd:
Pierce not the fearful backs of thoſe that fly,
But on your meeting jav'lins let 'em die.
He ſaid. The ready Legions took the word,
And haſtily obey their eager Lord;

With

With diligence the coming Foe prevent,
And ſtay their marches to the mountains bent.
Near neighb'ring now the Camps intrench'd are ſeen
With ſcarce a narrow interval between.
Soon as their eyes o'erſhoot the middle ſpace,
From either Hoſt, Sires, Sons, and Brothers trace
The well-known features of ſome kindred face.
Then firſt their hearts with tenderneſs were ſtruck,
Firſt with remorſe for civil rage they ſhook:
Stiff'ning with horror cold and dire amaze,
Awhile in ſilent interviews they gaze:
Anon with ſpeechleſs ſigns their ſwords ſalute,
While thoughts conflicting keep their Maſters mute.
At length, diſdaining ſtill to be repreſt,
Prevailing paſſion roſe in ev'ry breaſt:
And the vain rules of guilty War tranſgreſs'd.
As at a ſignal, both their trenches quit,
And ſpreading arms in cloſe embraces knit:
Now Friendſhip runs o'er all her ancient claims,
Gueſt and Companion are their only names;
Old neighbourhood they fondly call to mind,
And how their boyiſh years in leagues were join'd;
With grief each other mutually they know,
And find a Friend in ev'ry *Roman* Foe.
Their falling tears their ſteely Arms bedew,
While interruppting ſighs each kiſs purſue:
And tho' their hands are yet unſtain'd by guilt,
They tremble for the blood they might have ſpilt.
But ſpeak, unhappy *Roman!* ſpeak thy pain;
Say for what woes thy ſtreaming eyes complain?

V. 293. *Speak, unhappy* Roman] If this Civil-war be ſuch an Affliction to you, why will you follow *Cæſar*?

Why doſt thou groan, why beat thy ſounding breaſt?
Why is this wild fantaſtick grief expreſt?
Is it, that yet thy Country claims thy care?
Doſt thou the crimes of war unwilling ſhare?
Ah! whither art thou by thy fears betray'd?
How can'ſt thou dread that pow'r thy ſelf haſt made!
Do *Cæſar*'s Trumpets call thee? Scorn the ſound.
Do's he bid, march? Dare thou to keep thy ground.
So rage and ſlaughter ſhall to Juſtice yield,
And fierce *Erinnys* quit the fatal field:
Cæſar in peace a private ſtate ſhall know,
And *Pompey* be no longer call'd his Foe.
Appear, thou heav'nly Concord! bleſt appear!
And ſhed thy better influences here.
Thou who the warring Elements doſt bind,
Life of the world, and ſafety of Mankind, [mind.
Infuſe thy ſov'reign balm, & heal the wrathful
But if the ſame dire Fury rages yet, [meet
Too well they know what Foes their ſwords ſhall
No blind pretence of ignorance remains,
The blood they ſhed muſt flow from *Roman* veins.
Oh! fatal Truce! the brand of guilty *Rome!*
From thee worſe wars and redder ſlaughters come.
See! with what free and unſuſpecting love,
From to Camp Camp, the jocund Warriors rove;
Each to his turfy table bids his Gueſt,
And *Bacchus* crowns the hoſpitable Feaſt.

The

V. 313. *Too well they know*] After a fondneſs and reconciliation of this kind, certainly the Butcheries that they were guilty of afterwards appear'd the more horrible.

The graſſy fires refulgent lend their light,
While converſation ſleepleſs waſtes the night:
Of early feats of Arms, by turns they tell,
Of fortunes that in various fields befel,
With well-becoming pride their deeds relate,
And now agree, and friendly now debate;
At length their unauſpicious hands are join'd,
And ſacred Leagues with faith renew'd they bind.
But oh! what worſe could cruel Fate afford!
The Furies ſmil'd upon the curſt accord,
And dy'd with deeper ſtains the *Roman* ſword.
By buſie Fame *Petreius* ſoon is told,
His Camp, himſelf, to *Cæſar* all are ſold;
When ſtrait the Chief indignant calls to arm,
And bids the Trumpet ſpread the loud alarm.
With War encompaſs'd round he takes his way;
And breaks the ſhort-liv'd Truce with fierce affray;
He drives th'unarm'd and unſuſpecting Gueſt,
Amaz'd, and wounded, from th'unfiniſh'd Feaſt;
With horrid ſteel he cuts each fond embrace,
And violates with blood the new-made peace.
And leaſt the fainting flames of wrath expire,
With words like theſe he fanns the deadly fire.
Ye Herd! unknowing of the *Roman* worth,
And loſt to that great Cauſe which led you forth;
Tho'

V. 333. Petreius *ſoon is told*.] This jealouſy of *Petreius* was certainly unworthy of a Man who had the beſt cauſe; and even the Poet himſelf cannot forbear runnig out in praiſe of *Cæſar* on this occaſion; the baſeneſs and cruelty of *Petreius* was inexcuſable.

Tho' Victory, and captive *Cæsar*, were
Honours too glorious for your swords to share;
Yet something, abject as you are, from you,
Something to Virtue and the laws is due:
A second praise ev'n yet you may partake;
Fight, and be vanquish'd for your Country's sake.
Can you, while Fate as yet suspends our doom,
While you have blood and lives to lose for *Rome*,
Can you with tame submission seek a Lord,
And own a Cause by Men and Gods abhorr'd?
Will you in lowly wise his mercy crave?
Can Soldiers beg to wear the name of Slave?
Wou'd you for us your suit to *Cæsar* move!
Know we disdain his pard'ning pow'r to prove:
No private bargain shall redeem this head;
For *Rome*, and not for us, the war was made.
Tho' Peace a specious poor pretence afford,
Baseness and Bondage lurk beneath the word.
In vain the Workmen search the steely mine
To arm the field, and bid the battle shine;
In vain the warlike Steed provokes the fight;
In vain the Fortress lifts her tow'ry height;
In vain our oars the foamy ocean sweep;
In vain our floating Castles hide the deep;
In vain by land, in vain by sea we fought,
If Peace shall e'er with Liberty be bought.
See! with what constancy, what gallant pride,
Our stedfast Foes defend an impious side!
Bound by their Oaths, tho' enemies to good,
They scorn to change from what they once have vow'd.

While

While each vain breath your flack'ning faith with-
draws,
Yours! who pretend to arm for *Rome* and Laws,
Who find no fault, but juſtice in your cauſe.
And yet, methinks, I would not give you o'er,
A brave repentance ſtill is in your pow'r;
While *Pompey* calls the utmoſt Eaſt from far,
And leads the *Indian* Monarchs on to War,
Shall we (oh ſhame!) prevent his great ſucceſs,
And bind his hands by our inglorious peace?
He ſpoke; and civil rage at once returns,
Each breaſt the fonder thought of pity ſcorns,
And ruthleſs with redoubled fury burns.
So when the Tyger, or the ſpotted Pard,
Long from the woods and ſalvage haunts debarr'd
From their firſt fierceneſs for a while are won,
And ſeem to put a gentler nature on;
Patient their priſon, and mankind they bear,
Fawn on their Lords, and looks leſs horrid wear:
But let the taſte of ſlaughter be renew'd,
And their fell jaws again with gore embrew'd:
Then dreadfully their wak'ning furies riſe,
And glaring fires rekindle in their eyes;
With wrathful roar their ecchoing dens they tear,
And hardly, ev'n the well-known Keeper ſpare;
The ſhudd'ring Keeper ſhakes, & ſtands aloof for
fear.
From Friendſhip freed, and conſcious Nature's tie,
To undiſtinguiſh'd ſlaughters looſe they fly;
With guilt avow'd their daring crimes advance,
And ſcorn th'excuſe of ignorance and chance.

Thoſe

Thoſe whom ſo late their fond embraces preſt,
The boſom's partner, and the welcome Gueſt;
Now at the board unhoſpitable bleed,
While ſtreams of blood the flowing bowl ſucceed.
With groans at firſt, each draws the glitt'ring brand;
And ling'ring Death ſtops in th' unwilling hand:
'Till urg'd at length returning force they feel;
And catch new courage from the murd'ring ſteel:
Vengeance and hatred riſe with ev'ry blow,
And blood paints ev'ry viſage like a Foe.
Uproar and horrour thro' the Camp abound,
While impious Sons their mangled Fathers wound,
And leaſt the merit of the crime be loſt,
With dreadful joy the parricide they boaſt;
Proud to their Chiefs the cold pale heads they bear;
The gore yet dropping from the ſilver hair.
But thou, oh *Cæſar*! to the Gods be dear!
Thy pious mercy well becomes their care;
And tho' thy Soldier falls by treach'rous Peace,
Be proud, and reckon this thy great ſucceſs.
Not all thou ow'ſt to bounteous Fortune's ſmile,
Not proud *Maſſilia*, nor the *Pharian Nile*;
Not the full conqueſt of *Pharſalia*'s Field,
Cou'd greater fame, or nobler trophies yield.
Thine and the cauſe of Juſtice now are one,
Since guilty Slaughter brands thy Foes alone.
Nor dare the conſcious Leaders longer wait,
Or truſt to ſuch unhallow'd hands their fate:

Aſto-

V. 420. *Glitt'ring brand.*] This word is uſed for a Sword by ſome of the beſt of our *Engliſh* Poets, *Spenſer* and *Fairfax* eſpecially.

Aſtoniſh'd and diſmay'd they ſhun the fight,
And to *Ilerda* turn their haſty flight.
But e're their march atchieves its deſtin'd courſe,
Preventing *Cæſar* ſends the winged Horſe:
The ſpeedy Squadrons ſeiſe th' appointed ground,
And hold their Foes on hills encompaſs'd round.
Pent up in barren heights, they ſtrive in vain
Refreſhing ſprings and flowing ſtreams to gain;
Strong hoſtile works their Camp's extenſion ſtay,
And deep ſunk trenches intercept their way.
Now Deaths in unexpected forms ariſe,
Thirſt, and pale Famine ſtalk before their eyes.
Shut up and cloſe beſieg'd, no more they need
The ſtrength, or ſwiftneſs of the warlike Steed;
But doom the gen'rous Courſers all to bleed.
Hopeleſs at length, and barr'd around from flight,
Headlong they ruſh to Arms, & urge the fight.
But *Cæſar*, who with wary eyes beheld,
With what determin'd rage they ſought the field,
Reſtrain'd his eager Troops. Forbear, he cry'd,
Nor let your ſwords in Madmen's blood be dy'd.
But ſince they come devoted by deſpair,
Since life is grown unworthy of their care,
Since 'tis their time to die, 'tis ours to ſpare.
Thoſe naked boſoms that provoke the Foe,
With greedy hopes of deadly vengeance glow:
With pleaſure ſhall they meet the pointed ſteel,
Nor ſmarting wounds, nor dying anguiſh feel,
If, while they bleed, your *Cæſar* ſhares the pain,
And mourns his gallant Friends among the ſlain.
But wait a while, this rage ſhall ſoon be paſt,
This blaze of courage is too fierce to laſt;

This ardour for the fight ſhall faint away,
And all this fond deſire of death decay.
He ſpoke; and at the word the War was ſtay'd,
Till *Phœbus* fled from night's aſcending ſhade.
Ev'n all the day, embattled on the plain,
The raſh *Petreians* urge to Arms in vain:
At length the weary fire began to ceaſe,
And waſting fury languiſh'd into peace;
Th' impatient arrogance of wrath declin'd,
And ſlack'ning paſſions cool'd upon the mind.
So when, the Battel roaring loud around,
Some Warriour warm receives a fatal wound;
While yet the griding ſword has newly paſt,
And the firſt pungent pains and anguiſh laſt;
While full with life the turgid veſſels riſe,
And the warm juice the ſpritely nerve ſupplies;
Each ſin'wy limb with fiercer force is preſt,
And rage redoubles in the burning breaſt:
But if as conſcious of th' advantage gain'd,
The cooler Victor ſtays his wrathful hand;
Then ſinks his Thrall with ebbing ſpirits low,
The black blood ſtiffens and forgets to flow;
Cold damps and numbneſs cloſe the deadly ſtound,
And ſtretch him pale and fainting on the ground.
For water now on ev'ry ſide they try,
Alike the ſword and delving ſpade employ;
Earth's boſome dark, laborious they explore,
And ſearch the ſources of her liquid ſtore:
Deep in the hollow hill the well deſcends,
'Till level with the moiſter plain it ends.
Not lower down from chearful day decline
The pale *Aſſyrians*, in the Golden Mine.

In vain they toil, no ſecret ſtreams are found
To roll their murm'ring tides beneath the ground;
No burſting ſprings repay the workman's ſtroke,
Nor glitt'ring guſh from out the wounded rock;
No ſweating caves in dewy droppings ſtand,
Nor ſmalleſt rills run gurgling o'er the ſand.
Spent and exhauſted with the fruitleſs pain,
The fainting Youth aſcend to light again.
And now leſs patient of the drought they grow,
Than in thoſe cooler depths of earth below:
No ſav'ry viands crown the chearful board,
Ev'n food for want of water ſtands abhorr'd;
To Hunger's meager refuge they retreat,
And ſince they cannot drink refuſe to eat.
Where yielding clods a moiſter clay confeſs,
With griping hands the clammy glebe they preſs;
Where-e'er the ſtanding puddle loathſome lies,
Thither in crouds the thirſty Soldier flies;
Horrid to ſight, the miry filth they quaff,
And drain with dying jaws the deadly draff.
Some ſeek the beſtial Mothers for ſupply,
And draw the Herds extended udders dry;
'Till thirſt, unſated with the milky ſtore,
With lab'ring lips drinks in the putrid gore.'
Some ſtrip the leaves, and ſuck the morning dews;
Some grind the bark, the woody branches bruiſe,
And ſqueeze the ſaplin's unconcocted juice.
Oh happy thoſe, to whom the barb'rous Kings
Left their envenom'd floods, & tainted ſprings!

V. 514. *Oh happy thoſe.*] *Jugurtha* and *Mithridates*, and *Juba*, when they

Cæsar be kind, and ev'ry bane prepare,
Which *Cretan* rocks, or *Lybian* Serpents bear:
The *Romans* to thy pois'nous ſtream ſhall fly,
And, conſcious of the danger, drink and die.
With ſecret flames their with'ring entrails burn,
And fiery breathings from their lungs return;
The ſhrinking veins contract their purple flood,
And urge, laborious, on the beating blood:
The heaving ſighs thro' ſtraiter paſſes blow,
And ſcorch the painful palate as they go;
The parch'd rough tongue night's humid vapour draws,
And reſtleſs rolls within the clammy jaws;
With gaping mouths they wait the falling rain,
And want thoſe floods that lately ſpread the plain.
Vainly to Heav'n they turn their longing eyes,
And fix'em on the dry relentleſs skies.
Nor here by ſandy *Africk* are they curſt,
Nor *Cancer*'s ſult'ry line enflames their thirſt;
But to enhance their pain, they view below,
Where lakes ſtand full, and plenteous rivers flow;
Between two ſtreams expires the panting Hoſt,
And in a land of waters are they loſt.

Now preſt by pinching want's unequal weight,
The vanquiſh'd Leaders yield to adverſe Fate:
Rejecting Arms, *Afranius* ſeeks relief,
And ſues ſubmiſſive to the hoſtile Chief.
Foremoſt himſelf, to *Cæſar*'s Camp he leads
His famiſh'd Troops, a fainting Band ſucceeds.

At

they were vanquiſh'd by the *Romans*, are ſaid to have poiſon'd the waters every where as they fled.

V. 537. *Between two Streams*,] The *Sicoris* and *Iberus*.

At length, in preſence of the Victor plac'd,
A fitting dignity his geſture grac'd,
That ſpoke his preſent fortunes, and his paſt.
With decent mixture in his manly mien,
The Captive and the General were ſeen:
Then with a free, ſecure, undaunted breaſt,
For mercy thus his pious ſuit he preſt.

Had Fate and my ill fortune laid me low,
Beneath the pow'r of ſome ungen'rous Foe;
My ſword hung ready to protect my fame,
And this right hand had ſav'd my ſoul from ſhame:
But now with joy I bend my ſuppliant knee,
Life is worth asking, ſince 'tis giv'n by thee.
No party-zeal our factious Arms inclines,
No hate of thee, or of thy bold deſigns.
War with its own occaſions came unſought,
And found us on the ſide for which we fought:
True to our Cauſe, as beſt becomes the Brave,
Long as we cou'd, we kept that faith we gave.
Nor ſhall our Arms thy ſtronger Fate delay;
Behold! our yielding paves thy conqu'ring way:
The weſtern Nations all at once we give,
Securely theſe behind thee ſha't thou leave;
Here while thy full dominion ſtands confeſt,
Receive it as an earneſt of the Eaſt.
Nor this thy eaſie victory diſdain,
Bought with no ſeas of blood, nor hills of ſlain;
Forgive the Foes that ſpare thy ſword a pain.
Nor is the boon for which we ſue too great,
The weary Soldier begs a laſt retreat;
In ſome poor village, peaceful at the plow,
Let 'em enjoy the life thou doſt beſtow.

Think, in ſome field, among the ſlain we lie,
And loſt to thy remembrance caſt us by.
Mix not our Arms in thy ſucceſsful War,
Nor let thy Captives in thy Triumph ſhare.
The unprevailing Bands their fate have try'd,
And prov'd that Fortune fights not on their ſide.
Guiltleſs to ceaſe from ſlaughter we implore,
Let us not conquer with thee, & we ask no more.
He ſaid. The Victor, with a gentler grace,
And mercy ſoft'ning his ſeverer face,
Bad his attending Foes their fears diſmiſs,
Go free from puniſhment, and live in peace.
The Truce on equal tems at length agreed,
The waters from the watchful guard are freed;
Eager to drink, down ruſh the thirſty croud,
Hang o'er the banks, and trouble all the flood.
Some, while too fierce the fatal draughts they drain,
Forget the gaſping lungs that heave in vain;
No breathing airs the choaking channels fill,
But ev'ry ſpring of life at once ſtands ſtill.
Some drink, nor yet the fervent peſt aſſwage,
With wonted fires their bloated entrails rage;
With burſting ſides each bulk enormous heaves,
While ſtill for drink th' inſatiate feaver craves.
At length returning health diſpers'd the pain,
And luſty vigour ſtrung the nerves again.
Behold! ye Sons of Luxury, behold!
Who ſcatter in exceſs your laviſh Gold;

You

V. 589. *On equal terms.*] On fair, honeſt, and friendly conditions.

You who the wealth of frugal ages waſte,
T'indulge a wanton ſupercilious taſte;
For whom all Earth, all Ocean are explor'd,
To ſpread the various proud voluptuous board:
Behold! how little thrifty Nature craves,
And what a cheap relief the lives of thouſands ſaves!
No coſtly wines theſe fainting Legions know,
Mark'd by old Conſuls many a year ago;
No waiting Slaves the precious juices pour,
From *Myrrhine* goblets, or the golden ore:
But with pure draughts they cool the boiling blood,
And ſeek their ſuccour from the chryſtal flood.
Who, but a wretch, wou'd think it worth his care,
The toils and wickedneſs of war to ſhare,
When all we want thus eaſily we find?
The field and river can ſupply mankind.
Diſmiſs'd, and ſafe from danger and alarms,
The Vanquiſh'd to the Victor quits his Arms;
Guiltleſs from Camps, to Cities he repairs,
And in his native land forgets his cares.
There in his mind he runs, repenting, o'er
The tedious toils and perils once he bore;
His ſpear and ſword of battle ſtand accurſt,
He hates the weary march, and parching thirſt;

V. 614. *From* Myrrhine *goblets.*] This ſhould rather be read *Murrine*, from *Murra*, a ſort of precious ſtone which was tranſparent like our *China* ware, and of which the Ancients made drinking-veſſels. If we read it *Myrrhine*, it muſt be underſtood to be goblets perfum'd with Myrrh, which was likewiſe in uſe among the *Romans*.

And wonders much, that e'er with pious pain
He pray'd ſo oft' for victory in vain;
For Victory! the curſe of thoſe that win,
The fatal end where ſtill new woes begin.
Let the proud Maſters of the horrid field
Count all the gain their dire ſucceſſes yield;
Then let 'em think what wounds they yet muſt feel,
E're they can fix revolving Fortune's wheel:
As yet th'imperfect task by halves is done,
Blood, blood remains, more battles muſt be won,
And many a heavy labour undergone:
Still conqu'ring, to new guilt they ſhall ſucceed,
Where-ever reſtleſs Fate and *Cæſar* lead.
How happier lives the Man to peace aſſign'd,
Amidſt this gen'ral ſtorm that wrecks mankind!
In his own quiet houſe ordain'd to die,
He knows the place in which his bones ſhall lie.
No Trumpet warns him 'put his harneſs on,
Tho' faint, and all with wearineſs fore-done:
But when night falls, he lies ſecurely down,
And calls the creeping ſlumber all his own.
His kinder Fates the Warrior's hopes prevent,
And e're the time, the wiſh'd diſmiſſion ſent;
A lowly cottage and a tender Wife,
Receive him in his early days of life;

His

V. 633. *Let the proud Maſters.*] *Cæſar* and his Army.

V. 650. *His kinder Fates.*] *Lucan* obſerves that it was the particular good fortune of theſe Soldiers of *Afranius* and *Petreius* to be diſmiſs'd from the Service even before their diſability or old age could, by virtue of the laws and military conſtitutions, claim ſuch a favour.

His Boys, a ruſtick tribe, around him play,
And homely pleaſures wear the vacant day.
No factious parties here the mind engage,
Nor work th' imbitter'd paſſions up to rage;
With equal eyes the hoſtile Chiefs they view,
To this their faith, to that their lives are due:
To both oblig'd alike, no part they take,
Nor vows for conqueſt, nor againſt it, make.
Mankind's misfortunes they behold from far,
Pleas'd to ſtand neuter, while the World's at war.
But Fortune, bent to check the Victor's pride,
In other lands forſook her *Cæſar*'s ſide;
With changing cheer the fickle Goddeſs frown'd,
And for a while her fav'rite cauſe diſown'd.
Where *Adria*'s ſwelling ſurge *Salonæ* laves,
And warm *Iader* rolls his gentle waves,

V. 664. *But Fortune bent.*] *Dolabella* and *C. Antonius* were commanded by *Cæſar* to poſſeſs themſelves of the entrance into the *Adriatick* Sea; and accordingly the, firſt encamp'd on the *Illyrian* ſhore, & the other on the Iſlands over-againſt *Salonæ*. *Pompey* was then almoſt every where Maſter of the Seas, & conqueſently *Octavius* and *Libo*, two of his Lieutenants, ſhut up *Antonius*, and beſieged him with a great Fleet. *Baſilus* (as *Lucan* relates it here) came to relieve him, & attempting afterwards to get off (tho' the Hiſtorians ſay it was in coming to *Antonius*) two Veſſels or Floats of a new invention, out of three, got over a kind of boom that was laid under the water, but the third, which was mann'd by a Thouſand *Opitergians*, commanded by *Vulteius*, was enſnared and held faſt. Theſe, after they had for a whole day reſiſted a very unequal aſſault from a force vaſtly ſuperior to their own, at the perſuaſion and by the example of their Leader, ſlew one another: A rare example of fidelity even to Arbitrary and Tyrannical Power.

V. 669. *Iader*,] A River of *Dalmatia* that ran by *Salonæ*, not far from (or it may be the ſame with) the preſent *Spalato*.

Bold in the brave *Curictan*'s warlike Band,
Antonius camps upon the utmoſt ſtrand:
Begirt around by *Pompey*'s floating pow'r,
He braves the Navy from his well-fenc'd ſhore.
But while the diſtant War no more he fears,
Famine, a worſe, reſiſtleſs foe, appears:
No more the meads their graſſy paſture yield,
Nor waving harveſts crown the yellow field.
On ev'ry verdant leaf the hungry feed,
And ſnatch the forage from the fainting Steed;
Then rav'nous on their camp's defence they fall,
And grind with greedy jaws the turfy wall.
Near on the neighb'ring coaſt at length they ſpy,
Where *Baſilus* with ſocial ſails draws nigh;
While led by *Dolabella*'s bold command,
Their *Caſar*'s Legions ſpread th' *Illyrian* ſtrand:
Strait with new hopes their hearts recov'ring beat,
Aim to elude the Foe, and meditate retreat.

Of wond'rous form a vaſt Machine they build,
New, and unknown upon the floating field.
Here, nor the keel its crooked length extends,
Nor o'er the waves the riſing deck aſcends;
By beams and grappling chains compacted ſtrong,
Light skiffs, and casks, two equal rows prolong:
O'er theſe, of ſolid oak ſecurely made,
Stable and tight a flooring firm is laid;

Su-

V. 670. *Curictans.*] Moſt Editions read *Curetes* in the original; but *Curictans* is certainly better, and approv'd by the ancient Geographers. *Curicta* is an Iſland in the *Sinus Flanaticus*, or gulf of *Carnero*, in the upper end of the *Adriatick* Sea, between the coaſts of *Iſtria* and *Liburnia*.

Sublime, from hence, two planky Tow'rs run high,
And nodding battlements the Foe defie.
Securely plac'd, each riſing range between,
The luſty Rower plies his task unſeen.
Meanwhile nor oars upon the ſides appear,
Nor ſwelling ſails receive the driving air;
But living ſeems the mighty maſs to ſweep,
And glide ſelf-mov'd athwart the yielding deep.
Three wond'rous floats, of this enormous ſize,
Soon by the skillful Builder's craft ariſe;
The ready Warriors all aboard 'em ride,
And wait the turn of the retiring tide.
Backward at length revolving *Tethys* flows,
And ebbing waves the naked ſands diſcloſe;
Strait by the ſtream the launching Piles are born,
Shields, ſpears, & helms, their nodding tow'rs adorn;
Threat'ning they move in terrible array,
And to the deeper ocean bend their way.
Octavius now, whoſe naval pow'rs command
Adria's rude ſeas, and wide *Illyria*'s ſtrand,
Full in their courſe his Fleet advancing ſtays,
And each impatient Combatant delays:
To the blue offin wide he ſeems to bear,
Hopeful to draw th' unwary Veſſels near;
Aloof he rounds 'em, eager on his prey,
And tempts 'em with an open roomy ſea.

V. 717. *Impatient Combatant delays.*] *Octavius* ſtood out to ſea, and wou'd not ſuffer his Men to engage at firſt, that he might draw the Enemy out from among the Iſlands, and ſurround 'em at once.

The time and place where this Action happen'd is ſomewhat doubted of; but I take it as related by my Author.

Thus when the wily Huntſman ſpreads his nets,
And with his ambient toil the wood beſets;
While yet his buſie hands with skilful care,
The meſhy hayes and forky props prepare:
E'er yet the Deer the painted plumage ſpy,
Snuff the ſtrong odour from afar, and fly;
His Mates, the *Cretan* Hound and *Spartan* bind,
And muzzle all the loud *Moloſſian* kind;
The Queſter only to the wood they looſe,
Who ſilently the tainted track purſues:
Mute ſigns alone the conſcious haunt betray,
While fix'd he points, and trembles to the prey.
'T was at the ſeaſon when the fainting light,
Juſt in the ev'ning's cloſe, brought on the night;
When the tall tow'ry Floats their Iſle forſook,
And to the ſeas their courſe advent'rous took.
But now the fam'd *Cilician* Pyrates, skill'd
In arts and warfare of the liquid field,
Their wonted wiles and ſtatagems provide,
To aid their great acknowledg'd Victor's ſide.

Be-

V. 726. *E'er yet the Deer.*] The *Roman* Hunters, when they ſet toils to incloſe their game, placed upon the top of the nets feathers that were painted of ſeveral colours, and likewiſe burnt, that by their dancing as well as ſtrong ſcent they might ſcare the Deer from coming up to, or attempting to break thro' 'em. So *Virgil*,

Puniceæve agitant trepidos formidine pennæ.
Nor ſcare the trembling Deer with purple plumes.

V. 741 *Acknowledg'd Victor.*] The *Cilician* Pyrates were ſubdued by *Pompey*. *See* Book I. p. 11. & Book III. p. 111.
As this Story is related, *Pompey*'s Forces had ſeiz'd upon ſome paſſage or ſtrait thro' which theſe Veſſels were to paſs.

Beneath the glaſſy ſurface of the main,
From rock to rock they ſtretch a pond'rous chain;
Looſely the ſlacker links ſuſpended flow,
T' enwrap the driving fabricks as they go.
Urg'd from within, and wafted by the tide,
Smooth o'er the boom the firſt and ſecond glide;
The third the guileful latent chain enfolds,
And in his ſteely graſp entwining holds:
From the tall rocks the ſhouting Victors roar,
And drag the reſty Captive to the ſhore.
For Ages paſt an ancient cliff there ſtood,
Whoſe bending brow hung threat'ning o'er the flood:
A verdant grove was on the ſummit plac'd,
And o'er the waves a gloomy ſhadow caſt;
While near the baſe wide hollows ſink below,
There roll huge ſeas, and bell'wing tempeſts blow;
Thither what-e'er the greedy waters drown,
The ſhipwreck, & the driving corpſe, are thrown:
Anon the gaping gulph the ſpoil reſtores,
And from his loweſt depths loud-ſpouting pours.
Not rude *Charybdis* roars in ſounds like theſe,
When thund'ring, with a burſt, ſhe ſpews the foamy ſeas.
Hither, with warlike *Opitergians* fraught,
The third ill-fated pris'ner Float was brought;
The Foe, as at a ſignal, ſpeed their way,
And haſte to compaſs in the deſtin'd prey;
The crouding Sails from ev'ry ſtation preſs,
While armed Bands the rocks and ſhores poſſeſs.

Too

V. 764. *Opitergians.*] *Opitergium*, now called *Odrzo*, in the Territory of *Venice*, in the Marquiſate of *Trevigiano*.

Too late the Chief *Vulteius* found the ſnare;
And ſtrove to burſt the toil with fruitleſs care:
Driv'n by deſpair at length, nor thinking yet
Which way to fight, or whither to retreat,
He turns upon the Foe; and tho' diſtreſt,
By wiles entangled, and by crouds opreſt,
With ſcarce a ſingle Cohort to his aid,
Againſt the gath'ring Hoſt a ſtand he made.
Fierce was the combat fought, with ſlaughter great
Tho' thus on odds unequally they meet, [Fleet.
One with a thouſand match'd, a Ship againſt a
But ſoon on dusky wings aroſe the Night,
And with her friendly ſhade reſtrains the fight;
The Combatants from war conſenting ceaſe,
And paſs the hours of darkneſs o'er in peace.
When to the Soldier, anxious for his Fate,
And doubtful what ſucceſs the dawn might wait,
The brave *Vulteius* thus his ſpeech addreſt,
And thus compos'd the cares of ev'ry beating breaſt.
My gallant Friends! whom our hard Fates decree,
This night, this ſhort night only, to be free;
Think what remains to do, but think with haſte,
E'er the brief hour of liberty be paſt.
Perhaps, reduc'd to this ſo hard extream,
Too ſhort, to ſome, the date of life may ſeem;
Yet know, brave Youths, that none untimely fall,
Whom Death obeys, & comes but when they call.
'Tis true, the neighb'ring danger waits us nigh;
We meet but that from which we cannot fly;
Yet think not but with equal praiſe we die.

Dark

V. 799. *With equal praiſe we die,*] We die with as much honour,

Dark and uncertain is Man's future doom,
If years, or only moments are to come;
All is but dying, he who gives an hour,
Or he who gives an Age, gives all that's in his pow'r.
Sooner, or late, all Mortals know the grave,
But to chuſe death diſtinguiſhes the Brave.
Behold where waiting round, yon hoſtile Band,
Our Fellow-Citizens, our lives demand,
Prevent we then their cruel hands, and bleed;
'Tis but to do what is too ſure decreed,
And where our Fate wou'd drag us on, to lead.
A great conſpicuous ſlaughter ſhall we yield,
Nor lie the carnage of a common field;
Where one ignoble heap confounds the ſlain,
And Men, and Beaſts, promiſcuous ſtrow the plain.
Plac'd on this Float by ſome diviner hand,
As on a Stage, for publick view we ſtand.
Illyria's neighb'ring ſhores, her Iſles around,
And ev'ry cliff with Gazers ſhall be crown'd;
The Seas, and Earth, our virtue ſhall proclaim,
And ſtand eternal vouchers for our fame;
Alike the Foes and Fellows of our cauſe,
Shall mark the deed, and join in vaſt applauſe.
Bleſt be thou, Fortune, that haſt mark'd us forth,
A Monument of unexampled worth;
To lateſt times our ſtory ſhall be told,
Ev'n rais'd beyond the nobleſt names of old,

Diſtinnour, tho' Death come to our doors to ſeek us, as if we had gone out to meet it.

V. 821. *And Fellows of our Cauſe.* Thoſe under the command of *Dolabella* on the coaſt of *Illyria*.

Diſtinguiſh'd praiſe ſhall crown our daring youth;
Our pious honour, and unſhaken truth.
Mean is our off'ring *Cæſar*, we confeſs,
For ſuch a Chief, what Soldier can do leſs?
Yet oh! this faithful pledge of love receive!
Take it, 'tis all that Captives have to give.
Oh! that to make the victim yet more dear,
Our aged Sires, our Children had been here:
Then with full horrour ſhou'd the ſlaughter riſe,
And blaſt our paler Foes' aſtoniſh'd eyes;
'Till aw'd beneath that ſcorn of death we wear,
They bleſs the time our Fellows 'ſcap'd their ſnare:
'Till with mean tears our fate the Cowards mourn,
And tremble at the rage with which we burn.
Perhaps they mean our conſtant ſouls to try,
Whether for life and peace we may comply.
Oh! grant, ye Gods! their offers may be great,
That we may glorioufly diſdain to treat,
That this laſt proof of virtue we may give,
And ſhew we die not now, becauſe we cou'd not live.
That Valour to no common heights muſt riſe,
Which he, our God-like Chief himſelf ſhall prize.
Immortal ſhall our truth for ever ſtand,
If *Cæſar* thinks this little faithful Band
A loſs, amidſt the Hoſt of his command.
For me, my Friends, my fix'd reſolve is ta'en,
And Fate, or Chance, may profer life in vain;
I ſcorn whatever ſafety they provide,
And caſt the worthleſs trifling thought aſide.
The ſacred rage of Death devours me whole,
Reigns in my heart, and triumphs in my ſoul:

I ſee, I reach the period of my woe,
And taſte thoſe joys the dying only know.
Wiſely the Gods conceal the wond'rous good,
Leſt Man no longer ſhou'd endure his load:
Leſt ev'ry Wretch like me from life ſhou'd fly,
Seize his own happineſs himſelf, and die.
He ſpoke. The Band his potent tongue confeſt,
And gen'rous ardour burn'd in ev'ry breaſt.
No longer now they view, with wat'ry eyes,
The ſwift revolving circle of the skies;
No longer think the ſetting Stars in haſte,
Nor wonder ſlow *Böotes* moves ſo faſt;
But with high hearts exulting all, and gay
They wiſh for light, and call the tardy day.
Yet, nor the heav'nly *Axis* long delays,
To roll the radiant Signs beneath the ſeas;
In *Leda*'s Twins now roſe the warmer Sun,
And near the lofty *Crab* exalted ſhone:
Swiftly night's ſhorter ſhades began to move,
And to the weſt *Theſſalian Chiron* drove.
At length the morning's purple beams diſcloſe
The wide horizon cover'd round with Foes;
Each rock and ſhore the crouding *Iſtrians* keep,
While *Greeks* and fierce *Liburnians* ſpread the deep:
When yet, e're fury lets the battle looſe,
Octavius woo's 'em with the terms of truce:

If

V. 874. *In* Leda's *Twins.*] When the Sun was paſſing from *Gemini* into *Cancer*, about the beginning of *June*.

V. 877. *Theſſalian Chiron.*] *Sagittary*, the oppoſite Sign, was then ſetting.

V. 880. Greeks, Iſtrians, *and* Liburnians.] All on *Pompey*'s ſide.

If hap'ly *Pompey*'s chains they chuſe to wear,
And captive life to inſtant death prefer.
But the brave Youth, regardleſs of his might,
Fierce in the ſcorn of life, and hating light,
Fearleſs, and careleſs of whate'er may come,
Reſolv'd, and ſelf determin'd to their doom;
Alike diſdain the threat'ning of the War,
And all the flatt'ring wiles their Foes prepare.
Calmly the num'rous Legions round they view
At once by land and ſea the fight renew;
Relief, or Friends, or aid expect they none,
But fix one certain truſt in death alone.
In oppoſition firm a while they ſtood,
But ſoon were ſatisfy'd with hoſtile blood.
Then turning from the Foe, with gallant pride,
Is there a gen'rous Youth (*Vulteius* cry'd) [ſide?
Whoſe worthy ſword may pierce your Leader's
He ſaid; and at the word, from ev'ry part,
A hundred pointed weapons reach'd his heart;
Dying he prais'd 'em all, but him the chief,
Whoſe eager duty brought the firſt relief:
Deep in his breaſt he plung'd his deadly blade,
And with a grateful ſtroke the friendly gift repay'd.
At once all ruſh, at once to death they fly,
And on each others ſwords alternate die,
Greedy to make the miſchief all their own,
And arrogate the guilt of war alone.
A fate like this did *Cadmus*' harveſt prove,
When mortally the Earth-born Brethren ſtrove;

When

V. 911. Cadmus *harveſt*] The ſtories of *Cadmus* and *Jaſon*'s ſow-

When by each others hands of life bereft,
An Omen dire to future *Thebes* they left.
Such was the rage inſpir'd the *Colchian* Foes,
When from the Dragons wond'rous teeth they roſe;
When urg'd by charms, & Magick's myſtick pow'r,
They dy'd their native field with ſtreaming gore;
'Till ev'n the fell Enchantreſs ſtood diſmay'd,
And wonder'd at the miſchiefs which ſhe made.
Furies more fierce the dying *Romans* feel,
And with bare breaſts provoke the ling'ring ſteel;
With fond embraces catch the deadly darts,
And preſs 'em plunging to their panting hearts.
No wound imperfect, for a ſecond calls;
With certain aim the ſure deſtruction falls.
This laſt beſt gift, this one unerring blow,
Sires, Sons, and Brothers mutually beſtow;
Nor piety, nor fond remorſe prevail,
And if they fear, they only fear to fail.
Here with red ſtreams the bluſhing waves they ſtain,
Here daſh their mangled entrails in the main.
Here with a laſt diſdain they view the skies,
Shut out Heav'n's hated light with ſcornful eyes,
And with inſulting joy, the Victor Foe deſpiſe.

ſowing the teeth of the Dragons which they had kill'd in *Bœotia* and *Colchis*, and the Men that ſprung up from 'em, and kill'd one another, are to be found at large in *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſis*.

V. 914. *An Omen dire.*] Becauſe the two Sons of *Oedipus*, *Eteocles* and *Polynices* kill'd one another afterwards at the ſame place.

V. 919. *The fell Enchantreſs.*] *Medea*, who inſtructed *Jaſon*.

V. 928. *Sires, Sons, and Brothers.*] That is, ſuch of 'em as were capable of being together in the ſervice; ſo that this paſſage does not contradict that above in *Vulteius*'s Speech, *Verſe* 834.

At length the heapy ſlaughter roſe on high,
The hoſtile Chiefs the purple pile deſcry;
And while the laſt accuſtom'd rites they give,
Scarcely the unexampled deed believe:
Much they admire a faith by death approv'd,
And wonder lawleſs pow'r cou'd e'er be thus belov'd.
Wide thro' Mankind eternal Fame diſplays
This hardy crew, this ſingle Veſſel's praiſe.
But oh! the ſtory of the godlike rage
Is loſt, upon a vile degen'rate Age;
The baſe, the ſlaviſh World will not be taught,
With how much eaſe their Fredom may be bought.
Still arbitrary Pow'r on Thrones commands,
Still Liberty is gall'd by Tyrants bands,
And ſwords in vain are truſted to our hands.
Oh Death! thou pleaſing end of human woe,
Thou cure for life, thou greateſt good below;
Still may'ſt thou fly the Coward, and the Slave,
And thy ſoft ſlumbers only bleſs the Brave.

Nor War's pernicious God leſs havock yields,
Where ſwarthy *Libya* ſpreads her ſun-burn'd fields.
For *Curio* now the ſtretching canvaſs ſpread,
And from *Sicilian* ſhores his Navy led;
To *Africk*'s coaſt he cuts the foamy way,
Where low the once victorious *Carthage* lay.
There landing, to the well-known Camp he hies,
Where from afar the diſtant ſeas he ſpies;

Where

V. 941. *Lawleſs pow'r.*] *Cæſar's.*

V. 961. *The well-known Camp.*] The *Caſtra Corneliana*, where *Cornelius Scipio* had formerly encamp'd, and left his name to the place from his remarkable ſucceſſes there in the ſecond *Punic* War.

Where *Bagrada*'s dull waves the ſands divide,
And ſlowly downward roll their ſluggiſh tide.
From thence he ſeeks the heights renown'd by Fame,
And hallow'd by the great *Cornelian* name:
The rocks and hills which, long traditions ſay,
Were held by huge *Antæus*' horrid ſway.
Here as by chance he lights upon the place,
Curious he tries the rev'rend Tale to trace.
When thus, in ſhort, the ruder *Libyans* tell, [befel.
What from their Sires they heard, & how the caſe
The teeming Earth, for ever freſh and young,
Yet, after many a Gyant Son, was ſtrong;
When lab'ring here with the prodigious birth,
She brought her youngeſt-born *Antæus* forth.
Of all the dreadful brood which erſt ſhe bore,
In none the fruitful Beldame glory'd more:
Happy for thoſe above ſhe brought him not,
'Till after *Phlegra*'s doubtful field was fought.
That this her Darling, might in force excell,
A gift ſhe gave: whene'er to Earth he fell,
Recruited ſtrength he from his Parent drew,
And ev'ry ſlack'ning nerve was ſtrung anew.
Yon cave his Den he made; where oft' for food,
He ſnatch'd the Mother Lion's horrid brood.

V. 968. *Antæus.*] I wonder *Lucan*, who ſeems to avoid *the Fabulous* in his Poem, ſhould go ſo far out of the way for this. The place of *Antæus*'s abode and burial is by no Author placed in this part of *Africk*; ſome fix it in *Mauritana Tingitana*, others in *Libya*, and *Cellarius* between the *Nile* and the *Red-Sea*.

V. 980. *Phlegra*,] Where the Gods and the Giants fought a pitch'd Battle

Nor leaves, nor ſhaggy hides his couch prepar'd,
Torn from the Tyger, or the ſpotted Pard;
But ſtretch'd along the naked Earth he lies;
New vigour ſtill the native earth ſupplies.
Whate'er he meets his ruthleſs hands invade,
Strong in himſelf, without his Mother's aid.
The Strangers that unknowing ſeek the ſhore,
Soon a worſe ſhipwreck on the land deplore.
Dreadful to all, with matchleſs might he reigns,
Robs, ſpoils, and maſſacres the ſimple Swains,
And all unpeopled lye the *Libyan* plains.
At length, around the trembling Nations ſpread,
Fame of the Tyrant to *Alcides* fled.
The Godlike Heroe, born by *Jove*'s decree,
To ſet the Seas, and Earth, from Monſters free;
Hither in gen'rous pity bent his courſe,
And ſet himſelf to prove the Giant's force.
Now met, the Combatants for fight provide,
And either 'doffs the Lion's yellow hide.
Bright in *Olympick* oil *Alcides* ſhone,
Antæus with his Mother's duſt is ſtrown,
And ſeeks her friendly force to aid his own.
Now ſeizing fierce their graſping hands they mix,
And labour on the ſwelling throat to fix;
Their ſin'wy arms are writh'd in many a fold,
And front to front, they threaten ſtern and bold.
Unmatch'd before, each bends a ſullen frown,
To find a force thus equal to his own.

At

V. 1006. Olympick *oil*,] As was uſual among the Racers and Wreſtlers at the *Olympick* Games.

At length the Godlike Victor *Greek* prevail'd,
Nor yet the Foe with all his force aſſail'd.
Faint dropping ſweats bedew the Monſter's brows,
And panting thick with heaving ſides he blows;
His trembling head the ſlack'ning nerves confeſs'd,
And from the Heroe ſhrunk his yielding breaſt.
The Conqueror purſues, his arms entwine,
Infolding gripe, and ſtrain his craſhing chine,
While his broad knee bears forceful on his groin.
At once his falt'ring feet from earth he rends,
And on the ſands the mighty length extends:
The Parent Earth her vanquiſh'd Son deplores,
And with a touch his vigour loſt reſtores;
From his faint limbs the clammy dews ſhe drains,
And with freſh ſtreams recruits his ebbing veins;
The Muſcles ſwell, the hard'ning ſinews riſe,
And burſting from th' *Herculean* graſp he flies.
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight *Alcides* ſtood:
Nor more he wonder'd, when in *Lerna*'s flood
The dreadful Snake her falling heads renew'd.
Of all his various labours, none was ſeen
With equal joy by Heav'n's unrighteous Queen;
Pleas'd ſhe beheld, what toil, what pains he prov'd,
He who had born the weight of Heav'n unmov'd.
Sudden again upon the Foe he flew,
The falling Foe to Earth for aid withdrew;
The Earth again her fainting Son ſupplies,
And with redoubled forces bids him riſe:
Her vital pow'rs to ſuccour him ſhe ſends,
And Earth her ſelf with *Hercules* contends.

V. 1034. *The dreadful Snake.*] The *Hydra.*

Conſcious at length of ſuch unequal fight;
And that the Parent's touch renew'd his might,
No longer ſha't thou fall, *Alcides* cry'd,
Henceforth the combat ſtanding ſhall be try'd;
If thou wo't lean, to me alone incline,
And reſt upon no other breaſt but mine.
He ſaid (and as he ſaw the Monſter ſtoop,
With mighty arms aloft he rears him up.
No more the diſtant Earth her Son ſupplies,
Lock'd in the Hero's ſtrong embrace he lyes;
Nor thence diſmiſs'd, nor truſted to the ground,
'Till death in ev'ry frozen limb was found.
Thus, fond of Tales, our Anceſtors of old
The ſtory to their Childrens Children told;
From thence a Title to the land they gave,
And call'd this hollow rock *Antæus'* Cave.
But greater deeds this riſing mountain grace,
And *Scipio*'s name ennobles much the place;
While fixing here his famous Camp, he calls
Fierce *Hannibal* from *Rome*'s devoted Walls.
As yet the mould'ring Works remain in view,
Where dreadful once the *Latian* Eagles flew.
Fond of the proſperous victorious name,
And truſting Fortune wou'd be ſtill the ſame,
Hither his hapeleſs Enſigns *Curio* leads,
And here his unauſpicious Camp he ſpreads.
A fierce ſuperior Foe his Arms provoke,
And rob the hills of all their ancient luck.
O'er all the *Roman* Pow'rs in *Libya*'s land,
Then *Atius Varus* bore ſupream command;
Nor truſting in the *Latian* ſtrength alone,
With foreign force he fortify'd his own;

Sum

Summon'd the ſwarthy Monarchs all from far,
And, call'd remoteſt *Juba* forth to War,
O'er many a country runs his wide command,
To *Atlas* huge, and *Gades'* weſtern ſtrand;
From thence to horned *Ammon*'s Fane renown'd,
And the waſte *Syrts*, unhoſpitable bound:
Southward as far he reigns, and rules alone
The ſult'ry Regions of the burning Zone.
With him, unnumber'd Nations march along,
Th' *Autololes* with wild *Numidians* throng;
The rough *Getulian*, with his ruder ſteed;
The *Moor*, reſembling *India*'s ſwarthy breed;
Poor *Naſamons*, and *Garamantines* join'd,
With ſwift *Marmaridans* that match the wind;
The *Mazax*, bred the trembling dart to throw,
Sure as the ſhaft that leaves the *Parthian* bow;
With theſe *Maſſylia*'s nimble Horſemen ride,
They nor the bit, nor curbing rein provide,
But with light rods the well-taught Courſer guide.
From lonely cots the *Libyan* Hunters came,
Who ſtill unarm'd invade the ſalvage game,
And with ſpread mantles tawny Lions tame.
But not *Rome*'s Fate, nor civil rage alone,
Incite the Monarch *Pompey*'s cauſe to own;

V. 1086. *Autololes*,] Or *Autololæ*, People, according to ſome, of *Gætulia* upon the ſhore of the *Atlantick* Ocean; according to others, of *Mauritania Cæſarienſis* joining to *Numidia*: theſe latter ſeem to be thoſe mention'd by *Lucan*.

The *African* Nations here reckon'd by the Poet as the Subjects of *Juba*, poſſeſs'd not only all that which we at preſent call the coaſt of *Barbary*, but extended beyond *Atlas* very far ſouthward, and from the *Straights* mouth along the *Atlantick* Ocean as far as the *Fortunate* or *Canary* Iſlands.

Stung by reſenting wrath the War he ſought;
And deep diſpleaſures paſt by *Curio* wrought.
He, when the Tribune's ſacred pow'r he gain'd,
When Juſtice, Laws, & Gods were all prophan'd,
At *Juba*'s ancient Scepter aim'd his hate,
And ſtrove to rob him of his Royal Seat;
From a juſt Prince wou'd tear his native right,
While *Rome* was made a Slave to lawleſs might.
The King, revolving cauſes from afar,
Looks on himſelf as party to the war.
That grudge, too well remembring, *Curio* knew;
To this he joins, his Troops to *Cæſar* new,
None of thoſe old experienc'd faithful Bands,
Nurs'd in his fear, and bred to his commands,
But a looſe, neutral, light, uncertain Train,
Late with *Corfinium*'s captive Fortreſs ta'en,
That wav'ring pauſe, and doubt for whom to ſtrike,
Sworn to both ſides, and true to both alike.
The careful Chief beheld, with anxious heart,
The faithleſs Centinels each night deſert:
Then thus, reſolving, to himſelf he cry'd,
By daring ſhews our greateſt fears we hide:
Then let me haſte to bid the Battle join,
And lead my Army, while it yet is mine;
Leiſure and thinking ſtill to change encline.
Let war, and action, buſie thought controul,
And find a full employment for the Soul.
When with drawn ſwords determin'd Soldiers ſtand,
When ſhame is loſt, and fury prompts the hand,
What Reaſon then can find a time to pauſe,
To weigh the diff'ring Chiefs, and juſter Cauſe?

That

That Cauſe ſeems only juſt for which they fight,
Each likes his own, and all are in the right.
On terms like theſe, within th' appointed ſpace,
Bold Gladiators, Gladiators face:
Unknowing why, like fierceſt Foes they greet,
And only hate, and kill, becauſe they meet.
He ſaid, and rang'd his Troops upon the plain,
While Fortune met him with a ſemblance vain,
Cov'ring her malice keen, and all his future pain.
Before him *Varus'* vanquiſh'd Legions yield,
And with dis-honeſt flight forſake the field;
Expos'd to ſhameful wounds their backs he views,
And to their Camp the fearful rout purſues.
Juba with joy the mournful news receives,
And haughty in his own ſucceſs believes.
Careful his Foes in error to maintain,
And ſtill preſerve 'em confident, and vain;
Silent he marches on in ſecret ſort,
And keeps his numbers cloſe from loud report.
Sabbura, great in the *Numidian* Race,
And ſecond to their ſwarthy King in place,
Firſt with a choſen ſlender Band precedes,
And ſeemingly the force of *Juba* leads:
While hidden he, the Prince himſelf, remains,
And in a ſecret vale his Hoſt conſtrains.
Thus oft' th' *Ichneumon*, on the banks of *Nile*,
Invades the deadly *Aſpick* by a wile;

V. 1157. *Ichneumon.*] This is a creature commonly call'd the Rat of *Ægypt*, of the bigneſs of a Weezel or ſmall Cat, an Enemy to Serpents, but particularly to the Crocodile.

While artfully his ſlender tail is plaid,
The Serpent darts upon the dancing ſhade;
Then turning on the Foe with ſwift ſurprize,
Full at his throat the nimble Seizer flies:
The gaſping Snake expires beneath the wound,
His guſhing jaws with pois'nous floods abound,
And ſhed the fruitleſs miſchief on the ground.
Nor Fortune fail'd to favour his intent,
But crown'd the fraud with proſperous event.
Curio, unknowing of the hoſtile pow'r,
Commands his Horſe the doubtful plain to ſcour,
And ev'n by night the regions round explore.
Himſelf, tho' oft' forewarn'd by friendly care,
Of *Punick* arts, and danger to beware,
Soon as the dawn of early day was broke,
His Camp, with all the moving Foot, forſook.
It ſeem'd, neceſſity inſpir'd the deed,
And Fate requir'd the daring Youth ſhou'd bleed.
War, that curſt War which he himſelf begun,
To death and ruin drove him headlong on.
O'er devious rocks, long time, his way he takes,
Thro' rugged paths, and rude encumb'ring brakes;
'Till, from afar, at length the hills diſcloſe,
Aſſembling on their heights his diſtant Foes.
Oft' haſty flight with ſwift retreat they feign,
To draw th' unwary Leader to the plain.

He,

V. 1164. *His intent.*] *Juba*'s.

V. 1172. Punick *frauds*.] The *Fraus Punica*, or *Punick* fraud, was a famous expreſſion among the Romans, to ſignify the moſt ſubtle deceit.

Lucan ſays, that *Curio* ſent out the Horſe by night, undoubtedly with deſign to *reconnoitre* (or diſcover) the country and the poſture of the Enemy, but that he march'd without knowing any thing of their ſtrength.

He, raſh and ignorant of *Libyan* wiles,
Wide o'er the naked champian ſpreads his files;
When ſudden, all the circling mountains round
With numberleſs *Numidians* thick are crown'd;
At once the riſing Ambuſh ſtands confeſs'd,
And dread ſtrikes cold on ev'ry *Roman* breaſt.
Helpleſs they view th' impending danger nigh,
Nor can the valiant fight, nor coward fly.
The weary Horſe neglects the Trumpet's ſound,
Nor with impatient ardour paws the ground;
No more he champs the bit, nor tugs the rein,
Nor pricks his ears, nor ſhakes his flowing mane;
With foamy ſweat his ſmoaking limbs are ſpread,
And all o'er-labour'd hangs his heavy head;
Hoarſe, & with pantings thick, his breath he draws,
While roapy filth begrimes his clammy jaws;
Careleſs the Rider's heart'ning voice he hears,
And motionleſs the wounding ſpur he bears.
At length by ſwords and goading darts compell'd,
Droniſh he drags his load acroſs the field;
Nor once attempts to charge, but drooping goes,
To bear his dying Lord amidſt his Foes.
Not ſo, the *Libyans* fierce their onſet make;
With thund'ring hoofs the ſandy ſoil they ſhake;
Thick o'er the Battle wavy clouds ariſe,
As when thro' *Thrace*, *Biſtonian Boreas* flies,
Involves the day in duſt, and darkens all the skies.

V. 1193. *The weary Horſe.*] The *Roman* Horſe, when they came to charge, were quite tir'd and jaded.

V. 1210. *Biſtonian.*] *Biſtonia* was a City of *Thrace* built by *Bi-*

And now the *Latian* Foot, encompaſs'd round,
Are maſſacred, and trodden to the ground:
None in reſiſtance vainly prove their might,
But death is all the buſineſs of the fight.
Thicker than hail the ſteely ſhow'rs deſcend;
Beneath the weight the falling *Romans* bend.
On ev'ry ſide the ſhrinking Front grows leſs,
And to the centre madly all they preſs:
Fear, uproar, and diſmay increaſe the cry,
Cruſhing, and cruſh'd, an armed croud they die;
Ev'n thronging on their Fellows ſwords they run,
And the Foes' buſineſs by themſelves is done.
But the fierce *Moors* diſdain a croud ſhou'd ſhare
The praiſe of conqueſt, or the task of war:
Rivers of blood they wiſh, and hills of ſlain,
With mangled carcaſſes to ſtrow the plain.
Genius of *Carthage*! rear thy drooping head,
And view thy fields with *Roman* ſlaughter ſpread.
Behold, oh *Hannibal*, thou hoſtile Shade!
A large amends by Fortune's hand is made,
And the loſt *Punick* blood is well repay'd.
Thus do the Gods the Cauſe of *Pompey* bleſs?
Thus! is it thus, they give our Arms ſucceſs?

Take

Biſton the Son of *Mars* and *Callirrhöe*, from whence all the *Thracians* were call'd *Biſtons*, and the Winds blowing from that country *Biſtonian*.

V. 1224. *Fierce* Moors *diſdain*] That their conqueſt ſhould be owing to the tumult and diſorder of the Enemy, they would have rather gain'd it with more ſlaughter.

V. 1233. *Thus do the Gods?*] The Poet would not have any advantage accrue to *Pompey* (whoſe perſon and cauſe he always favours) from the blood of his Countrymen, but would rather transfer the benefit of ſuch ſucceſs, as well as the guilt of it, to *Juba* and his *Africans*.

Take, *Africk*, rather take the horrid good,
And make thy own advantage of our blood.
The duſt, at length, in crimſon floods was laid,
And *Curio* now the dreadful field ſurvey'd:
He ſaw 'twas loſt, and knew it vain to ſtrive,
Yet bravely ſcorn'd to fly, or to ſurvive;
And tho' thus driv'n to death, he met it well,
And in a croud of dying *Romans* fell.
Now what avail thy pop'lar arts and Fame,
Thy reſtleſs mind that ſhook thy Country's frame?
Thy moving tongue that knew ſo well to charm,
And urge the madding multitude to arm?
What boots it, to have ſold the Senate's right,
And driv'n the furious Leaders on to fight?
Thou the firſt Victim of thy War art ſlain,
Nor ſha't thou ſee *Pharſalia*'s fatal plain.
Behold! ye potent Troublers of the State,
What wretched ends on curſt Ambition wait!
See! where, a prey, unbury'd *Curio* lyes,
To ev'ry Fowl that wings the *Libyan* skies.
Oh! were the Gods as gracious as ſevere,
Were Liberty, like vengeance, ſtill their care;
Then, *Rome*! what days, what people might'ſt thou ſee,
If Providence wou'd equally decree,
To puniſh Tyrants, and preſerve thee free.

Nor

V. 1238. *And* Curio *now.*] *Curio* has been mention'd before in the Firſt Book. He was in debt immenſely for a private Man. *Val. Maximus* ſays, that *Cæſar* paid *ſexcenties H. S.* 60000 *Seſtertia*, which is above 460000 *l.* Sterling for him, ſo that *Cæſar* might be well ſaid to buy, and *Curio* to ſell the Commonwealth.

Nor yet, oh gen'rous *Curio*! ſhall my verſe
Forget, thy praiſe, thy virtues, to rehearſe:
Thy virtues, which with envious time ſhall ſtrive,
And to ſucceeding Ages long ſurvive.
In all our pregnant Mother's Tribes, before,
A Son of nobler hope ſhe never bore:
A Soul more bright, more great ſhe never knew,
While to thy Country's int'reſt thou wer't true.
But thy bad fate o'er-rul'd thy native worth,
And in an Age abandon'd brought thee forth;
When Vice in triumph thro' the City paſs'd,
And dreadful Wealth & Pow'r laid all things waſte.
The ſweeping ſtream thy better purpoſe croſs'd,
And in the headlong torrent wer't thou loſt.
Much to the ruin of the State was done,
When *Curio* by the *Gallick* ſpoils was won;
Curio, the hope of *Rome*, & her moſt worthy Son.
Tyrants of old, whom former times record,
Who rul'd, and ravag'd with the murd'ring ſword;
Sylla whom ſuch unbounded pow'r made proud;
Marius, and *Cinna*, red with *Roman* blood;
Ev'n *Cæſar*'s mighty Race who lord it now,
Before whoſe Throne the ſubject Nations bow,
All bought that pow'r which laviſh *Curio* ſold,
Curio, who barter'd Liberty for Gold.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

In Epirus *the Consuls assemble the* Senate, *who unanimously appoint* Pompey *General of the War against* Cæsar, *and decree publick thanks to the several Princes and States who assisted the* Commonwealth. Appius, *at that time Prætor of* Achaia, *consults the Oracle of* Delphos, *concerning the event of the Civil-War. And upon this occasion, the Poet goes into a digression concerning the origine, the manner of the delivery, and the present silence of that Oracle. From* Spain Cæsar *returns into* Italy, *where he quells a mutiny in his Army, and punishes the offenders. From* Placentia, *where this disorder happen'd, he orders 'em to march to* Brundusium; *where, after a short turn to* Rome, *and assuming the Consulship, or rather the Supreme power, he joins them himself. From* Brundusium, *tho' it was then the middle of winter, he transports part of his Army by sea to* Epirus; *and lands at* Palæste. Pompey, *who then lay about* Candavia, *hearing of* Cæsar's

Ar-

Arrival, and being in pain for Dyrrachium, *march'd that way: On the banks of the River* Apſus, *they met and encamp'd cloſe together.* Cæſar *was not yet join'd by that part of his Troops which he had left behind him at* Brunduſium, *under the command of* Mark Anthony; *and being uneaſie at his delays, leaves his Camp by night, and ventures over a tempeſtuous ſea in a ſmall Bark, to haſten the tranſport. Upon* Cæſar's *joining his forces together,* Pompey *perceiv'd that the War wou'd now probably be ſoon decided by a Battle: and upon that conſideration reſolv'd to ſend his Wife to expect the event at* Lesbos. *Their parting, which is extreamly moving, concludes this Book.*

THUS equal, Fortune holds a while the ſcale,
And bids the leading Chiefs by turns prevail;
In doubt the Goddeſs, yet their fate detains,
And keeps 'em for *Emathia*'s fatal plains.
And now the ſetting *Pleiades* grew low,
The hills ſtood hoary in *December*'s ſnow;
The ſolemn ſeaſon was approaching near,
When other names, renew'd, the *Faſti* wear,
And double *Janus* leads the coming Year.

The

Ver. 5. *The ſetting* Pleiades.] The ſeven Stars ſet coſmically, as the Aſtronomers call it, (or about Sun-riſing) about the middle of *November*. It ſignifies here only the latter end of the Year.

V. 8. *When other names*. Of the new Conſuls. For the *Faſti* ſee before in the Notes on *Book* II. V. 999.

The Conſuls, while their Rods they yet maintain'd;
While yet ſome ſhew of Liberty remain'd,
With miſſives round the ſcatter'd Fathers greet,
And in *Epirus* bid the Senate meet.
There the great Rulers of the *Roman* State,
In foreign ſeats, conſulting, meanly ſate.
No face of war the grave Aſſembly wears,
But civil Pow'r in peaceful pomp appears:
The Purple Order to their place reſort,
While waiting Lictors guard the crouded Court.
No faction theſe, nor party ſeem to be,
But a full Senate, legal, juſt, and free.
Great, as he is, here *Pompey* ſtands confeſt
A private Man, and one among the reſt.
Their mutual groans, at length, & murmurs ceaſe,
And ev'ry mournful ſound is huſh'd in peace;
When from the Conſular diſtinguiſh'd Throne,
Sublimely rais'd thus *Lentulus* begun.
If yet our *Roman* Virtue is the ſame,
Yet worthy of the Race from which we came,
And emulates our great Forefathers' name,
Let not our thoughts, by ſad remembrance led,
Bewail thoſe captive walls from whence we fled.
This time demands that to our ſelves we turn,
Nor, Fathers, have we leiſure now to mourn;

V. 19. *Lictors.*] Theſe were ſomewhat like our Serjeants at Mace: They attended the principal *Roman* Magiſtrates, and carry'd the Enſigns of their Authority, the Rods and Axes, before 'em.

V. 32. *Thoſe captive Walls.*] *Rome* poſſeſs'd by *Cæſar.*

But let each early care, each honeſt heart,
Our Senate's ſacred dignity aſſert.
To all around proclaim it, wide, and near,
That Pow'r which Kings obey, & Nations fear,
That only legal Pow'r of *Rome*, is here.
For whether to the northern *Bear* we go,
Where pale ſhe glitters o'er eternal ſnow;
Or whether in thoſe ſult'ry climes we burn,
Where night and day with equal hours return:
The World ſhall ſtill acknowledge us it's head,
And Empire follow whereſoe'er we lead.
When *Gallick* flames the burning City felt,
At *Veiæ Rome* with her *Camillus* dwelt.
Beneath forſaken roofs proud *Cæſar* reigns,
Our vacant Courts, and ſilent Laws conſtrains;
While Slaves, obedient to his tyrant will,
Outlaws, and Profligates, his Senate fill;
With him a baniſh'd guilty croud appear,
All that are juſt and innocent are here.
Diſpers'd by War, tho' guiltleſs of its crimes,
Our Order yielded to theſe impious times;
At length returning each from his retreat,
In happy hour the ſcatter'd Members meet.
The Gods, and Fortune greet us on the way,
And with the World loſt *Italy* repay.

Upon

V. 47. *At* Veiæ Rome.] When *Rome* was ſack'd by the *Gauls*, the Senate aſſembled at *Veiæ*, about three leagues from their own City, and there appointed *Camillus* Dictator.

V. 59. *And with the World.*] The Conſul *Lentulus* would inſinuate, that their ſucceſſes againſt *Vulteius* and *Curio* did overballance the loſſes they had ſuſtain'd in *Spain* and *Italy*; and were to be look'd upon as an earneſt of their recovering the Empire of the World.

Upon *Illyria*'s favourable coaſt,
Vulteius with his furious Band are loſt;
While in bold *Curio*, on the *Libyan* plain,
One half of *Cæſar*'s Senators lye ſlain.
March then, ye Warriors! ſecond Fate's deſign,
And to the leading Gods your ardour join.
With equal conſtancy to battle come,
As when you ſhun'd the Foe, & left your native *Rome*.
The period of the Conſuls pow'r is near,
Who yield our *Faſces* with the ending Year:
But you, ye Fathers, whom we ſtill obey,
Who rule Mankind with undetermin'd ſway,
Attend the publick weal, with faithful care,
And bid our greateſt *Pompey* lead the War.
In loud applauſe the pleas'd Aſſembly join,
And to the glorious task the Chief aſſign:
His Country's Fate they truſt to him alone,
And bid him fight *Rome*'s battles, and his own.
Next, to their Friends their thanks are dealt around,
And ſome with gifts, & ſome with praiſe are crown'd:
Of theſe, the chief are *Rhodes*, by *Phœbus* lov'd,
And *Sparta* rough, in virtue's lore approv'd.
Of *Athens* much they ſpeak; *Maſſilia*'s aid,
Is with her Parent *Phocis*' freedom pay'd.
Deiotarus his truth they much commend,
Their ſtill unſhaken faithful *Aſian* Friend.

V. 80. Rhodes *by* Phœbus *lov'd.*] The *Coloſſus* and Temple of the Sun in that Iſland were famous in antiquity.

V. 82. *Her Parent* Phocis.] See Notes on *Book* III. V. 454.

V. 84. Deiotarus *his truth.*] *Deiotarus* King of *Galatia* brought 600 Horſe to join *Pompey*: *Cotys* King of *Thrace* ſent 500, under the conduct of his Son *Sadalis*; and *Rhaſcipolis* brought 200 from *Macedonia*.

Brave *Cotys*, and his valiant Son they grace;
With bold *Rhaſipolis* from ſtormy *Thrace*.
While gallant *Juba* juſtly is decreed
To his paternal Scepter to ſucceed.
And thou too, *Ptolomy* (unrighteous Fate!)
Wer't rais'd unworthy to the Regal ſtate,
The Crown upon thy perjur'd temples ſhone,
That once was born by *Philip*'s Godlike Son.
O'er *Ægypt* ſhakes the Boy his cruel ſword,
(Oh! that he had been only *Ægypt*'s Lord!)
But the dire gift more dreadful miſchiefs wait,
While *Lagos*' Scepter gives him *Pompey*'s fate:
Preventing *Cæſar*'s, and his Siſter's hand;
He ſeiz'd his parricide, and her command.
Th' Aſſembly roſe, and all on war intent
Buſtle to arms, and blindly wait th' event.
Appius alone, impatient to be taught,
With what the threat'ning future times were fraught,
With buſie curioſity explores
The dreadful purpoſe of the heav'nly Pow'rs.
To *Delphos* ſtrait he flies, where long the God
In ſilence had poſſeſs'd his cloſe abode;
His Oracles had long been known to ceaſe,
And the prophetick Virgin liv'd in peace.

Be-

V. 90. *And thou too*, Ptolomy.] *Ptolomy* defrauded his Siſter *Cleopatra* of her ſhare in the Kingdom; and in killing *Pompey* ſav'd *Cæſar* the guilt of that impious act. *Lagos* was a Sirname of the *Ptolomy*'s Family

V. 102. Appius *alone*.] *Appius* the Governour of *Achaia*, to know the event of the Civil-War, compell'd the Prieſteſs of *Delphos* to deſcend to the Oracle, which had not of a long time been uſed.

Between the ruddy weſt and eaſtern skies,
In the mid-earth *Parnaſſus*' tops ariſe:
To *Phœbus*, and the chearful God of wine,
Sacred in common ſtands the Hill divine.
Still as the third revolving year comes round,
The *Mænades*, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
The double Deity in ſolemn ſongs reſound.
When o'er the World the deluge wide was ſpread,
This only Mountain rear'd his lofty head;
One riſing Rock preſerv'd, a bound was giv'n,
Between the vaſty deep, and ambient heav'n.
Here, to revenge long-vex'd *Latona*'s pain,
Python by infant *Pœan*'s darts was ſlain, [reign.
While yet the Realm was held by *Themis*' righteous
But when the God perceiv'd how from below
The conſcious caves diviner breathings blow,
How vapours cou'd unfold th' Enquirer's doom,
And talking Winds cou'd ſpeak of things to come;

V. 111. Parnaſſus, *tops.*] The Mountain *Parnaſſus* was ſacred to *Phœbus* and *Bacchus*, and by the Ancients believ'd to be exactly in the middle of the Earth.

V. 115, *The* Mænades.] Theſe were Prieſteſſes properly of *Bacchus*. The *Trieterica*, or Three-yearly Feaſts, were ſacred to that God, in honour of his return from his Victories in *India*.

V. 122. *Python*,] Was a monſtrous Serpent ſent by *Juno* to perſecute *Latona*. He was kill'd by *Pœan* or *Apollo*.

V. 123. *Themis.*] The Goddeſs of Juſtice.

V. 125. *Diviner breathings.*] The orginal of this Oracle was ſaid to be from certain blaſts or exhalations which proceeded from a deep cavern in the earth, and which inſpir'd the *Pythian*, or Propheteſs, with a Spirit of prediction. And *Lucan*, in this place, makes *Apollo* add his Godhead to ſome divine quality that was before in the Earth it ſelf. For a larger account of this Oracle, ſee Dr. *Potter*, the preſent Biſhop of *Oxford*, in his *Archæologia Græca*. Lib. II. Cap. 9.

Deep in the hollows plunging he retir'd,
There with foretelling fury firſt inſpir'd; [quir'd.
From thence the Prophet's art, & honours he ac-
So runs the Tale. And oh! what God indeed
Within this gloomy cavern's depth is hid!
What Pow'r divine forſakes the Heav'n's fair light,
To dwell with earth, and everlaſting night?
What is this Spirit, potent, wiſe, and great,
Who daigns to make a mortal frame his ſeat;
Who the long chain of ſecret cauſes knows;
Whoſe Oracles the years to come diſcloſe;
Who thro' eternity at once foreſees,
And tells that fate which he himſelf decrees?
Part of that Soul, perhaps, which moves in all,
Whoſe energy informs the pendant Ball,
Thro' this dark paſſage ſeeks the Realms above,
And ſtrives to re-unite it ſelf to *Jove*.
Whate'er the *Demon*, when he ſtands confeſt
Within his raging Prieſteſs' panting breaſt,
Dreadful his Godhead from the Virgin breaks,
And thund'ring from her foamy mouth he ſpeaks.
Such is the burſt of bellowing *Ætna*'s ſound,
When fair *Sicilia*'s paſtures ſhake around;
Such from *Inarimè Typhœus* roars,
While rattling rocks beſtrew *Campania*'s ſhores.
The liſt'ning God, ſtill ready with replies,
To none his aid, or oracle denies,

Yet

V. 151. *Inarimè*,] An Iſland on the coaſt of *Italy* near *Naples*, now *Iſchia*, in which there is a *Volcano* or fiery eruption. The Giant *Typhœus* is feign'd by the Poets to have been ſtruck with Lightning by *Jupiter*, and this Iſland thrown upon him.

V. 154. *To none his aid.*] That is, in the times when there were

Yet wiſe and righteous ever, ſcorns to hear
The Fool's fond wiſhes, or the guilty's pray'r;
Tho', vainly in repeated vows they truſt,
None e'er find grace before him, but the Juſt.
Oft to a baniſh'd, wand'ring, houſeleſs Race,
The ſacred dictates have aſſign'd a place.
Oft from the ſtrong he ſaves the weak in war:
This truth, ye *Salaminian* Seas declare!
And heals the barren land, and peſtilential air.
Of all the wants with which this age is curſt,
The *Delphick* ſilence ſurely is the worſt.
But Tyrants, juſtly fearful of their doom,
Forbid the Gods to tell us what's to come.
Meanwhile, the Propheteſs may well rejoice,
And bleſs the ceaſing of the ſacred voice:
Since Death too oft her holy task attends,
And immature her dreadful labour ends.
Torn by the fierce diſtracting rage ſhe ſprings,
And dies beneath the God for whom ſhe ſings.

were frequent Oracles given (uſing the *preſent* Tenſe for the *Præterite*, frequent in Poetry.) It is plain, not only from *Lucan* in this Book, but other ancient Authors, that this and other Oracles had been ſilent ſome time before the Civil-War between *Cæſar* and *Pompey*.

V. 159. *Oft to a baniſh'd*] There are frequent inſtances in ſtory of theſe uſeful Oracles. The *Phœnicians*, driven by Earthquakes from their firſt habitations, were taught to fix firſt at *Sidon*, and after at *Tyre*. When *Greece* was invaded by *Xerxes*, the *Athenians* were adviſed to truſt in their wooden walls, (their Ships) and beat the *Perſians* at Sea at the Battle of *Salamis*. A Famine in *Ægypt*, and the Plague at *Thebes* for the murder of *Laius*, were both remov'd by conſulting this Oracle.

V. 166. *But Tyrants.*] They forbid their Subjects to enquire.

Theſe ſilent caves, theſe *Tripods* long unmov'd,
Anxious for *Rome*, inquiring *Appius* prov'd:
He bids the Guardian of the dread abode,
Send in the trembling Prieſteſs to the God.
The rev'rend Sire the *Latian* Chief obey'd,
And ſudden ſeis'd the unſuſpecting Maid,
Where careleſs in the peaceful grove ſhe ſtray'd.
Diſmay'd, aghaſt, and pale he drags her on;
She ſtops, and ſtrives the fatal task to ſhun:
Subdu'd by force, to fraud and art ſhe flies,
And, thus to turn the *Roman*'s purpoſe tries.
What curious hopes thy wand'ring fancy move,
The ſilent *Delphick* Oracle to prove?
In vain, *Auſonian Appius*, art thou come;
Long has our *Phœbus* and his Cave been dumb.
Whether, diſdaining us, the ſacred Voice
Has made ſome other diſtant Land its choice;
Or whether, when the fierce Barbarians' fires
Low in the duſt had laid our lofty ſpires,
In heaps the ſmould'ring aſhes heavy rod,
And choak'd the channels of the breathing God:

Or

V. 174. *Tripods.*] There are ſeveral differing opinions concerning the *Tripus* or *Tripod* at *Delphos*, which are collected by the Learned Dr. *Potter* (as above). The moſt common, and, I think, the moſt probable is, that it was a three-legged ſtool or ſeat, placed over the hole or vent of the ſacred cavern: Upon this the Prieſteſs ſate or lean'd, and receiv'd the divine *afflatus*, or blaſt, from below. Thoſe that have a curioſity to be better inform'd may ſee *Van Dale de Oraculis.*

V. 191. *When the fierce Barbarians' fires.*] When *Delphos* was taken and ſack'd, and the Temple burnt by *Brennus* and the *Gauls.*

Or whether, Heav'n no longer gives replies,
But bids the *Sibylls* myſtick verſe ſuffice;
Or if he daigns not this bad Age to bear,
And holds the World unworthy of his care;
Whate'er the cauſe, our God has long been mute,
And anſwers not to any Suppliant's ſute.
But ah! too well her artifice is known
Her fears confeſs the God, whom they diſown.
Howe'er, each Rite ſhe ſeemingly prepares;
A Fillet gathers up her foremoſt hairs;
While the white wreath and bays her temples bind,
And knit the looſer locks which flow behind.
Sudden, the ſtronger Prieſt, tho' yet ſhe ſtrives,
The ling'ring Maid within the Temple drives:
But ſtill ſhe fears, ſtill ſhuns the dreadful Shrine,
Lags in the outer ſpace, and feigns the rage divine.
But far unlike the God, her calmer breaſt
No ſtrong enthuſiaſtick throes confeſt;
No terrours in her ſtarting hairs were ſeen,
To caſt from off her brow the wreathing green:
No broken accents half obſtructed hung,
Nor ſwelling murmurs roll her lab'ring tongue.
From her fierce jaws no ſounding horrours come,
No Thunders bellow thro' the working foam,
To rend the ſpacious cave; & ſhake the vaulted dome.
Too plain, the peaceful Groves & Fane betray'd
The wily, fearful, God-diſſembling Maid.

V. 196. *The* Sibyl's *myſtick Verſe.*] That Volume which was kept at *Rome*, and conſulted upon the moſt important publick occaſions.

The furious *Roman* ſoon the fraud eſpy'd,
And, hope not thou to ſcape my rage he cry'd;
Sore ſhalt thou rue thy fond deceit, profane,
(The Gods and *Appius* are not mock'd in vain)
Unleſs thou ceaſe thy mortal ſounds to tell,
Unleſs thou plunge thee in the myſtick Cell,
Unleſs the Gods themſelves reveal the doom,
Which ſhall befall the waring World, and *Rome*.
He ſpoke, and aw'd by the ſuperior dread,
The trembling Prieſteſs to the *Tripod* fled:
Cloſe to the holy breathing vent ſhe cleaves,
And largly the unwonted God receives.
Nor age the potent Spirit had decay'd,
But with full force he fills the heaving Maid;
Nor e'er ſo ſtrong inſpiring *Paan* came,
Nor ſtretch'd, as now, her agonizing frame:
The mortal Mind driv'n out forſook her breaſt,
And the ſole Godhead ev'ry part poſſeſt.
Now ſwell her veins, her turgid ſinews riſe,
And bounding frantick thro' the Cave ſhe flies;
Her briſtling locks the wreathy fillet ſcorn,
And her fierce feet the tumbling *Tripods* ſpurn.
Now wild ſhe dances o'er the vacant Fane,
And whirls her giddy head, & bellows with the pain.
Nor yet the leſs, th' avenging wrathful God,
Pours in his fires, and ſhakes his ſounding rod:

He

V. 226. *Thy mortal ſounds.*] Your own words; what you ſpeak from your ſelf, and not from the inſpiration of *Apollo*.

V. 247. *His ſounding rod.*] in theſe divine furies the Prieſteſs ſeem'd to be driven along with whips.

He laſhes now, and goads her on amain;
And now he checks her ſtubborn to the rein,
Curbs in her tongue, juſt lab'ring to diſcloſe,
And ſpeak that fate which in her boſome glows.
Ages on Ages throng, a painful load,
Myriads of images, and myriads croud;
Men, times, and things, or preſent, or to come,
Work lab'ring up and down, and rage for room,
Whatever is, ſhall be, or e'er has been,
Rolls in her thought, and to her ſight is ſeen.
The ocean's utmoſt bounds her eyes explore,
And number ev'ry ſand on ev'ry ſhore;
Nature, and all her works, at once they ſee,
Know when ſhe firſt begun, & when her end ſhall be.
And as the *Sibyll* once in *Cumæ*'s cell,
When vulgar fates ſhe proudly ceas'd to tell,
The *Roman* deſtiny diſtinguiſh'd took,
And kept it careful in her ſacred Book;
So now, *Phemonoë*, in crouds of thought,
The ſingle doom of *Latian Appius* ſought.
Nor in that maſs, where multitudes abound,
A private fortune can with eaſe be found.
At length her foamy mouth begins to flow,
Groans more diſtinct, and plainer murmurs go;
A doleful houl the roomy cavern ſhook,
And thus the calmer Maid in fainting accents ſpoke.
While guilty Rage the World tumultuous rends,
In peace for thee, *Eubœa*'s vale attends;

Thi-

V. 266. *Phemonoë.*] *Lucan* gives this name to the Prieſteſs of his time; probably becauſe it was the name of the firſt Maid that deliver'd theſe Oracles.

Thither, as to thy refuge, ſhalt thou fly',
There find repoſe, and unmoleſted lye.
She ſaid; the God her lab'ring tongue ſuppreſt,
And in eternal darkneſs veil'd the reſt.
Ye ſacred *Tripods*, on whoſe doom we wait!
Ye Guardians of the future laws of Fate!
And thou, oh *Phœbus* whoſe prophetick skill;
Reads the dark counſels of the heav'nly will;
Why did your wary Oracles refrain,
To tell what Kings, what Heroes muſt be ſlain,
And how much blood the bluſhing Earth ſhou'd [ſtain?
Was it that yet, the guilt was undecreed!
That yet our *Pompey* was not doom'd to bleed;
Or choſe you wiſely, rather to afford,
A juſt occaſion to the Patriot's ſword?
As if you fear'd t' avert the Tyrant's doom;
And hinder *Brutus* from avenging *Rome*?
Thro' the wide Gates at length by force diſplay'd,
Impetuous ſallies the prophetick Maid;
Nor yet the holy rage was all ſuppreſs'd,
Part of the God ſtill heaving in her breaſt:
Urg'd by the *Dæmon*, yet ſhe rolls her eyes,
And wildly wanders o'er the ſpacious skies.
Now horrid purple fluſhes in her face,
And now a livid pale ſupplies the place;
A double madneſs paints her cheeks by turns,
With fear ſhe freezes, and with fury burns:
Sad breathing ſighs with heavy accent go,
And doleful from her fainting boſome blow.
So when no more the Storm ſonorous ſings.
But noiſie *Boreas* hangs his weary wings,

In hollow groans the falling winds complain,
And murmur o'er the hoarſe-reſounding main.
Now by degrees the fire ætherial fail'd,
And the dull human ſenſe again prevail'd;
While *Phœbus*, ſudden in a murky ſhade,
Hid the paſt viſion from the mortal Maid.
Thick clouds of dark oblivion riſe between,
And ſnatch away at once the wond'rous ſcene;
Stretch'd on the ground the fainting Prieſteſs lies,
While to the *Tripod*, back, th' informing Spirit flies.
Meanwhile, fond *Appius*, erring in his fate,
Dream'd of long ſafety and a neutral ſtate;
And, e'er the great event of War was known,
Fix'd on *Eubœan Chalcis* for his own.
Fool! to believe that pow'r cou'd ward the blow,
Or ſnatch thee from amidſt the gen'ral woe!
In times like theſe, what God but Death can ſave?
The world can yield no refuge, but the grave.
Where ſtruggling ſeas *Caryſtos* rude conſtrains,
And, dreadful to the proud *Rhamnuſia* reigns;
Where by the whirling current barks are toſt
From *Chalcis* to unlucky *Aulis'* coaſt;

There

V. 320. *Eubœan Chalcis.*] *Chalcis* and *Aulis* lye over-againſt each other, one in *Eubœa* (*Negropont*), the other in *Bœotia*, with the *Euripus* or gulf between.

V. 326. *Rhamnuſia.*] *Nemeſis*, or the Goddeſs of divine vengeance, was particularly worſhip'd at *Rhamnus*, a Town in *Attica*, and from thence called *Rhamnuſia*. *Appius* thinking this Oracle had warn'd him only to abſtain from this war, retired into that Country call'd *Cœla Eubœa*, where before the Battle of *Pharſalia* he died of a diſeaſe, and was there buried, and ſo poſſeſs'd quietly the place which the Oracle had promis'd him.

There ſhalt thou meet the Gods appointed doom,
A private death, and long-remember'd tomb.

To other Wars the Victor now ſucceeds,
And his proud Eagles from *Iberia* leads:
When the chang'd Gods his ruin ſeem to threat,
And croſs the long ſucceſsful courſe of Fate.
Amidſt his Camp, and fearleſs of his Foes,
Sudden he ſaw where inborn dangers roſe:
He ſaw thoſe Troops that long had faithful ſtood,
Friends to his cauſe, and Enemies to good,
Grown weary of their Chief, & ſatiated with blood.
Whether the Trumpet's ſound too long had ceaſt,
And Slaughter ſlept in unaccuſtom'd reſt:
Or whether, arrogant by miſchief made,
The Soldier held his guilt but half repay'd:
Whilſt Avarice and hope of bribes prevail,
Turn againſt *Cæſar*, and his cauſe, the ſcale,
And ſet the mercenary ſword to ſale.
Nor, e'er before, ſo truly cou'd he read
What dangers ſtrow thoſe paths the Mighty tread.
Then firſt, he found on what a faithleſs baſe
Their nodding tow'rs Ambition's Builders place;
He who ſo late, a potent Faction's Head,
Drew in the Nations, and the Legions led;

Now

V. 331. *To other wars.*] *Cæſar* was now return'd from *Spain* to *Placentia* in *Italy*, and was going to follow *Pompey* into *Epirus* and *Macedania*, when this Mutiny in his Army happen'd. As *Lucan* tells the ſtory he ſeems not to have been preſent at the time when it firſt began, but upon the firſt notice of it to have repaired to the Camp. Nor does the Speech of one of the Ringleaders (tho' addreſs'd to him) ſuppoſe him to be preſent.

Now ſtript of all, beheld in ev'ry hand
The Warriors weapons at their own command;
Nor ſervice now, nor ſafety they afford,
But leave him ſingle to his Guardian ſword.
Nor is this rage the grumbling of a croud,
That ſhun to tell their diſcontents aloud;
Where all with gloomy looks ſuſpicious go,
And dread of an Informer choaks their woe:
But, bold in numbers proudly they appear,
And ſcorn the baſhful mean reſtraints of Fear.
Far Laws, in great Rebellions, loſe their end,
And all go free, when multitudes offend.
Among the reſt, one thus: At length 'tis time;
To quit thy cauſe, oh *Cæſar*! and our crime:
The world around for Foes thou haſt explor'd,
And laviſhly expos'd us to the ſword;
To make thee great, a worthleſs croud we fall,
Scatter'd o'er *Spain*, o'er *Italy*, and *Gaul*;
In ev'ry clime beneath the ſpacious sky,
Our Leader conquers, and his Soldiers die.
What boots our march beneath the froſen Zone,
Or that loſt blood which ſtains the *Rhine* and *Rhone*?
When ſcarr'd with wounds, & worn with labours hard,
We come with hopes of recompence prepar'd,
Thou giv'ſt us war, more war, for our reward.
Tho' purple rivers in thy cauſe we ſpilt,
And ſtain'd our horrid hands in ev'ry guilt;
With unavailing wickedneſs we toil'd,
In vain the Gods, in vain the Senate ſpoil'd;
Of virtue, and reward, alike bereft,
Our pious poverty is all we've left.

Say

Say to what height thy daring Arms wou'd riſe?
If *Rome*'s too little, what can e'er ſuffice?
Oh ſee at length! with pity, *Cæſar*, ſee
Theſe with'ring arms, theſe hairs grown white for thee.
In painful wars our joyleſs days have paſt,
Let weary Age lye down in peace at laſt;
Give us, on beds, our dying limbs to lay,
And ſigh, at home, our parting Souls away.
Nor think it much we make the bold demand,
And ask this wond'rous favour at thy hand:
Let our poor Babes and weeping Wives be by,
To cloſe our drooping eyelids when we die.
Be merciful, and let diſeaſe afford
Some other way to die, beſide the ſword;
Let us no more a common carnage burn,
But each be laid in his own decent urn.
Still wo't thou urge us ignorant and blind,
To ſome more monſtrous miſchief yet behind?
Are we the only fools, forbid to know
How much we may deſerve by one ſure blow?
Thy head, thy head is ours, whene'er we pleaſe;
Well has thy war inſpir'd ſuch thoughts as theſe:
What Laws, what Oaths can urge their feeble bands,
To hinder theſe determin'd daring hands?
That *Cæſar*, who was once ordain'd our Head,
When to the *Rhine* our lawful Arms he led,
Is now no more our Chieftain, but our Mate;
Guilt equal, gives equality of ſtate.

Nor

V. 402. *Are we the only fools?*] Do you think, we only are ignorant how greatly we may deſerve of the Commonwealth by killing you?

Nor ſhall his foul ingratitude prevail,
Nor weigh our merits in his partial ſcale;
He views our labours with a ſcornful glance,
And calls our Victories the works of Chance:
But his proud heart, henceforth, ſhall learn to own,
His pow'r, his fate depends on us alone.
Yes, *Cæſar*, ſpight of all thoſe Rods that wait,
With mean obſequious ſervice, on thy ſtate;
Spight of thy Gods, & thee, the War ſhall ceaſe,
And we thy Soldiers will command a peace.
He ſpoke, and fierce tumultous Rage inſpir'd;
The kindling Legions round the Camp were fir'd,
And with loud cries their abſent Chief requir'd.
Permit it thus, ye righteous Gods, to be;
Let wicked hands fulfill your great Decree;
And ſince loſt Faith, and Virtue are no more,
Let *Cæſar*'s Bands the publick peace reſtore.
What Leader had not now been chill'd with fear,
And heard this tumult with the laſt deſpair?
But *Cæſar*, form'd for perils hard and great,
Headlong to drive, and brave oppoſing Fate;
While yet with fierceſt fires their furies flame;
Secure, and ſcornful of the danger, came.
Nor was he wroth to ſee the madneſs riſe,
And mark the vengeance threat'ning in their eyes:
With pleaſure cou'd he crown their curſt deſigns,
With Rapes of Matrons, and the ſpoils of Shrines;
Had they but ask'd it, well he cou'd approve
The waſte, and plunder of *Tarpeian Jove*:

V. 440. *Tarpeian Jove.*] The Capitol.

No miſchief he, no Sacrilege denies,
But wou'd himſelf beſtow the horrid Prize.
With joy he ſees their ſouls by rage poſſeſt,
Sooths and indulges ev'ry frantick breaſt,
And only fears what Reaſon may ſuggeſt.
Still, *Cæſar*, wo't thou tread the paths of blood?
Wo't thou, thou ſingly! hate thy Country's good?
Shall the rude Soldier firſt of war complain,
And teach thee to be pitiful in vain?
Give o'er at length, and let thy labours ceaſe,
Nor vex the World, but learn to ſuffer peace.
Why ſhould'ſt thou force each, now unwilling hand,
And drive 'em on to guilt by thy command?
When ev'n relenting Rage it ſelf gives place,
And fierce *Enyo* ſeems to ſhun thy face.

High on a turfy bank the Chief was rear'd,
Fearleſs, and therefore worthy to be fear'd;
Around the croud he caſt an angry look,
And dreadful, thus with indignation ſpoke.

Ye noiſie herd! who in ſo fierce a ſtrain
Againſt your abſent Leader dare complain:
Behold! where naked and unarm'd he ſtands,
And braves the malice of your threat'ning hands.
Here find your end of War, your long-ſought reſt,
And leave your uſeleſs ſwords in *Cæſar*'s breaſt.
But wherefore urge I the bold deed to you?
To rail, is all your feeble rage can do.
In grumbling Factions are you bold and loud,
Can ſow ſedition, and increaſe a croud;

You!

V. 455. *Fierce* Enyo.] The Goddeſs of Civil War.

You! who can loath the glories of the Great,
And poorly meditate a baſe retreat.
But, hence! begone, from Victory and me,
Leave me to what my better Fates decree:
New Friends, new Troops, my Fortune ſhall afford,
And find a hand for ev'ry vacant ſword.
Behold, what crouds on flying *Pompey* wait,
What multitudes attend his abject ſtate!
And ſhall Succeſs, and *Cæſar*, droop the while?
Shall I want numbers to divide the ſpoil,
And reap the fruits of your forgotten toil?
Legions ſhall come to end the bloodleſs war,
And ſhouting follow my triumphal Car.
While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd race,
Shall view our honours with a downward face,
And curſe your ſelves in ſecret as we paſs.
Can your vain aid, can your departing force,
With-hold my conqueſt, or delay my courſe?
So trickling brooks their waters may deny,
And hope to leave the mighty Ocean dry;
The deep ſhall ſtill be full, & ſcorn the poor ſupply
Nor think ſuch vulgar Souls as yours were giv'n,
To be the task of Fate, and care of Heav'n:
Few are the Lordly, the diſtinguiſh'd Great,
On whom the watchful Gods, like Guardians wait:
The reſt for common uſe were all deſign'd,
An unregarded rabble of mankind.
By my auſpicious Name, and Fortune, led,
Wide o'er the world your conqu'ring Arms were ſpread;
But ſay, what had you done, with *Pompey* at your [head?

Vaſt was the fame by *Labienus* won,
When rank'd amidſt my warlike Friends, he ſhon:
Now mark what follows on his faithleſs change,
And ſee him with his Chief new-choſen range;
By land, and ſea, where-e'er my Arms he ſpies,
An ignominious Runagate he flies.
Such ſhall you prove. Nor is it worth my care,
Whether to *Pompey*'s aid your Arms you bear:
Who quits his Leader, whereſoe'er he go,
Flies like a Traytor, and becomes my Foe.
Yes, ye great Gods! your kinder care I own,
You made the faith of theſe falſe Legions known:
You warn me well to change theſe coward Bands,
Nor truſt my Fate to ſuch betraying hands.
And thou too, Fortune, point'ſt me out the way,
A mighty debt, thus cheaply to repay:
Henceforth my care regards my ſelf alone,
War's glorious gain ſhall now be all my own.
For you, ye vulgar herd, in peace return,
My Enſigns ſhall by manly hands be born.
Some few of you, my ſentence here ſhall wait,
And warn ſucceeding Factions by your fate.
Down! groveling down to earth, ye Traytors, bend,
And with your proſtrate necks, my doom attend.
And you, ye younger Striplings of the War,
You, whom I mean to make my future care;

Strike

V. 500. *Labienus.*] He had been *Cæſar*'s Lieutenant in *Gaul*; but was perſwaded by *Cæſar*'s Enemies to forſake him, and go over to *Pompey*.

V. 506. *Nor is it worth my care.*] It is very indifferent to me whether you only forſake me, and remain neuters, or go over to *Pompey* and aſſiſt him.

Strike home! to blood, to death, inure your hands,
And learn to execute my dread commands.
He ſpoke; and at th' imperious ſound diſmay'd,
The trembling unreſiſting croud obey'd:
No more their late equality they boaſt,
But bend beneath his frown, a ſuppliant Hoſt.
Singly ſecure, he ſtands confeſs'd their Lord,
And rules, in ſpight of him, the Soldier's ſword.
Doubtful, at firſt, their patience he ſurveys,
And wonders why each haughty heart obeys;
Beyond his hopes he ſees the ſtubborn bow,
And bare their breaſts obedient to the blow;
'Till ev'n his cooler thoughts the deed diſclaim,
And wou'd not find their fiercer ſouls ſo tame.
A few, at length ſelected from the reſt,
Bled for example, and the tumult ceas'd:
Wile the conſenting Hoſt the Victims view'd,
And, in that blood, their broken faith renew'd.
Now to *Brunduſium*'s Walls he bids 'em tend,
Where ten long days their weary marches end;
There he commands aſſembling Barks to meet,
And furniſh from the neighb'ring ſhores his Fleet.
Thither the crooked Keels from *Leuca* glide,
From *Taras* old, and *Hydrus*' winding tide;

V. 530. *Their late equality.*] See before, *Ver.* 410.

V. 539. *And wou'd not find.*] As thinking ſuch a diſpoſition of mind too tame for the execution of deſigns like his.

V. 540. *A few at length.*] *Cæſar* caſhier'd, with infamy, all the Ninth Legion at *Placencia*, and with much ado, after many prayers and great ſubmiſſions, receiv'd them again, but not without making ſevere examples of the chief Mutineers.

V. 549. *From* Taras,] Or *Tara*, a River of *Naples* in the Pro-

vince

Thither with ſwelling ſails their way they take,
From lowly *Sipus* and *Salapia*'s lake;
From where *Apulia*'s fruitful mountains riſe,
Where high along the coaſt *Garganus* lyes,
And beating ſeas, and fighting winds defies.
Meanwhile the Chief to *Rome* directs his way,
Now fearful, aw'd, and faſhion'd to his ſway.
There, with mock pray'rs, the ſuppliant vulgar wait,
And urge on him the great Dictator's ſtate.
Obedient he, ſince thus their wills ordain,
A gracious Tyrant condeſcends to reign.
His mighty name the joyful *Faſti* wear,
Worthy to uſher in the curſt *Pharſalian* year.
Then was the time, when Sycophants began
To heap all titles on one lordly Man,
Then learn'd our Sires that fawning lying ſtrain,
Which we, their ſlaviſh Sons, ſo well retain:
Then firſt, were ſeen to join, an ill-match'd pair,
The ax of Juſtice, with the ſword of War;
Faſces, and Eagles, mingling! march along,
And in proud *Cæſar*'s train promiſcuous throng.

And

vince of *Otranto*; it riſes in the *Apennine* Mountains, and falls into the Gulf of *Tarentum*. *Hydrus* and *Hydruntum* was the ancient name of *Otranto*: Here it ſignifies a River probably near that place of the ſame name.

Salapia and *Sipus* were both Towns in *Apulia*.

Garganus, a Mountain in *Apulia*.

V. 555. *Mean while the Chief.*] *Cæſar* made himſelf Dictator at *Rome* without any lawful Election, (that is) neither nam'd by the Senate or Conſul; and eleven days after quitted his Dictatorſhip, having made himſelf and *Publius Servilius* Conſuls.

V. 565. *Then learn'd our Sires.*] Then began thoſe names of Flattery which were afterwards uſed to their Emperors of *Divus*, *Semper Auguſtus*, *Pater Patriæ*, &c. *Divine*, *For ever Auguſt*, *Father of his Country*, &c.

And while all pow'rs in him alone unite,
He mocks the People with the ſhews of Right.
The *Martian* field th' aſſembling Tribes receives,
And each his unregarded ſuffrage gives;
Still with the ſame ſolemnity of face,
The rev'rend Augur ſeems to fill his place:
Tho now he hears not when the Thunders rowl;
Nor ſees the flight of the ill-boding Owl.
Then ſunk the State and Dignity of *Rome*,
Thence monthly Conſuls nominally come:
Juſt as the Sov'raign bids, their names appear,
To head the Calendar, and mark the year.
Then too, to finiſh out the pageant ſhow,
With formal Rites to *Alban Jove* they go,

V. 571. *And while all pow'rs.*] After all government was in the hands of *Cæſar* alone, all the ancient Rites obſerv'd in creating of Magiſtrates were quite taken away; an imaginary face of Election was ſtill kept up in the field of *Mars*; the Tribes were ſummon'd indeed, but were not admitted to give their ſuffrages diſtinctly and regularly. The orders were vain and meerly formal; for the Emperor commended him to the Centuries whom he intended ſhou'd be Conſul, or elſe deſign'd him and actually choſe him himſelf. The obſervations of the Augurs were formerly greatly regarded on theſe occaſions; but under the Emperors the Religion was proſtituted to the Prince, and the Prophet propheſy'd as *Cæſar* pleas'd.

It is proper to obſerve here, that the appearance of an Owl within the City, was reckon'd amongſt the moſt unlucky Omens.

V. 580. *Monthly Conſuls.*] Under the Emperors, Conſuls were often choſen for half a year, or for one, two, or three Months.

V. 584. *To* Alban Jove.] The *Feriæ Latinæ*, or Latin Feſtivals, here mention'd, were ſuch as were celebrated by the new Conſuls in the *Alban* mountain to *Jupiter* by torch-light, with great ſolemnity. But *Lucan* ſays, with little reverence for *Jupiter*, that the God deſerv'd they ſhould be thus diſreſpectfully

By night the Feſtival was huddled o'er,
Nor cou'd the God, unworthy, ask for more;
He who look'd on, and ſaw ſuch foul diſgrace,
Such ſlavery befal his *Trojan* Race.

Now, *Cæſar*, like the flame that cuts the skies,
And ſwifter than the vengeful Tygreſs, flies,
Where waſte and overgrown *Apulia* lies;
O'er-paſſing ſoon the rude abandon'd plains,
Brunduſium's crooked ſhores, & *Cretan* walls he gains
Loud *Boreas* there his Navy cloſe confines,
While wary Seamen dread the wint'ry Signs.
But he, th' impatient Chief, diſdains to ſpare,
Thoſe hours that better may be ſpent in war:
He grieves to ſee his ready Fleet with-held,
While others boldly plow the wat'ry field.
Eager to rouſe their ſloth, Behold, (he cries)
The conſtant Wind that rules the wintry skies,
With what a ſettled certainty it flies!
Unlike the wanton fickle gales, that bring
The cloudy changes of the faithleſs ſpring;
Nor need we now to ſhift, to tack, and veer;
Steddy the friendly north commands to ſteer.
Oh! that the fury of the driving blaſt
May ſwell the ſail, and bend the lofty maſt.
So, ſhall our Navy ſoon be wafted o'er,
E're yon *Phæacian* Gallies dip the oar,
And intercept the wiſh'd-for *Grecian* ſhore.

Cut

fully huddled over by *Cæſar*, for ſuffering the *Romans*, who were the Race of *Æneas* and *Aſcanius* (the latter of whom inſtituted theſe Rites) to be brought into ſlavery.

V. 610. Phæacian *Galleys.*] *Pompey*'s Galleys that lay at *Dyrrha-*

Cut ev'ry cable then, and haſte away;
The waiting Winds and Seas upbraid our long delay.
Low in the weſt the ſetting Sun was laid,
Up roſe the Night in glitt'ring Stars array'd,
And Silver *Cynthia* caſt a length'ning ſhade;
When looſing from the ſhore the moving Fleet,
All hands at once unfurl the ſpreading ſheet;
The ſlacker tacklings let the canvaſs flow,
To gather all the breath the Winds can blow.
Swift, for a while, they ſcud before the wind,
And leave *Heſperia*'s leſs'ning ſhores behind;
When, lo! the dying breeze begins to fail,
And flutters on the maſt the flagging ſail:
The duller waves with ſlower heavings creep,
And a dead calm benums the lazy deep.
As when the Winter's potent breath conſtrains
The *Scythian Euxine* in her icy chains;
No more the *Boſphori* their ſtreams maintain,
Nor ruſhing *Iſter* heaves the languid main;
Each Keel inclos'd, at once forgets its courſe:
While o'er the new made champian bounds the horſe
Bold on the chryſtal plains the *Thracians* ride,
And print with ſounding heels the ſtable tide.
So ſtill a form th' *Ionian* waters take;
Dull as the muddy marſh and ſtanding lake;

Dyrrhachium, which was built by the *Phæacians*, who inhabited *Corcyra* (now *Corfu.*)

V. 629. *The* Boſphori.] Two Streights, the one called the *Thracian*, the other the *Cimmerian Boſphorus*, lye at each end of the *Euxine* Sea. The former is now the Channel of *Conſtantinople*, and the latter the Streights of *Caffa*.

No breezes o'er the curling furface paſs,
Nor Sun-beams tremble in the liquid glaſs;
No uſual turns revolving *Tethys* knows,
Nor with alternate rollings ebbs and flows:
But ſluggiſh Ocean ſleeps in ſtupid peace,
And weary Nature's motion ſeems to ceaſe.
With diff'ring eyes the hoſtile Fleets beheld
The falling winds, and uſeleſs wat'ry field.
There *Pompey*'s daring Prows attempt, in vain,
To plow their paſſage thro th' unyielding main;
While, pinch'd by want, proud *Cæſar*'s Legions here
The dire diſtreſs of meagre Famine fear.
With vows unknown before they reach the skies,
That waves may daſh, & mounting billows riſe;
That Storms may with returning fury reign,
And the rude Ocean be it ſelf again.
At length the ſtill, the ſluggiſh darkneſs fled,
And cloudy Morning rear'd its low'ring head;
The rolling flood the gliding Navy bore,
And hills appear'd to paſs upon the ſhore.
Attending breezes waft 'em to the land,
And *Cæſar*'s Anchors bite *Palæſte*'s ſtrand.
In neighb'ring Camps the hoſtile Chiefs ſit down,
Where *Genuſus* the ſwift, and *Apſus* run;
Among th' ignobler croud of Rivers, theſe
Soon loſe their waters in the mingling ſeas:

No

V. 658. *Pæleſte*,] A village in *Epirus* near the City of *Oricum*.

V. 660. *Genuſus*,] Now *Arzenza*, and *Apſus* now *Æſpro*, two Rivers of *Macedonia* that fall into the *Adriatick* ſea.

No mighty ſtreams, nor diſtant ſprings they know,
But riſe from muddy lakes, and melting ſnow.
Here meet the Rivals who the World divide,
Once by the tend'reſt bands of kindred ty'd.
The World with joy their interview beheld,
Now only parted by a ſingle field.
Fond of the hopes of peace, Mankind believe,
Whene'er they come thus near they muſt forgive.
Vain hopes! for ſoon they part to meet no more,
'Till both ſhall reach the curſt *Ægyptian* ſhore;
'Till the proud Father ſhall in arms ſucceed,
And ſee his vanquiſh'd Son untimely bleed;
'Till he beholds his aſhes on the ſtrand,
Views his pale head within a Villain's hand;
'Till *Pompey*'s fate ſhall *Cæſar*'s tears demand.
The latter, yet, his eager rage reſtrains,
While *Antony* the ling'ring Troops detains.
Repining much, and griev'd at wars delay,
Impatient *Cæſar* often chides his ſtay,
Oft' he is heard to threat, and humbly oft' to pray.
Still ſhall the World (he cries) thus anxious wait?
Still wo't thou ſtop the Gods, and hinder Fate?
What cou'd be done before, was done by me:
Now ready Fortune only ſtays for thee.
What holds thee then? Do Rocks thy courſe with-ſtand?
Or *Libyan Syrts* oppoſe their faithleſs ſtrand?
Or doſt thou fear new dangers to explore?
I call thee not, but where I paſs'd before.

For

V. 679. *While* Antony.] When *Cæſar* paſs'd over into *Greece* with part of his Army, he left the other with *M. Antony* at *Brunduſium*.

For all thoſe hours thou loſeſt, I complain,
And ſue to Heav'n for proſp'rous winds in vain.
My Soldiers (often has their faith been try'd)
If not with-held, had haſten'd to my ſide.
What toil, what hazards will they not partake?
What ſeas and ſhipwreks ſcorn, for *Cæſar*'s ſake?
Nor will I think the Gods ſo partial are,
To give thee fair *Auſonia* for thy ſhare?
While *Cæſar*, and the Senate, are forgot,
And in *Epirus* bound their barren lot.

In words like theſe, he calls him oft' in vain,
And thus the haſty Miſſives oft' complain.
At length the lucky Chief, who oft' had found
What vaſt ſucceſs his raſher darings crown'd;
Who ſaw how much the fav'ring Gods had done,
Nor wou'd be wanting, when they urg'd him on;
Fierce, and impatient of the tedious ſtay;
Reſolves by night to prove the doubtful way:
Bold in a ſingle skiff he means to go,
And tempt thoſe ſeas that Navies dare not plow.

'Twas now the time when cares and labour ceaſe,
And ev'n the rage of Arms was huſh'd to peace:
Snatch'd from their guilt and toil, the wretched lay,
And ſlept the ſounder for the painful day.
Thro' the ſtill Camp the night's third hour reſounds,
And warns the ſecond Watches to their rounds;
When thro' the horrours of the murky ſhade,
Secret the careful Warrior's footſteps tread,

His

V. 715. *The night's third hour*,] Our Nine at night. See *Book* II. *V.* 1075.

His Train, unknowing, ſlept within his Tent,
And Fortune only follow'd where he went.
With ſilent anger he perceiv'd, around,
The ſleepy Centinels beſtrew the ground:
Yet unreproving, now he paſs'd 'em o'er,
And ſought with eager haſte the winding ſhore.
There, thro' the gloom, his ſearching eyes explor'd,
Where to the mould'ring rock a Bark was moor'd.
The mighty Maſter of this little boat,
Securely ſlept within a neighb'ring Cot:
No maſſy beams ſupport his humble hall,
But reeds and marſhy ruſhes wove the wall;
Old ſhatter'd planking for a roof was ſpread,
And cover'd in from rain the needy ſhed.
Thrice on the feeble door the Warrior ſtrook,
Beneath the blow the trembling dwelling ſhook.
What wretch forlorn (the poor *Amyclas* cries)
Driv'n by the raging ſeas, and ſtormy skies,
To my poor lowly roof for ſhelter flies?
He ſpoke; and haſty left his homely bed,
With oozy flags and with'ring ſea-weed ſpread;
Then from the hearth the ſmoaking match he takes,
And in the tow the drowzy fire awakes;
Dry leaves, and chips, for fuel, he ſupplies,
'Till kindling ſparks, and glitt'ring flames ariſe.
Oh happy Poverty! thou greateſt good,
Beſtow'd by Heav'n, but ſeldom underſtood!
Here, nor the cruel Spoiler ſeeks his prey,
Nor ruthleſs Armys take their dreadful way:
Security thy narrow limits keeps,
Safe are thy cottages, and ſound thy ſleeps.

Be-

Behold! ye dangerous dwellings of the Great,
Where Gods, and Godlike Princes chuſe their ſeat;
See in what peace the poor *Amyclas* lies,
Nor ſtarts, tho' *Cæſar*'s call commands to riſe.
What terror had you felt that call to hear; [fear,
How had your Tow'rs & Ramparts ſhook with
And trembled, as the mighty Man drew near!
The door unbarr'd: Expect (the Leader ſaid)
Beyond thy hopes, or wiſhes, to be pay'd;
If on this inſtant hour thou waft me o'er,
With ſpeedy haſte to yon *Heſperian* ſhore.
No more ſhall want thy weary hand conſtrain,
To work thy Bark upon the boiſt'rous main:
Henceforth good days and plenty ſhall betide;
The Gods and I, will for thy age provide.
A glorious change attends thy low eſtate,
Sudden and mighty riches round thee wait;
Be wiſe, and uſe the lucky hour of Fate.
Thus he; and tho' in humble veſtments dreſs'd,
Spite of himſelf, his words his pow'r expreſs'd,
And *Cæſar* in his bounty ſtood confeſs'd.
To him the wary Pilot thus replies;
A thouſand Omens threaten from the skies;
A thouſand boding ſigns my ſoul affright,
And warn me not to tempt the ſeas by night.
In clouds the ſetting Sun obſcur'd his head,
Nor painted o'er the ruddy weſt with red:
Now north, now ſouth, he ſhot his parted beams,
And tipp'd the ſullen black with golden gleams:

Pale

V. 777. *Now north, now ſouth,*] As is very often ſeen when the

Pale ſhone his middle orb with faintiſh rays,
Aud ſuffer'd mortal eyes at eaſe to gaze.
Nor roſe the ſilver Queen of night ſerene,
Supine, and dull her blunted horns were ſeen,
With foggy ſtains, and cloudy blots between.
Dreadful a while ſhe ſhone all fiery red,
Then ſicken'd into pale, and hid her drooping head.
Nor leſs I fear from that hoarſe hollow roar
In leafy groves, and on the ſounding ſhore.
In various turns the doubtful Dolphins play,
And thwart, and run acroſs, and mix their way.
The Cormorants the wat'ry deep forſake,
And ſoaring Herns avoid the plaſhy lake;
While, wadling on the margin of the main,
The Crow bewets her, and prevents the rain.
Howe'er, if ſome great enterprize demand,
Behold, I proffer thee my willing hand:
My vent'rous Bark the troubled deep ſhall try,
To thy wiſh'd port her plunging prow ſhall ply,
Unleſs the Seas reſolve to beat us by.
He ſpoke, and ſpread his canvaſs to the wind,
Unmoor'd his boat, and left the ſhore behind.
Swift flew the nimble keel; and as they paſt,
Long trails of light the ſhooting meteors caſt;
Ev'n the fix'd fires above in motion ſeem,
Shake thro' the blaſt, and dart a quiv'ring beam;

Black

the Sun is behind a black cloud, and the rays ſtrike out on each ſide. Theſe prognoſticks of the weather are much the ſame with thoſe in *Virgil*'s firſt Georgick, and many of 'em are to be found in *Aratus*.

Black horrors on the gloomy ocean brood,
And in long ridges roll the threat'ning flood:
While loud and louder murmuring winds arise,
And growl from ev'ry quarter of the skies.
When thus the trembling Master, pale with fear,
Behold what wrath the dreadful Gods prepare;
My art is at a loss; the various tide
Beats my unstable bark on ev'ry side;
From the nore-west the setting current swells,
While southern storms the driving rack foretells.
Howe'er it be, our purpos'd way is lost,
Nor can one relick of our wreck be tost
By winds, like these, on fair *Hesperia*'s coast.
Our only means of safety is to yield,
And measure back with haste the foamy field;
To give our unsuccefsful labour o'er,
And reach, while yet we may, the neighb'ring shore.
But *Cæsar*, still superior to distress,
Fearless, and confident of sure success,
Thus to the Pilot loud----The Seas despise,
And the vain threat'ning of the noisie skies.
Tho' Gods deny thee yon' *Ausonian* strand;
Yet, go, I charge thee, go at my command.
Thy ignorance alone can cause thy fears,
Thou know'st not what a freight thy Vessel bears;

Thou

V. 813. *From the Norwest.*] The tide or current of the Sea setting one way, and the clouds another.

V. 816. *Nor can one relict.*] As if he had said; Tho' we are sure to be cast away, yet not the least piece of the Vessel shall be driven towards *Italy*.

Thou know'ſt not I am he, to whom 'tis giv'n
Never to want the care of watchful Heav'n.
Obedient Fortune waits my humble Thrall,
And always ready, comes before I call.
Let Winds, and Seas, loud wars at freedom wage,
And waſte upon themſelves their empty rage;
A ſtronger, mightier *Demon* is thy friend,
Thou, and thy Bark, on *Cæſar*'s fate depend.
Thou ſtand'ſt amaz'd to view this dreadful ſcene;
And wonder'ſt what the Gods and Fortune mean!
But artfully their bounties thus they raiſe,
And from my dangers arrogate new praiſe:
Amidſt the fears of death they bid me live,
And ſtill inhance what they are ſure to give.
Then leave yon' ſhore behind with all thy haſte;
Nor ſhall this idle fury longer laſt;
Thy Keel auſpicious ſhall the ſtorm appeaſe,
Shall glide triumphant o'er the calmer ſeas,
And reach *Brunduſium*'s ſafer port with eaſe.
Nor can the Gods ordain another now,
'Tis what I want, and what they muſt beſtow.

Thus while in vaunting words the Leader ſpoke,
Full on his Bark the thund'ring Tempeſt ſtrook;
Off rips the rending canvaſs from the maſt,
And whirling flits before the driving blaſt;
In ev'ry joint the groaning alder ſounds,
And gapes wide-opening with a thouſand wounds.
Now, riſing all at once, and unconfin'd,
From ev'ry quarter roars the ruſhing wind:
Firſt from the wide *Atlantick* ocean's bed;
Tempeſtuous *Corus* rears his dreadful head;

Th' obedient deep his potent breath controuls,
And mountain-high, the foamy flood he rolls.
Him the North-eaſt encount'ring-fierce defy'd,
And back rebuffeted the yielding tide.
The curling ſurges loud conflicting meet,
Daſh their proud heads, and bellow as they beat;
While piercing *Boreas*, from the *Scythian* ſtrand,
Plows up the waves, and ſcoops the loweſt ſand.
Nor *Eurus* then, I ween, was left to dwell,
Nor ſhow'ry *Notus*, in th' *Æolian* cell;
But each from ev'ry ſide his pow'r to boaſt,
Rang'd his proud forces, to defend his coaſt.
Equal in might, alike they ſtrive in vain,
While in the midſt the Seas unmov'd remain:
In leſſer wars they yield to ſtormy Heav'n,
And captive waves to other deeps are driv'n;
The *Tyrrhen* billows daſh *Ægean* ſhores,
And *Adria* in the mix'd *Ionian* roars.
How then muſt Earth the ſwelling Ocean dread,
When floods ran higher than each mountain's head!
Subject, and low the trembling Beldame lay, [prey
And gave her ſelf for loſt, the conqu'ring water's
What other Worlds what Seas unknown before,
Then drove their billows on our beaten ſhore!
What diſtant deeps, their prodigies to boaſt,
Heav'd their huge Monſters on th' *Auſonian* coaſt!
So when avenging *Jove* long time had hurl'd
And tir'd his thunders on a harden'd World;
New wrath, the God, new puniſhment diſplay'd,
And call'd his wat'ry Brother to his aid:
Offending Earth to *Neptune*'s lot he join'd,
And bade his floods no longer ſtand confin'd;

At once the ſurges o'er the nations riſe,
And Seas are only bounded by the skies.
Such now the ſpreading deluge had been ſeen,
Had not th' almighty Ruler ſtood between;
Proud waves, the cloud-compelling Sire obey'd,
Confeſs'd his hand ſuppreſſing, and were ſtay'd.
Nor was that gloom the common ſhade of night,
The friendly darkneſs, that relieves the light;
But fearful, black, and horrible to tell,
A murky vapour breath'd from yawning Hell:
So thick the mingling ſeas and clouds were hung,
Scarce cou'd the ſtruggling Light'ning gleam along.
Thro' Nature's frame the dire convulſion ſtrook,
Heav'n groan'd, the lab'ring poles and axis ſhook:
Uproar, and *Chaos* old, prevail'd again,
And broke the ſacred elemental chain:
Black Fiends, unhallow'd, ſought the bleſt abodes,
Profan'd the day, and mingled with the Gods.
One only hope, when ev'ry other fail'd,
With *Cæſar*, and with Nature's ſelf, prevail'd;
The ſtorm that ſought their ruin prov'd 'em ſtrong,
Nor cou'd they fall, who ſtood that ſhock ſo long.
High as *Leucadia*'s leſs'ning cliffs ariſe,
On the tall billow's top the Veſſel flies;
While the pale Maſter, from the ſurge's brow,
With giddy eyes ſurveys the depth below,
When ſtrait the gaping main at once divides,
On naked ſands the ruſhing Bark ſubſides,
And the low liquid vale the topmaſt hides.

V. 915. *Leucadia*,] Or *Leucas*, an Iſland in the *Ionian* Sea, over-againſt *Acarnania*, now call'd the Iſle of St. *Maur*.

The trembling Shipman, all diſtraught with fear,
Forgets his courſe, and knows not how to ſteer;
No more the uſeleſs Rudder guides the prow,
To meet the rolling ſwell, or ſhun the blow.
But lo! the Storm it ſelf aſſiſtance lends,
While one aſſaults, another wave defends:
This lays the ſidelong Alder on the main,
And that reſtores the leaning bark again.
Obedient to the mighty winds ſhe plies,
Now ſeeks the depths, and now invades the skies;
There born aloft, ſhe apprehends no more,
Or ſhoaly *Saſon*, or *Theſſalia*'s ſhore;
High hills ſhe dreads, and Promontories now.
And fears to touch *Ceraunia*'s airy brow.
At length the univerſal wreck appear'd,
To *Cæſar*'s ſelf, ev'n worthy to be fear'd.
Why all theſe pains, this toil of Fate (he cries)
This labour of the Seas, and Earth and Skies;
All Nature, and the Gods at once alarm'd,
Againſt my little Boat and me are arm'd.
If, oh ye Pow'rs Divine! your Will decrees
The glory of my death to theſe rude ſeas;
If warm, and in the fighting field to die,
If that, my firſt of wiſhes, you deny;
My Soul no longer at her lot repines,
But yields to what your Providence aſſigns.
Tho' immature I end my glorious days,
Cut ſhort my conqueſt, and prevent new praiſe;
My life already ſtands the nobleſt theme,
To fill long Annals of recording Fame.

Far

V. 935. *Ceraunia*,] Or *Acro-Ceraunium*, a promontory in *Epirus*, running out into the *Adriatick* ſea.

Far northern Nations own me for their Lord,
And envious Factions crouch beneath my ſword;
Inferior *Pompey* yields to me at home,
And only fills a ſecond place in *Rome*.
My Country has my high beheſts obey'd,
And at my feet her Laws obedient laid;
All ſov'reignty, all honours are my own,
Conſul, Dictator, I am all alone.
But thou, my only Goddeſs, and my Friend,
Thou, on whom all my ſecret pray'rs attend,
Conceal, oh Fortune! this inglorious end.
Let none on earth, let none beſide thee know,
I ſunk thus poorly to the ſhades below.
Diſpoſe, ye Gods! my carcaſe as you pleaſe,
Deep let it drown beneath theſe raging ſeas;
I ask no Urn my aſhes to infold,
Nor marble Monuments, nor Shrines of Gold;
Let but the World, unknowing of my doom:
Expect me ſtill, and think I am to come:
So ſhall my name with terror ſtill be heard,
And my return in ev'ry Nation fear'd.
He ſpoke, and ſudden, wond'rous to behold,
High on a tenth huge wave his Bark was roll'd;
Nor ſunk again, alternate, as before,
But ruſhing, lodg'd, and fix'd upon the ſhore.
Rome, and his Fortune were at once reſtor'd,
And Earth again receiv'd him for her Lord.
Now, thro' the Camp his late arrival told,
The Warriors croud, their Leader to behold;
In tears, around, the murm'ring Legions ſtand,
And welcome him, with fond complaints, to land.

What means too daring *Cæsar* (thus they cry)
To tempt the ruthless seas, and stormy sky?
What a vile helpless herd had we been left,
Of ev'ry hope at once in thee bereft;
While on thy life so many thousands wait,
While Nations live dependant on thy fate,
While the whole World on thee their head rely,
'Tis cruel in thee to consent to die.
And could'st thou not one faithful Soldier find,
One equal to his mighty Master's mind,
One that deserv'd not to be left behind?
While tumbling billows tost thee on the main,
We slept at ease, unknowing of thy pain.
Were we the cause, oh shame! unworthy we,
That urg'd thee on to brave the raging Sea?
Is there a Slave whose head thou hold'st so light,
To give him up to this tempestuous night?
While *Cæsar*, whom the subject Earth obeys,
To seasons such as these his sacred self betrays.
Still wo't thou weary out indulgent Heav'n,
And scatter all the lavish Gods have giv'n?
Dost thou the care of Providence employ,
Only to save thee when the seas run high?
Auspicious *Jove* thy wishes wou'd promote;
Thou ask'st the safety of a leaky Boat:
He proffers thee the World's supreme command;
Thy hopes aspire no farther than to land,
And cast thy Shipwreck on th' *Hesperian* strand.
In kind reproaches thus thy waste the night,
'Till the grey east disclos'd the breaking light:
Serene the Sun his beamy face display'd,
While the tir'd Storm, and weary waves were laid.

Speedy

Speedy the *Latian* Chiefs unfurl their sails,
And catch the gently-rising northern gales:
In fair appearance the tall Vessels glide,
The Pilots, and the Wind, conspire to guide,
And waft'em fitly o'er the smoother tide:
Decent they move, like some well-order'd Band,
In rang'd Battallions marching o'er the land.
Night fell at length, the winds the sails forsook,
And a dead calm the beauteous order broke.
So when, from *Strymon*'s wint'ry banks, the Cranes,
In feather'd legions, cut th' ætherial plains;
To warmer *Nile* they bend their airy way,
Form'd in long lines, and rank'd in just array:
But if some rushing storm the journey cross,
The wingy Leaders all are at a loss:
Now close, now loose, the breaking squadrons fly,
And scatter in confusion o'er the sky.
The day return'd, with *Phœbus Auster* rose,
And hard upon the straining canvass blows.
Scudding afore him swift the Fleet he bore,
O'er-passing *Lyssus*, to *Nympheum*'s shore;
There safe from northern winds, within the ports
they moor.

While

V. 1024. *Strymon*,] Is a River in that part of *Thrace* which joins to *Macedonia*. 'Tis now call'd *Stromona*. The Commentators observe upon this passage, that the Cranes in their flight (as here from a colder to a warmer Climate) usually kept in the form of one of these three *Greek* Letters Δ Λ or Υ, unless the violence of the wind broke their order.

V. 1035. *O'er-passing* Lyssus.] This was a Town of *Macedonia* at the mouth of the River *Drilon* on the borders of *Illyricum*. The *Nymphæum* here mention'd is a promontory of *Macedonia* on the *Ionian* sea, not far from *Apollonia*.

I don't know whether it be worth while to observe, that this passage concerning the course of *Cæsar*'s Fleet is differently related by the Historians.

While thus united *Cæsar*'s Arms appear,
And Fortune draws the great decision near;
Sad *Pompey*'s Soul uneasie thoughts infest,
And his *Cornelia* pains his anxious breast.
To distant *Lesbos* fain he wou'd remove,
Far from the War, the partner of his love.
Oh who can speak, what numbers can reveal
The tenderness which pious Lovers feel?
Who can their secret pangs and sorrows tell,
With all the croud of cares that in their bosoms dwell?
See what new passions now the Hero knows,
Now first he doubts success, and fears his Foes;
Rome, and the World he hazards in the strife,
And gives up all to Fortune, but his Wife.
Oft' he prepares to speak, but knows not how,
Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go;
Deferrs the killing news with fond delay,
And ling'ring, puts off Fate from day to day.
The fleeting shades began to leave the sky,
And slumber soft forsook the drooping eye;
When, with fond arms, the fair *Cornelia* prest
Her Lord, reluctant, to her snowy breast:
Wond'ring, she found he shunn'd her just embrace,
And felt warm tears upon his manly face.
Heart-wounded with the sudden woe, she griev'd;
And scarce the weeping Warrior yet believ'd.
When, with a groan, thus he. My truest Wife,
To say how much I love thee more than life,

Poor-

1041. *To distant* Lesbos.] This was one of the most considerable Islands in the *Archipelago*, on the coast of *Asia*. It was greatly favour'd by *Pompey*, and after it had suffer'd in the *Mithridatick* war, restor'd by him to its liberty. See more of this place in the eighth Book.

Poorly expreſſes what my heart wou'd ſhow,
Since life, alas! is grown my burthen now.
That long too long delay'd, that dreadful doom,
That cruel partin g hour at length is come.
Fierce, haughty and collected in his might,
Advancing *Cæſar*, calls me to the fight.
Haſte then, my gentle Love from war retreat;
The *Lesbian* Iſle attends thy peaceful ſeat:
Nor ſeek, oh! ſeek, not to increaſe my cares
Seek not to change my purpoſe with thy pray'rs;
My ſelf, in vain, the fruitleſs ſuit have try'd,
And my own pleading heart has been deny'd.
Think not, thy diſtance will increaſe thy fear:
Ruin, if ruin comes, will ſoon be near,
Too ſoon the fatal news ſhall reach thy ear.
Nor burns thy heart with juſt and equal fires,
Nor doſt thou love as Virtue's law requires,
If thoſe ſoft eyes can ev'n thy Husband bear,
Red with the ſtains of blood, and guilty War.
When horrid Trumpets ſound their dire alarms,
Shall I indulge my ſorrows with thy charms,
And riſe to battle from theſe tender arms?
Thus mournful, from thee, rather let me go,
And join thy abſence to the publick woe.
But thou be hid, be ſafe from ev'ry fear,
While Kings and Nations in deſtruction ſhare:
Shun thou the cruſh of my impending fate,
Nor let it fall on thee with all its weight.

Then

V. 1081. *Nor doſt thou love.*] As if *Cornelia* could not come up to the virtue of the *Roman* Matrons, if ſhe did not look with deteſtation, even upon her Husband, when he was engaged in a Civil-war.

Then if the Gods my overthrow ordain,
And the fierce Victor chace me o'er the plain,
Thou ſhalt be left me ſtill, my better part,
To ſooth my cares, and heal my broken heart:
Thy open arms I ſhall be ſure to meet,
And fly with pleaſure to the dear retreat.
Stun'd and aſtoniſh'd at the deadly ſtroke,
All ſenſe, at firſt the Matron ſad forſook.
Motion, and life and ſpeech at lenght returns,
And thus in words of heavieſt woe ſhe mourns:
No' *Pompey*! 'tis not that my Lord is dead,
'Tis not the hand of Fate has robb'd my bed;
But like ſome baſe *Plebeian* I am curs'd,
And by my cruel Husband ſtand divorc'd.
But *Cæſar* bids us part! thy Father comes!
And we muſt yield to what that Tyrant dooms!
Is thy *Cornelia*'s faith ſo poorly known,
That thou ſhould'ſt think her ſafer whilſt alone?
Are not our loves, our lives, our fortunes one?
Canſt thou, inhuman, drive me from thy ſide,
And bid my ſingle head the coming ſtorm abide?
Do I not read thy purpoſe in thy eye?
Doſt thou not hope, and wiſh, ev'n now to die?
And can I then be ſafe? Yet death is free,
That laſt relief is not deny'd to me;
Tho' baniſh'd by thy harſh command I go,
Yet I will join thee in the Realms below.
Thou bidſt me with the pangs of abſence, ſtrive,
And, 'till I hear thy certain loſs, ſurvive.

My

V. 1105. *Stand divorc'd.*] Divorces were very frequent among the *Romans*; tho' *Cornelia*, who was a Lady of ſingular virtue, complains here that ſhe ſhou'd be parted from her Husband upon any other occaſion than death.

My vow'd obedience, what it can ſhall bear;
But, oh! my heart's a Woman, and I fear.
If the good Gods indulgent to my pray'r,
Shou'd make the Laws of *Rome*, and thee, their care;
In diſtant climes I may prolong my woe,
And be the laſt thy Victory to know.
On ſome bleak rock, that frowns upon the deep,
A conſtant watch thy weeping Wife ſhall keep;
There from each Sail misfortune ſhall I gueſs,
And dread the Bark that brings me thy ſucceſs.
Nor ſhall thoſe happier tidings end my fear,
The vanquiſh'd Foe may bring new danger near;
Defenceleſs I may ſtill be made a prize,
And *Cæſar* ſnatch me with him, as he flies:
With eaſe my known retreat he ſhall explore,
While thy great name diſtinguiſhes the ſhore:
Soon ſhall the *Lesbian* Exile ſtand reveal'd,
The Wife of *Pompey* cannot live conceal'd.
But if th'o'er-ruling Pow'rs thy Cauſe forſake,
Grant me this only laſt requeſt I make;
When thou ſhalt be of Troops, and Friends bereft,
And wretched flight is all thy ſafety left;
Oh! follow not the dictates of thy heart,
But chuſe a refuge in ſome diſtant part.
Where-e'er thy unauſpicious Bark ſhall ſteer,
Thy ſad *Cornelia*'s fatal ſhore forbear,
Since *Cæſar* will be ſure to ſeek thee there.
So ſaying, with a groan the Matron fled,
And wild with ſorrow, left her holy bed:
She ſees all ling'ring, all delays are vain,
And ruſhes headlong to poſſeſs the pain;
Nor will the hurry of her griefs afford
One laſt embrace from her forſaken Lord.

Un-

Uncommon cruel was the fate, for two,
Whose loves had lasted long, and been so true,
To lose the pleasure of one last adieu.
In all the woful days that cross'd their bliss,
Sure never hour was known so sad as this;
By what they suffer'd now, inur'd to pain,
They met all after-sorrows with disdain,
And Fortune shot her envious shafts in vain.
Low on the ground the fainting Dame is laid;
Her Train officious hasten to her aid:
Then gently rearing, with a careful hand,
Support her, slow-descending o'er the strand.
There, while with eager arms she grasp'd the shore,
Scarcely the Mourner to the Bark they bore.
Not half this grief of heart, these pangs, she knew,
When from her native *Italy* she flew:
Lonely, and comfortless, she takes her flight,
Sad seems the day, and long the sleepless night.
In vain her Maids the downy couch provide,
She wants the tender partner of her side.
When weary oft' in heaviness she lies,
And dozy slumber steals upon her eyes;
Fain with fond arms her Lord she wou'd have prest,
But weeps to find the pillow at her breast.
Tho' raging in her veins a feaver burns,
Painful she lies, and restless oft she turns,
She shuns his sacred side with awful fear,
And wou'd not be convinc'd he is not there.
But, oh! too soon the want shall be supply'd.
The Gods too cruelly for that provide:
Again, the circling hours bring back her Lord,
And *Pompey* shall be fatally restor'd.

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MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Lucanus, Marcus Annaeus, 39-65

Lucan's Pharsalia

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